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MEMORIALS IN VERSE AND
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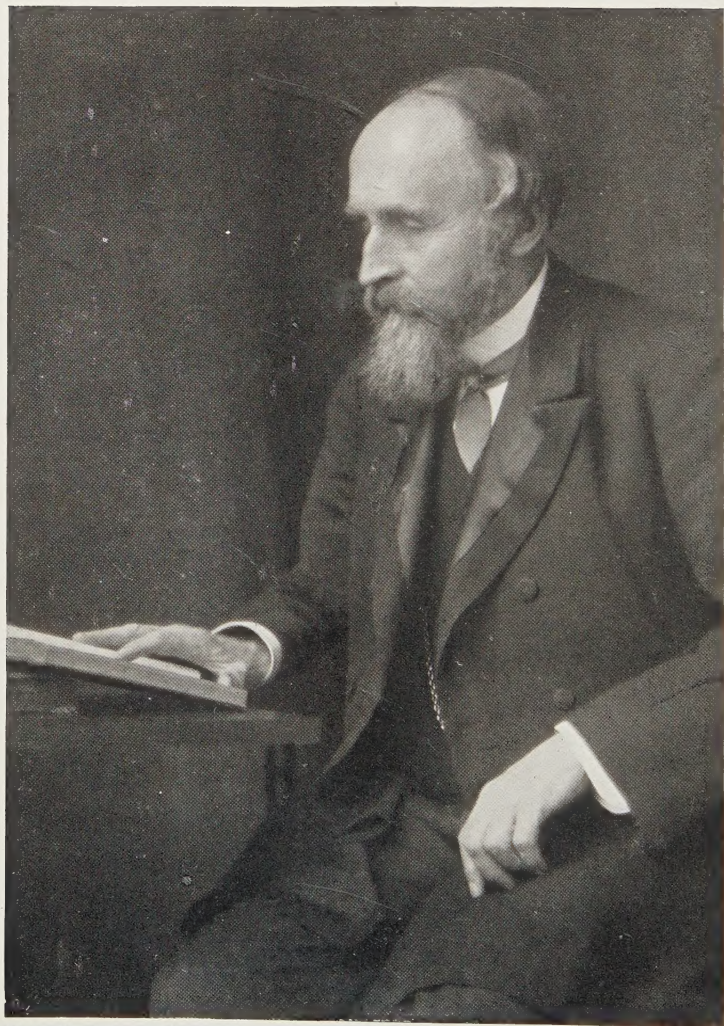


Photo: by G. C. Beresford

LEWIS CAMPBELL

MEMORIALS IN
VERSE AND PROSE
OF
LEWIS CAMPBELL

M.A., LL.D., HON. D.LITT.

HONORARY FELLOW OF BALLIOL COLLEGE

EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF GREEK IN THE UNIVERSITY OF
ST. ANDREWS

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

1914

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TO

Leonard Huxley

WHO WAS STUDENT AT ST. ANDREWS, IN 1877-8-9

ASSISTANT TO MY HUSBAND IN THE GREEK CHAIR IN 1883-4

AND EVER SINCE OUR UNFAILING FRIEND

WITHOUT WHOSE

ENCOURAGEMENT AND HELP

THIS BOOK COULD NEVER HAVE APPEARED

PREFACE, WITH SKETCH OF LIFE

LEWIS CAMPBELL was born on September 3, 1830, at Howard Place, Edinburgh. His father was Captain Robert Campbell, R.N., first cousin to the poet, Thomas Campbell, and his mother Eliza Constantia, eldest daughter of Richard Pryce, of Gunley, Montgomeryshire. His father died in 1832, and his mother, left lonely and poor, worked gallantly to educate him and his brother Robert. She lived till 1865, thus seeing her chief desires fulfilled regarding her son, as she visited him in his new home at St Andrews.

Lewis went first in 1838 to the Circus Place School where, being young and sensitive, he was somewhat bullied by the rougher boys. In 1840 he went to the Edinburgh Academy, as also did his brother Robert at a later date. Here began the friendship with James Clerk Maxwell, at whose home, Glenlair, Dumfries-shire, many of Lewis's holidays were spent. Some also were spent at his

mother's home, Gunley. Lewis worked successfully through all the classes, beating James Clerk Maxwell in one mathematical examination, and finally gaining the gold medal as Dux of the Academy, July, 1846.

He went to the University of Glasgow in October, 1846, and there he made life-long friendships with William Ramsay, Professor of Latin, and Edmund Lushington, Professor of Greek. He won the Greek Blackstone Medal in 1849, and finally the Snell Exhibition to Balliol College, Oxford.

In October, 1849, he went to Oxford as Scholar of Trinity, but migrated to Balliol when the Snell Exhibition was awarded him.

This was the beginning of his friendship with Benjamin Jowett, afterwards Master of Balliol, which lasted till the death of Jowett in 1893.

After gaining a second class in Moderations and a first in Greats, in 1853, he was made Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College in 1856, and was ordained by Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford.

Amongst his pupils at Oxford were Edward Herbert, afterwards murdered by brigands in Greece, and John Percival, Bishop of Hereford, who was for long the honoured Head Master of Clifton College, and whose friendship, as also that of his wife and family, never ceased.

In 1858 he accepted the living of Milford, Hants, and married. At Milford he took pupils to prepare

for the universities, amongst whom were Charles Hope Cay, afterwards a much-loved master at Clifton College, and the present Marquis of Lansdowne. In 1863 he was elected Professor of Greek in the University of St Andrews in succession to Professor W. Y. Sellar, who went to Edinburgh. He with his family were from this time our intimate friends.

The story of his twenty-nine years at St Andrews would be too long to tell. He loved teaching, and he never had any difficulty in keeping order in his class. "Of his influence as a teacher," one of his old students writes* in retrospect, "I cannot neglect here to express the debt I owe to one who is perhaps the most original and subtle of living British scholars—whom many besides myself have felt to be the most searching and inspiring of teachers—Professor Lewis Campbell." Many of his students afterwards held prominent positions in the world—among them Rutherford, Head Master of Westminster School, the present Earl of Aberdeen, and Edmund Robertson, K.C., Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty.

His life was filled with much work and he made many friends. His friendship with Principal J. D. Forbes and his family, with Mrs Cook and her family (one of whose daughters was secretary to Miss Davies

* "Lucretius," by J. Masson, Edin. 1907.

in the founding of Girton College at Hitchin), and with Professor T. Spencer Baynes and his wife was of the closest.

Our annual summer visits to the family of his early friend, Professor William Ramsay, at Rannagulgion, were a source of great pleasure to him. The spring, May and June, was often spent in Italy, chiefly at Florence, where he studied the MSS. of Plato and Sophocles at the Laurentian Library, and I was able to help him by taking notes, so that he could keep his eyes always on the MSS.

He was ever full of plans for the students. He started the Students Dramatic Society. In this Mrs Baynes was his coadjutor, and she and I worked together for it. We had the help too of our friends Professor and Mrs Fleeming Jenkin, and on one occasion Mrs Fleeming Jenkin did our students the honour of acting with them. She also acted at St Andrews the Deianira of Sophocles, translated by Lewis Campbell.

In 1875 he stood for the Greek Chair in Glasgow, when R. C. Jebb was elected. It was about this time that he was made LL.D. of Glasgow University.

When the movement for the Higher Education of Women began, about 1866, he and I were anxious to take our part in it; and about 1874, in response to a desire for a school for girls at St Andrews, and also for those in the country who needed a school

nearer home than England, we were amongst the most active promoters of St Leonards School which was opened in 1877. Principal Tulloch was the first Chairman of Council. At his death, in 1886, Lewis succeeded and held the post till 1903.

In 1892 he resigned the Greek Chair. Feeling that the changes being made in the curriculum of the Scotch Universities would deprive him of many of the more advanced students in Greek, he thought he could do more during the rest of his life by continuing his literary work. This he did, first in London, where many old friendships were renewed and many new ones formed. Amongst the old friends were Professor Huxley and his family, Mrs Winkworth, Mrs Fleeming Jenkin, and Mr and Mrs Henry Roscoe, and later the Master of the Rolls, Lord Collins and his family.

After 1898 his home was at Alassio, where he built a house and called it Sant' Andrea. He returned to St Andrews as Gifford Lecturer in 1894 and 1895.

In 1903 he was made Honorary D.Litt. at Oxford by request of Lord Goschen.

He worked to the very end, reading a paper on "The Religious Element in Plato" at the Congress of Religions at Oxford in September, 1908, and he had planned a further piece of work on Shakespeare.

He died at Brissago, Lago Maggiore, on his way to Alassio, on October 25, 1908.

I have tried to put together these few memorials in fulfilment of wishes expressed during his life. He always hoped that his poems might, some of them at any rate, see the light; and he had prepared the ten sermons for publication himself, with a title page and forewords. I have added some passages from his mother's journals, a few letters from friends, some to a friend, several papers on different subjects, and a list of his published works in the hope that this little volume may enable any who read it to gather, in some measure, what his life was.

FRANCES PITT CAMPBELL.

92, IVERNA COURT,
KENSINGTON, W.
July, 1914.

HIS mother kept a careful and detailed diary for many years. I give a few extracts from it below.—
F. P. C.

MRS MORRIESON'S DIARY.

October 19th, 1840.—I took Lewis after breakfast to his new English master, Mr Theodore Williams, who took him to the New Academy for the first time, a step from childhood to boyhood.

July 17th, 1846.—Lewis's class was examined in mathematics, and he gained the Mitchell Medal at the Academy.

July 28th, 1846.—The proudest day of my life, and I think I may say of my brother's (Mostyn Pryce) life too, for he loves the dear boys as dearly as a father could. This was the exhibition day at the Academy. At 12 the Directors and the Rector entered.

Lewis read his Greek and his Latin verses—the best his Latin ones. All those who were to receive the Dux medals of their respective classes were called up amid clapping of hands.

First, the gold medal for the Dux of the school, Lewis Campbell. Lord Moncrieff addressed him in kind laudatory terms, giving him good advice and telling him he must not stop here—there was a wide field before him and many difficulties to surmount; he couldn't relax—he must go on from strength to strength. He told him if at any time he should be in difficulty that he and his brother Directors would always be ready to take him by the hand and help him on. He expressed warm wishes for his future welfare, and he placed the gold medal attached to a purple ribbon round his neck. Then all his school-fellows shouted, *hoorah-ed*, and clapped till they were stopped by the Rector. Subsequently, when the prize of the Academical Club was announced for Lewis Campbell, they burst out involuntarily in a tremendous volley of hurrahs. This was the grandest triumph of all, and the prize seven handsome volumes of Hallam's works. The trial for Scripture was a wonderful triumph of memory. Lewis gained it. He carried off eight good prizes. It was a day of overpowering delight and overflowing thankfulness to me. My brother dined with the Directors, and made two speeches in return for Lewis's health and mine. Lord Moncrieff paid me a flattering compliment as to my bringing up my children, and when he gave my health as a toast he said, "Mrs Morrieson, not as *Mrs Morrieson*, but as the *Mother of the Campbells*."

October, 1846. — We all set out by railway to Glasgow at one o'clock, arrived at 2.15, took a coach to Lewis's new abode, Miss McLeod, 73, West Regent Street, deposited his luggage, went to the College, introduced him to Dr Thomson, Professor of Mathematics, paid his fee, 3 guineas, and 7s. for the College Library.

The other Professors were not at home.

Monday. — Lewis made his appearance for the first time at the College, Glasgow, as a student. He commences under the best of auspices. In perfect health, strong clear intellect, firm talents, excellent principles, and pious and reflective mind, innocent and pure. He has high testimonials and letters of introduction from the Rector of the Academy, Archdeacon Williams, and the love and good wishes of all who know him.

December, 1847. — My boys are both of them highly principled, very talented and irreproachable in conduct. I trust in God that His grace is with them, and I pray most earnestly that he will never leave them nor forsake them, that he will be their refuge and their strength, their Saviour and their Anchor of Hope in time and in Eternity. Blessed be His name.

April 2nd, 1848. — I received two welcome notes from my darling Lewis announcing his having gained, at Glasgow College, six prizes — 2nd Latin (of his side),

the private Latin, the 2nd Greek, Greek Iambics, Latin Prose, and the 2nd Latin Blackstone. How truly delightful to parental feelings now that he has for the first time left his home for six months and pursued his classical studies so steadily of his own free will.

January 25th, 1849.—After being twice put off, the Greek Examination for the Blackstone took place at Glasgow. Lewis wrote a short note to tell me that Lushington pronounced his success “triumphant.” He did not himself come up to his own expectations, and as it happens it was well he got through at all, as he mistook the hour, and was walking, he says, coolly along Buchanan Street about $\frac{1}{4}$ past 12.

May 1st, 1849.—The Prize day at Glasgow College. Professor Lushington called our dear Lewis up to receive the beautiful gold medal, the Greek Blackstone Prize. He told him it was a mark of the highest distinction, and that he had no rival in the trial; his scholarship was unrivalled; therefore he may be said to stand doubly unrivalled, that he had acquitted himself in a manner rarely equalled, never excelled. And Ramsay, in giving him the First Prize Latin in the private class, told him his career had been brilliant from first to last, and he believed this was only the opening of his genius. Lushington, in giving the prize for Greek Iambics, said he had four competitors, all good. We look to you for keeping

up our good name, not only next year, but in future years. He had also prizes for Latin translation of Gray's *Elegy*, and Greek translations for passages in Shakespeare's *Henry VI.*, six in all. I don't think any other student had so many.

May 28th, 1849.—At 3 p.m. Lewis started from Gunley for Oxford, and on the 30th the trial began for the Trinity Scholarship. He wrote to me on Monday, when he named some of his competitors. We have the Captain of Rugby of last year, who came in third for the Balliol Scholarship, one of the top men at Winchester, another Balliol man who did well for the Ireland Scholarship, a crack man from Charterhouse, and two or three Etonians, so that though the competition is not numerous, it is heavy. Before his letter was sealed he writes, "I am Scholar of Trinity."

March 28th, 1853.—I have received a letter from Mr Palmer, one of the examiners in the "Ireland." He says that Lewis acquitted himself in a manner that gratified *all* the Examiners, and that he observed great progress since last year. I sent the Greek papers to Archdeacon Williams, who returned them, saying that he was delighted with them and doubts not that he will take a First Class.

My two fine boys have made a brilliant career from their first entrance at 8 years old. They have had no break in their education either from illness

or change of system. One regular course of learning has been carried on from 8 to 22 years of age from the Latin rudiments and the highest University competition. I wrote to his College Tutor, Mr B. Jowett, to ask in what particular respects L. did best. He replied that in Science of Philosophy, in his Greek dialogue, but especially in his Ethic papers, which were better than any that were sent in. He thought he would deserve a First Class, but he was not sure but that his nervous temperament might prevent it. Now that he did so well he wished him to stand next spring for an Oriel Fellowship.

Robert writes: "I have this moment heard that Lewis is in the 1st Class. I am so happy I can write no more."

My noble boys have passed brilliantly through their academical years, winning many golden and silver prizes, books, and blushing honours as rewards of merit all by their own creditable diligence and without the aid of a private tutor. They are now indeed no longer boys, but collegians of Oxford and Cambridge. Lewis entered at Oxford by gaining an open scholarship at Trinity College in 1849. He resigned that for a Snell Exhibition presented by the Glasgow University (£112 per annum for ten years) which sent him to Balliol College. To this was added the Warner Exhibition (£20 for four years) presented by Dr Jenkins, Master of Balliol

1856, bracketed with Brodrick and Turner. Came in 6th in the University contest for the Ireland Scholarship (in which his Greek papers were the *best*). Butler gained it; and he gained the 2nd Prosser with Herbert in 1853.

November, 1853.—It was about 25 minutes past six, my dear husband and I were sitting in the dining-room, a loud ring at the hall door—a letter and a paper to sign. On the letter in red letters, “Telegraphic Despatch,” Oxford, London, Postmarks, Charles Langborne. “The list is out—Lewis is First Class.” Glorious news. Better than all the doctor’s shop was this restorative.

To God be praise. He gave the talents, the teachable spirit, the coolness in the contest, and has crowned my dear good son’s labours with this distinguished success. Lewis’s first school was the Circus School, Edinburgh, but I had by conversational instruction opened his young intelligent mind to the fascinations of Bible and scientific law. The two brothers were, in fact, considered prodigies, so much did they comprehend of astronomy, botany, and general knowledge.

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MEMORIALS IN VERSE AND PROSE

UNCONSCIOUS CONSTANCY.

THOU art not cold,—though ne'er again
May tender thought betwixt us flow :
Nor changed, though all thine ancient pain
Is healed, and quenched the feverous glow.

Still through thy life rich music runs
The ground tone of our earlier song :
And rays from unremembered suns
Bring hues to charm the new-found throng.

IN MENTOR'S LIKENESS.

To E. H.,* 1856.

O TAKE it not amiss that I am slow
To praise, and rude and hasty in thy blame
Or if on my embittered tongue there grow
Some hard addition to thy gentle name !

* Edward Herbert—a pupil of whom he was very fond—
afterwards captured and killed by brigands in Greece.

The languid stream glides noiseless by the rock,
The torrent frets about each petty stone,
And when the winds are wildest in their shock
Each unseen flaw laments with hollow moan.

So my heart's flood that will not cease from thee
Is ruffled by thy faults and murmurs high,
So my rash spirit that had dreamed thee free,
Vents disappointment in a boding sigh.

Oh think not on my words, but on their cause
So shalt you find them richer than applause.

TO E. H.

1856.

YOU think I do not understand
When oft is lost what well was planned
And noble heart is wavering hand.

Have I not seen my purpose high
Pale at the threat of wintry sky
Or foil'd by summer toys, pass by ?

Have I not sat in mute despair
Counting with blank remorseful stare
The gathering graves of hopes that were ?

Have I not loved with awe to trace
The unmarred features of a face
Such as was mine in childish days.

And inly wept, as rose between
Present and future, darkly seen,
The spectre of what might have been ?

And did not soothing Hope arise
Upborne by gentler sympathies,
The antidote of wintry skies ?

Then high resolve was strong once more
Inspired anew with holier lore
Graver, but manlier than before.

And courage with experience came,
And wavering oft, yet still the same,
Uprose my spirit's altar flame.

Last came the hope, scarce yet made good,
That those who stand where once I stood
May profit by my happier mood.

THE EVENING OF LIFE.

Air—"Come to the Sunset Tree."

July, 1854.

COME, let us rest, my own !

For my hands are weary now,
And the light from thine eyes is flown,
And a mist hangs on thy brow.

Rest where yon Autumn light
Falls from the fading west,
And I'll sing ere 'tis night,
The songs you aye loved best.

What though my voice be low,
On memory's ear shall fall
The tones you used to know,
And the bliss those tones recall.

What though my strength soon tire,
Though brown locks fade to white,
Though thine eye hath lost its fire
And thy figure its manly height ?

My spirit is not slack,
And thy heart yet is warm,
Though years be on thy back
And bowed is thine aged form.

Let us work though with waning might
 And rest when the days are o'er,
 And, ere evening close in night,
 Feed on sweet memory's store.

Till a holier rest be ours,
 And a nobler strength be given
 To nature's wearied powers,
 And thine eye light up in Heaven.

ADMETUS AND ALCESTIS.

September 27, 1871.

I.

THE compact was Apollo's, not the King's.
 Alcestis hid the secret in her soul
 And kept her love a pure and perfect whole,
 Perfect beyond his heart's imaginings.

But unto all there comes an hour that brings
 The hidden truth to light and to the goal
 Of joy or sorrow doth their chariot roll
 And probes the spirit with unlooked for things.

It came. He had loved life for noble ends.

But now he pined with shame of such desire
And inly burned with a consuming fire
Unsolaced by the soothing voice of friends.

Love that had conquered death awaked at last,
Love that can wither life, till life be past.

II.

ALCESTIS.

“NOT yours, but you.”

I shall not feel his heart upon my breast,
I shall not hear his glory in the war :
But I shall set his soul's desire at rest,
And he will see me as the perfect star.

Not to possess him, but to know him blest,
It was for this I longed, for this I prayed,
For this I laboured, and am not afraid
To bind my life to the Destroyer's car.

So that I make him happier. Ah ! my lord,
Wilt thou be happy when thy love is gone,
Or wilt thou miss her in thy glorious day ?
When all is thine true empire can afford
And men shall hymn thee on thy stainless throne,
Let there be one sad note to round the lay.

III.

ADMETUS.

NOT that thou, too, art gone. The wound might heal,
And I might smile again at new born joy.
My nature is not free from such alloy
That varies with the turn of Fortune's wheel.

But to have seen thee wasting, and to feel
My blindness was the cause that laid thee low,
That is a grief no time can e'er o'ergrow
Or to that agony my spirit seal.

I cannot follow thee. To die were gain.
But duty bids me for my people live
And in the harsh world draw a lingering breath.
Yet how to labour amid ceaseless pain.
Ah! I can only pray thee to forgive
And long to find thee in the home of death.

IV.

AND yet he lived and laboured. His great love
No longer needed by the Seraph-flame,
That kindled it in passing, rose above
The bitterness of parting and the shame.

He knew it was eternal, nor could blame
The tragic error of their wedded prime
 So brief, so sweet, so fatal. For the seed
Of sorrow, moulded by all mellowing time,
 Grew rich with fruit of many a noble deed.
Nor sought the humbled monarch any meed,
Save that in sadness by his darkened hearth
He might reflect her sainthood with his worth.

“ Oh loved too late ! if thee I may not see,
Let me be worthy still of following thee ! ”

v.

HE drank more deeply of all good. He saw
Justice and beauty with an eye more clear
And tender. His were freedom one with law,
 Warmth without passion, wisdom without fear.
The proved reality of one strong love
 So utterly controlled him that his life
Launched on a wider orbit, seemed to move
 Serene o'er human littleness and strife.

But when alone at eve, a night more deep
 Received him, lit by one divinest glow,
In regions of refreshing beyond sleep
 Sweetly enfolding eyes and breast and brow.
The mystic effluence of his guiding star
The promise of his future, felt from far.

THE DAYS OF THE OLD *MARY JANE*.

BALLADE OF MORVEN SOUND.

Glenmorven, Aug. 1886.

WHEN the hand of Robina Macbrain
Was enfeoffed to her medical fere,
(I might equally style him her "swain,"
Or her "spark," or her "spouse," or her "dear")
Every point of the bold *Pioneer*
To exhibit her bunting was fain ;
Such a vision had counted for queer
In the days of the old *Mary Jane*.

Then the skippers were sonsie and sane
And sheep on the decks might appear
Amid sacks of "round" oatmeal and grain
(As yet Oban had only one pier)
And the Talisker flowed like small beer,
And our living was hearty and plain.
Hieland mutton was not very dear
In the days of the old *Mary Jane*.

Now torpedoes at Tober have lain
And Tiree doth the turret-ship fear ;
Ben More and Ben Talloch remain,
But the Sound sees new boats far and near.

Yet the *Clansman*, *Claymore*, *Grenadier*,
 Pioneer, *Chevalier*, all in vain
Would make up for the time we revere,
 The days of the old *Mary Fane*.

L'Envoi.

Lend, Madam, no critical ear,
 Though you taught me the tender refrain.
"Sound" critics were never severe
 In the days of the old *Mary Fane*.

TIDIED AWAY.

April, 1889.

"Let me set my mournful ditty
 To a merry measure."—SHELLEY.

TIDIED away,
Tell me, I pray,
What has your housemaiden tidied away,
 She of the duster and broom?
 For I see, see, see
Your hair and your whiskers are fast turning grey
As you rummage for something that was here you say,
 Before tea, tea, tea,
 This corner and that of the room.

Lyrics so gay
Tidied away,
Lost or mislaid that superlative lay.
 Lost in the gathering gloom
 With a sweep, sweep, sweep,
Stuffed into the whatnot or under the tray
Or in tomes of philology round me that lay,
 Buried deep, deep, deep,
By her of the duster and broom.

Books of the day
Tidied away,
Novels of April and numbers of May
 Snatched from their critical doom.
 Taken down, down, down ;
They take from the shelf to be read on the sly,
Some book not too big to put cosily by
 'Neath a gown, gown, gown,
Those maids of the dust-bin and broom.

Bills of the play
Tidied away—
Nothing so easy for maids to mislay,
 Maids who are apt to presume ;
 For they read, read, read,
And they dream for the nonce they are Sally or Nell
Till they're much too absorbed to attend to the bell,
 As with greed, greed, greed
They read and they tidy the room.

Billets-doux gay
Tidied away,
Let not my lady behold them, I pray,
 Scattered about in the room,
 For she'll pout, pout, pout,
Not that there's anything wrong that they say,
But I'd rather not leave them about in her way
 Lest she flout, flout, flout,
And flounce away all in a fume.

Tidied away,
Tidied away!
All I most care for is tidied away,
 Tidied away from the room.
 Till I pine, pine, pine
To live for a year in the dingiest den
Where dust settles down on the works of the pen,
 Not a line, line, line,
Being tidied away with a broom.

ON MEETING AGAIN ERASMUS BRODIE,
A COLLEGE FRIEND, LATE IN LIFE.

"LIKE ships becalmed" at morn 'twas ours to lie ;
Distance, not darkness, veiled the years between,
And busy strivings on the various scene
Of vast mid-ocean's volubility.

Toward eve, "A friendly sail!" and by and by
Hulling a space amid the rolling green
We speak of the intervenient joy and teen
In tones that to each heart strikes harmony.
Then tell not us of spirits that decay
Or of blank nothingness our life that bounds
Since the gay tunes on either deck that play
Through either thrill with strange familiar sounds
We part, but with new hope, not wholly vain,
Though each must plough once more the unknown
main.

SONG.

April, 1902.

TO THE HUMMING-BIRD MOTH.

RESTLESS wanderer, random rover,
Like a fond but faithless lover,
Winging lightly thou dost hover
Still from flower to flower.

How unlike the faithful swallow,
Who his only mate doth follow,
Where in roof-o'ershaded hollow
Both have built their bower!

Thine short sips of liquid sweetness,
Harvest meet for fickle fleetness ;
His to crown the year's completeness
Linking hour to hour.

SHAKESPERIAN SONNET.

(Suggested by a touch of Spring.)

March, 1902.

SYMPATHY.

THE honey-drop within the heather-bell
Waits for the hour when the far-wandered bee
Comes flying swiftly over moor and fell
To find the treasure he explores with glee.

The swallow finds the region of her birth
Tho' viewless and unknown the winter long ;
There and there only on broad-bosomed Earth
She kindles at her mate's exultant song.

The magnet points the pilot to the shore ;
The pole-star leads belated travellers home ;
The far-seen Pharos-light, beheld of yore,
Taught Alexandrian eyes no more to roam.

So the time-wearied heart that longed for rest,
Finds her true haven in some genial breast.

TOM-NA-MONACHAN SONNETS.

Pitlochrie, Aug. 1902.

I.

NOT bygone deaths in Killiecrankie's dell,
Not varying skies, than Southern suns more dear ;
Not forms of beauty, frowning heights of fear,
Nor names of loch and craig remembered well ;
Not emerald bracken, ruby heather-bell ;
Not these entrance me, brooding lonely here
And scanning tranquilly the landscape clear :
These glens are haunted with a holier spell.
Three spirits hold the region : one,* whose lot
Led him to muse by yonder banks of Tay ;
One ever restless heart,† that to this spot
Returned at eve from roaming far by day ;
And one,‡ revered and loved, whose earnest thought,
On Tummel side, dreamed of Life's noblest way.

August 10, 1902.

* John Campbell Shairp.

† James Stuart Blackie.

‡ Benjamin Jowett.

II.

THEY lived apart, though neighbouring. Each pursued

Light from above, that draws the willing soul
By divers pathways toward one distant goal,
And shines for all with differing hues of good.
High faith, pure heart, determined rectitude
And zeal his country's virtues to extol
Were Shairp's ; nor could one warning voice control
The wayward workings of his warmer mood.
On Blackie fell the light with flickering gleam
'Midst fitful flashes of untempered youth,
Till kindlier eld brought wisdom's sobering aid.
Serene on Jowett shone the broadening beam,
As forth he travelled to confront the truth
With open face, faithful and unafraid.

August 17, 1902.

III.

STRATHITAY still mourns Cuiláluinn's gentle bard,
Sweet lyrist of the " Bush aboon Traquhair,"
Father and friend, who in her genial air
Found refuge from cold hearts and tempers hard.
And Blackie's Celtic fires are not debarred
From shining where Ben Vrackie looms, or where
The lingering Muse of Fingal with fond care
Nurses the remnant of a language marred

By time and fortune. Longer shall abide
While England's tongue and honest thought move
free,

The spirit of him who once on Tummel side
Pondered the deep Platonic mystery.

But now these woods and vales, whate'er betide,
Have still a holier, dearer charm for me.

Aug. 24, 1902.

IV.

OH Time, how truly, as the poet sings,
You load your wallet with Oblivion's food,
That "great-sized monster of ingratitude,"
Crowding our present with indifferent things.
Can forty summers on their wasteful wings
Have borne from memory all that sum of good
I owe to one who in yon neighbouring wood
Husbanded gifts beyond the wealth of kings?
There at the foot of yonder grassy knoll,
He * dwelt, who first by patient thought revealed
The force whose laws eternally control
The moving mass from Alpine snows congealed:—
Gentle, yet stern ; a man of flawless soul
And warm affections from the world concealed.

Aug. 31, 1902.

* James Dyce Forbes.

Φωνάντα ζυνετᾶ.

Aug. 20, 1902.

YOUNG palm-shoot, rose, and milkwhite heather
 bloom,
 Emblems of "admiration, hope and love,"
 Met me while travelling towards Life's evening gloom
 And wearying for some gleam from heights above.
 That palm, so fair, so pure in classic form,
 Dim seen through studious window, cheered my
 view,
 As when Odysseus, marred with many a storm,
 Beheld the maid, so brave, so bright, so true.
 Your rose confirmed the hope then waked in me
 Fostered by bounteous hands with eident heed,
 Forestalling my account of praise to be
 Crowning long labours with most gracious deed.
 Now these pale bells shall register the hour
 When mutual hearts disclosed a stainless flower.

SWEET GALE.

1903.

PALM, rose, and heather bloom each marked an hour,
 Recorded clearly on Time's crowded page,
 But saw the nascent germ, the bud, the flower,
 Enlightening my belated pilgrimage.

In winter shoots the palm, the opening rose
Unveils her bosom to all hopeful spring :
The milk-white heath in height of summer blows,
When mountains glow, and valleys laugh and sing.
The best was yet to be ; grave autumn took
That sober myrtle spray yet fresh and green,
Whose fragrance lives within your holy book
And lingers pressed the cherished leaves between.
Both tell of love that changeth not his hue
Which absence cannot quench nor death subdue.

FLOWER HARMONIES.

1904.

CRIMSON carnation breathing rich perfume,
Joined with white heather sprig and pansies pale—
What meaning had that harmony of bloom
Returned for my poor tribute of sweet gale ?
The heath might mark the whiteness of thy truth ;
The ruddy fragrance tell thy warmth of heart,
But why this paleness on the cheek of youth ?
Why fade those petals even as I depart ?
Ah ! 'tis the sadness of the parting hour,
Dividing hand from hand and eye from eye,
That casts yon hue on the unconscious flower
And withers up its frail vitality.
Yet mind shall meet with mind, soul speak to soul
Through the dumb language of this voiceless scroll.

RIVIERA SIMILES.

1902-7.

I.

On the mountains of Carrara, as seen from Alassio before
sunrise and towards sunset.

CARRARA! When at dawn thy peaks appear
 Indenting keenly the cold-rounding grey,
 Tinged with auroral promise, who might say
What snows, what marble neath that outline clear
Enriched their shadowy sides? But night being near,
 When the slant sun hath flushed the tranquil bay,
 Their opal sheen o'er-arched with evening's ray,
Reveals the effulgence of a closed career.
Even so in youth the rising spirit shows,
 Eager, but unillumined, shadowed o'er
 With hopes and tremors of uncertain hue.
Even so in Age the ripened spirit glows
 With tints that from beyond the western shore
 Life's lingering beam sheds on the wise and true.

II.

PHOSPHOR.

On seeing the morning star for some time after sunrise.

“He must increase, but I must decrease.”

FROM his moist chamber sprang the ascending sun,

“Nor dim nor red” for his diurnal race ;

The waning moon, her nightly journey done,

Drew back ashamed her wanly gleaming face.

But herald Phosphor to my wondering sight,

A silver islet in an azure sea,

Still shone serenely though with lessening light,

Steadfast amidst the Heavens’ tranquillity.

So when the Son of Righteousness appeared,

And prophets veiled their ineffectual fire,

The glad Forerunner still his standard reared

And preached the arrival of the World’s Desire.

So lesser loves that hear the Bridegroom’s voice

Still shine, and in his sovran light rejoice.

III.

ANADYOMENE.

A LIGHT at sea ! Sure ’tis a ship on fire !

The horizon reddens, the far waters glow

That cone of flame recalls the beacon dire

Proclaiming Troy’s disastrous overthrow—

Nay, 'twas the rising of the star of Love :

For look where Venus, robed in silver sheen,
Clear of the auroral haze, smiles from above,

Full orb'd and steadfast in the blue serene.
So at the rise of pure affection's power

Some low-born mists enswathe the ardent mind.
So, in the ripening of her perfect hour

Love shines undimmed, from passion's dross refined,
A light to steer by on life's pathless sea :
A charm to annul the world's cold rivalry.

ALASSIO.

TRANSLATIONS

ON A TEMPLE NEAR THE RUINS OF CORINTH.

WHERE is thy crown of beauty, Dorian maid,
Corinth? thy towers, thy wealth of old uplaid?

Gone are thy fanes, thy palaces, thy proud
Sisyphean dames, thy once unnumbered crowd.
O ill-starred city, War hath swept away
Thine all ; no relic of thee lives to-day.

Only, like sea-birds that outlast the storm,
We Ocean-nymphs still haunt thy ruined form.

FROM SAPPHO.

To an air from Chopin (*Grandes Etudes*, No. 3).

BLEST above men is he who sitting near thee
Looks in thy face one happy, happy while ;
Blest his ears that every hour may hear thee ;
Sweetest voice ! Lovely smile !

Hears he the laugh that, through my bosom stealing,
Thrills and takes captive every vital power ?
One brief moment, thy bright form revealing,
Maketh wild many an hour.

Ah, subtle flame that, through my members gliding,
Stops every path between my heart and tongue ;
Fiery mist that, all the landscape hiding,
Steeps my sense as with song !

Pale and bedewed like herbs from sunlight shrinking,
Melted like wax in presence of the fire,
Trembling then all o'er, with spirit sinking,
I faint,—I expire !

MOTHER AND CHILD. (DANAE AND
PERSEUS.)

(From Simonides.)

CLOSED in the fine-wrought chest,
She felt the rising wind the waters move.
Then, by new fear possessed,
With action wild
And cheeks bedewed, she stretched her arms of love
Toward Perseus: "O my child,
What sorrow wrings my breast!
Whilst thou art sunk so deep
In infancy's calm sleep;
Launched in this joyless ark,
Bronze-fastened, glimmering-dark,
Yet, pillowed on thy tangled hair,
Thou slumber'st, nor dost care
For billows past thee bounding
Nor breezes shrilly sounding,
Laid in thy mantle red, sweet face, how fair!
Ah! but if Fear
Had any fear for thee,
Then unto me
Thou'ldst turn thy tender ear.
But now I bid thee rest, my babe; sleep still!
Rest, O thou sea! Rest, rest, unbounded ill!
Zeus, Father, some relief, some change from Thee!
Am I too bold? For *his* sake, pardon me!

FROM DANTE'S "VITA NUOVA."

LOVE lives and moves within my lady's eyes ;
Whence all whereon she looks are gentle made
Where'er she passes, each man turns the head
And whom she greets is thrilled with sweet surprise,
That, stricken at heart, he vails his glance and sighs,
Being then of all his faults admonishèd.
Anger and pride before her face are fled.
Help, ladies ! till her worth I make men prize.

Meek joy, glad humbleness, and thoughts of good
Are born within the heart that hears her speak,
And he that sees her soonest is most blest.
Her faintest smile is not to be exprest,—
Even to recall it, memory is too weak,—
An untold miracle of gentlehood.

ÜBER ALLEN GIPFELN.

(From Goethe.)

Grimsel, July, 1871.

CALM is o'er every hill :
The trees are still.
Hardly a breath
Find'st thou above, beneath,
In oak or pine.
Thrushes are silent in the woodland nest,
Soon, too, shall rest
Be thine.

FROM HEINE'S "REISEBILDER."

UP the mountain stands the cottage
Of the aged mountaineer.
All around green fir trees rustle,
And the moon is shining clear.

In the cottage stands a settle
Carved and graven wondrously ;
He that sits thereon is happy,
And the happy one am I.

From her stool the little darling
(Starlets seem her eyes of blue)
Leans her hand against my bosom
(Rose her mouth, of daintiest hue).

And the dear twin stars of azure
Gazing, tracts of heaven disclose,
As she lays the lily finger
Archly on the budding rose.

No, she sees us not, the Mother,
Where she sits and spins amain ;
While the Father strums his cither,
Crooning o'er some old-world strain.

And the little darling whispers
Muffled confidences low.
Many and many a mighty secret
Tells she me of long ago.

" But you see, since Auntie died, sir,
We no more can have the sight
Of the shooting match at Goslar :
There 'twas beautiful and bright.

" Here, in our cold Highland country
'Tis so lonely, you must know ;
And in Winter-time we are really
All but buried in the snow.

" I'm a foolish downcast maiden,
Frightened, like an eerie child,
At the naughty mountain goblins
Working on the darkling wild."

All at once the tiny darling,
As at her own speech dismayed,
Silent o'er the tender eyelids
Both the lily hands has laid.

Louder 'yont the fir trees rustle ;
Loud the spin-wheel whirrs and drones ;
Clear at whiles the cither tinkles ;
Plainly hum the ancient tones.

"Never fear thee, sweet child-maiden,
For the naughty goblins' power ;
Day and night strong troops of Angels
Guard thee, dear one, hour by hour."

THE PINE AND THE PALM.

A PINE tree standing lonely
In the high cool northern land,
Sleeps where the snow hath wound him
In her shining icy band.

He dreams of a fair tall palm tree
That in the far, far south
Sorrows alone and silent
On steeps of burning drouth.

HEINRICH HEINE TO HIS MOTHER.

I.

MY mind was never of a yielding tone,
I am apt enough to bear my bonnet high ;
Though king or kaiser looked me in the eye
My glance would not go down before his throne.
Yet, dear my mother, frankly will I own,
How boldly yet soe'er my thoughts might fly,
When thy sweet loving loveliness was by,
A tremor of meekness often have I known.

Was it that bright and piercing spirit of thine,
Ranging untrammelled through the Heavens aloft,
That with this secret force o'ermastered mine ?
It wrings me to remember now, how oft
I have done things that made full sad in thee
That heart so lovely in its love for me.

II.

HEADSTRONG with hope I left thee, bent to gain,
Though I should travel to Earth's utmost end,
A love that my fond love might apprehend
And to my breast with loving arms might strain.
Through streets and alleys roaming long in vain
My hands at every door I did extend,
Begging this boon from whoso had to spend.
They laughed, and gave me nought but cold disdain.

Thus evermore I wandered, evermore

Craving for love that never looked my way,

Till coming home, heart-weary with despair,—

Ah ! then didst thou receive me at the door,

And welling from thine eyes, that blessed day,

O joy ! the dear long-sought-for love was *there* !

TEN SERMONS

Prepared for Publication by L. C. with the following

FOREWORDS. 1907.

THE SENSE OF OUR COMMON CHRISTIANITY: A REMEDY FOR THE UNREST OF THE AGE.

OUR Common Christianity! The very possibility of such a thing is often strenuously denied. It is denied chiefly by two sorts of persons, of whom I would speak with all kindness, for I have friends in both—the Formalists and the Agnostics. “Universality in religion is an empty dream,” says my agnostic friend. “Religion cannot exist without particularity of ritual and doctrine,” says the friend who is inclined to Formalism. It would follow from this that we have amongst us many religions, and not one only, and to those who believe in an over-ruling Providence that seems a strange result of nineteen centuries.

As far as possible, in the few minutes allotted me on this occasion, I would avoid controversy. Not in the heat of conflict are the true issues of a great campaign disclosed. In the war with real or imaginary evils, amidst the dust and smoke each combatant sees only what is immediately before him, and often through some unconscious bias or deflection,

in a difficult country men have, with disastrous consequences, mistaken friends for foes. But as they look upward through some rift in the war-cloud they may discern that the clear heaven is still above them, and the stars in their courses still hold on their undeviating way.

I will ask my hearers, then, to turn away from the immediate scene, from the clashing of interests and jarring of creeds, from questions of doctrine and ritual, ancient or modern, and from the many movements which perpetually cross and re-cross in an unrestful time, and to think only of the words of Christ and the teaching of St. Paul and St. John. There, if anywhere, is to be found a remedy for superficial excitements, a dominant tone in which the discords are resolved, the white light in which contrasted colours blend. In striving to realize the presence of the Lord, people grow forgetful of His teaching.

One great word has only lately come to light, after being buried through nearly eighteen centuries, and is immediately to our purpose. Jesus said, "Lift up the stone, and you will find Me there; cleave the stock, and I am there also."

Not within the limits of one exclusive community, but in mankind at large; not merely in the acknowledged means of grace, but in the most ordinary of secular occupations: not in a dim religious light, but

in the open day, shall Christ be found by those who diligently seek Him. Whatever is worthiest in the culture and civilization of each passing age, "whatsoever things are true, or honest, or of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise," Christ is therein. The self-devotion of the soldier, the unobtrusive heroism of the common labourer, the mild wisdom of the student, forgetting self in the pursuit of truth, the so-called "Altruism" of the philanthropist, the profound humanities of the genuine poet, have all, even when they themselves know it not, a portion of the spirit of Christ. This thought may comfort some who are apt to dwell with bitterness or with keen regret on our "unhappy divisions," which are, after all, not so unhappy if we can recognize a common divine influence that is permeating all.

Whether, therefore, any one is called to a religious life within the pale of Anglicanism, or in some field of Nonconformity, or in the bosom of so-called Catholicity, he shall find repose, not in some rash change, or in cutting himself adrift from the body in which he has been reared, but in the consideration that divine purposes are not limited by human traditions, and that the circumambient heaven is over all. He will be led to acknowledge an inter-communion between all good men, which exists whether we acknowledge it or not, but is more effectually realized when frankly recognized. Let us, then, learn

what that meaneth ; " Forbid not him that followeth not with you ; for there is no man that doeth a good work that can lightly speak evil of our common Lord."

Men are held apart in matters of religion not merely by diversities of tradition, but through deep-lying differences of temperament. And for the errors natural to every temperament there is a remedy in some word of Christ, in some teaching of St. Paul or of St. John.

(1) Some natures are more inclined to worship, some to active work. Both are necessary aspects of the complete service of God, and each supports and complements the other. Neither let the man of action despise the worshipper, nor let him who spends his life in devotional exercises rebuke his brother who seems to worship less. There is a silent worship in the midst of work which some have found more profitable than the worship of the temple.

It may be sometimes worth remembering, that Milton, at the very time when he was preparing sustenance for thousands of Christian souls, never showed himself either at church or chapel at all.

(2) The worship natural to some is more emotional ; for others, not less devout, it consists in a certain attitude of mind. To some the use of symbols is really, as well as in name, the channel of an inward and spiritual grace ; to others of a more abstract turn

of mind, the sensuous symbol is a hindrance, if not an offence. Let him who disregards the symbol take care that "to the Lord he doth not regard it," and let him who venerates it beware of falling backwards into a crude paganism, calling to mind the words of Jesus in answer to the Jews who asked, "Will this Man give us His flesh to eat?" "It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."

There is an incident in the life of Lord Tennyson too briefly told in his biography, which is full of significance. Before his last departure from Freshwater, he was urged to receive the Holy Communion with his family. He consented, but was careful to explain to the officiating priest, that he received it in the Protestant sense as a commemorative act, "No sacrifice, but a life-giving feast." He would not "cross the bar" under false colours.

(3) Some persons naturally lean more to the past, some are eager to press onwards to the future. The former tendency involves a danger of Pharisaism; the latter is sometimes open to the charge of Vandalism. Both failings are attributable to a prosaic literalism. It is indeed a poor imagination that is insensible to the rich spiritual inheritance that has descended to us from pre-reformation times, from Clement and Origen, from St. Augustine, from Eusebius and Athanasius,

from St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bernard, St. Francis, and many others. And within the limits of our own Communion, there has been a succession of spiritual influence from Cranmer and Hooker, and Jeremy Taylor, through Bishop Butler, Bishop Wilson, and other names too near to us to be fully estimated. But we should take a narrow view if we excluded those who, from inheritance or choice, or through the fault of others, stood without the borders of our Church, such as Milton and Bunyan, George Fox, Richard Baxter, the Wesleys, and others who still exercise an influence amongst us for good. And the "prosaic literalism" which could be fluttered and dismayed because the bishop of an alien Church threw doubt on the mechanical transmission through the centuries of the official act of laying on of hands, appears to me, I must confess, unworthy of a Communion that has a noble history. The materialistic and superstitious notion of divine right, which in England has long been exploded as a political doctrine, still seems to linger somewhere in the ecclesiastical sphere. So long as that is so, all hope of comprehension or even of a cordial understanding between the Church of England and other Christian bodies is indeed a shadowy dream. You may learn lessons of political or Machiavelian expediency, for example, from the clergy of the Established Church of Scotland, but anything approaching to religious

intercourse is impossible until it is frankly recognized that questions of Church government are after all only matters of high expediency. Or if there is such an approach (because where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty) it is made in spite of all consistency. This could not be as it is, if we had learned the lesson which was taught by our Saviour when He said, "The baptism of John, was it from heaven or of men?" The whole passage is full of instruction, which the clergy of our Church have never yet taken to heart. "Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights." But to inherit the grace of Ordination from a Borgia or a Leo X. hardly answers that description.

(4) Some forms in religion are indispensable, and if we are not to break with the past too rudely, some institutions must be retained which have no longer a precise meaning for our generation. And those "whose faith has centre everywhere, nor cares to bind itself to form," may well claim for their souls' health, without hypocrisy, to worship side by side with their brethren to whom the form is precious. But there is another side to the same lesson. It is not the less a Christian duty for those who need to lean on outward observances, or even, like children, to rest in a sort of unconscious make-believe, to acknowledge the religious sincerity of those who cannot pin their faith to formulæ or to external evidences, but whose

acceptance of the message which Christ brought into the world is not less real.

(5) In looking broadly at the social movements of our time, we see the crossing of the two opposite currents of individualism and collectivism. The same minds appear to become alternately the victims of one or the other of these two dominant extremes. The sense of our common Christianity affords the best hope of mediating effectively between the opposing tendencies. In place of a dead and barren uniformity enforced from without, it implies the conception of a living relationship between different members. Instead of the isolated independence of individuals, each living for himself, it suggests that each may become many times himself by serving others. Therein lies the resolution of an antinomy which was lately set forth in a paradoxical work written apparently in defence of religion. It was argued there that since reason is co-extensive with self-love, all religious motives must be ultra-rational. But the identification of reason with self-love belongs to an exploded philosophy, unless by self is meant that higher self which is only realized in going out of self and becoming united to God through ministering to mankind. The life that is led by that motive is no longer "cabined, cribbed, confined"; it attains to freedom through submission to duty and to the divine will. Without losing its own peculiar state and

function, it is indefinitely enlarged through communion with the lives surrounding it, breaking through all artificial hindrances in the single-minded effort to do good.

Deliberately to ignore the fact of our common Christianity is a mistake that leads to serious harm. What is to become of morality and religion if men are told that, in refusing to conform to some particular ecclesiastical organization, they are denying God? Is there not some fear that they may accept the position so assigned them, and fall into the recklessness of unclean living, as our Articles say? Do we not see some tendency that way in foreign lands where to a casual observer the population seems to be divided between half-pagan superstition and wholly pagan irreligion? If there is less chance of such a division becoming exhaustive amongst ourselves, may not this be attributed to the strong hold which the principles of the Reformation have obtained amongst us? I do not say that they are absolute or final, and it is of general principles and not traditions that I would speak. But have they not tended on the whole to the development amongst us of a rational godliness, combined with a reasonable freedom of religious thought? On the encouragement of such reasonable freedom within the Church much more depends than Churchmen are sometimes

willing to admit. Its discouragement some forty years ago has impoverished the mental life of the clergy and promoted the indifference of the educated laity :—an indifference which is not inexcusable when they observe the diligence with which a portion of the clergy are labouring to rebuild or fortify obsolete walls of partition, whilst all the while craving an alliance with a foreign power. Never were pious hopes so misdirected. Whilst you hold forth your hands to an alien priesthood to come over and help you, while you waste your prayers and wishes on an impossible union, there are men and women within your reach who are spending their lives in Christian service, and would gladly work with you in Christian fellowship if you would frankly acknowledge them as brethren. But your eyes are mutually holden that you cannot know each other by this wall which your fathers builded, and which you are daubing with untempered mortar.

Those ordained persons who simply make it their ideal to be ministers of Christ will find themselves insensibly drawn to common action with other followers of His to whom in times of Pharisaic ignorance they would have denied the name of Christian. But those who denounce all who follow not with them, who refuse to see the image of Christ in pious hearts who, from some accident of up-bringing, or some turn of thought, find no comfort in the

observances which to them are all in all, or who cannot receive some abstruse theological notion which supports their faith, are not going the right way to "win the heart of England."

SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

(At St. Andrews.)

John iv. 23, 24. — "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipper shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship Him. God is a spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

THESE words belong to a part of Holy Scripture which some recent phases of the religious life have appeared likely to cast into the shade. It is one of those words of Jesus which are apt to be lost sight of in the attempt to realize the actual presence of Christ with His Church. Yet there are those to whom this aspect of the Gospel tradition may commend itself when forms and ceremonies have lost something of their meaning for them. In meditating on His authentic sayings such persons seem to be brought nearer to Him than in any other way. Perhaps, however, the forgetfulness of Christ's teaching of which I have just spoken, is more apparent than real, or at least less widespread than is sometimes supposed. Remembrance may be deep and largely

shared and yet undemonstrative and silent, while the air is filled with louder but less significant cries. It was certainly remarkable that a short while since the reproduction of a little scrap of writing material containing five broken sentences, each prefaced with "Jesus said," which had been re-discovered after sixteen centuries of entombment, should have been so eagerly sought after, and, as one may therefore presume, generally read. The writing, of which the page I speak of was a fragment, was one with which the infant Church of an obscure town in Egypt had fed its spiritual life, finding comfort amidst persecution in simply dwelling upon the words of Him who had revealed to them the God who dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is worshipped with men's hands as though He needed anything, seeing He giveth to all life and breath and all things. The interest which this discovery awakened may encourage the hope that words of Christ, still more certainly authentic and long familiar, may not have wholly passed out of people's minds.

"Neither in this mountain nor at Jerusalem." All worship to begin with is local and associated with place! You remember Jacob at Bethel—how after the night of vision, which you have all known from childhood, he said, "How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God. And this is the gate of Heaven . . . and this stone

which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house; and of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee." That is a typical example of early religion. And yet it is when the local worship becomes impossible that the religion is most spiritual. When the Jews returned to their own land—flying "like doves to their windows"—they clung with renewed tenacity to the old localities and to the old forms, or to the forms which they believed to be the old ones; and they restored the Priesthood with increased authority. But the prophets and a select few who followed them had received the higher lesson which had been learnt during their captivity: "Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." And Christians have been likewise slow to learn that the living sacrifice, the spiritual service, is the devotion of self to others in daily life. "The hour cometh and now is":—Can we say that it has even yet arrived? The signs of the present time are all against it. But may it not be said of every spiritual ideal that it is always coming and is never fully come? Yet as an ideal, it "now is" and is the most real of all things—"If it were not so," as the poet sang, "Life were hollow at the core."

People still go on disputing "whether in this

mountain or at Jerusalem"—whether with or without certain forms "with our esteem the outward honouring"—whether with or without symbolism and what to outsiders must appear a sort of make-believe. And yet the hour *is come*, when mankind at large, if they are to worship at all, must worship in spirit and in truth. The danger is lest through religious men's insisting on this or that mode of worship as necessary and binding, the world shall be divided between those who worship in a certain way, and those who worship not at all; between a partly pagan superstition, and a wholly pagan irreligion. The danger is a real one, but it ought not to discourage us too much. For the words of Christ remain with us to warn us against despair—"the true worshippers *shall* worship the Father in spirit and in truth." And we may recall the rebuke of Jehovah to the prophet Elijah when he complained that "he only was left." "Yet have I left me seven thousand in Israel." Some religious persons have a not unnatural thought that by over-leaping certain boundaries of time and place they can attain to a more spiritual worship than their fathers knew of and approach more nearly to the realization of a universal religion. But we cannot unmake history, and to go backwards cannot be for human beings the path of genuine progress. If it were possible outwardly to unite again with those from whom our nation

broke away in the name of religious liberty, we should in the same act be deepening the line of division between ourselves and some of the most religious-minded of our countrymen. We complain of isolation, of insularity, but we do not escape from it by joining with foreigners whom we can only know in part, to cast a slur upon our neighbours whom we might know better if we would, and with whom, but for the maintenance on both sides of barriers which have become conventional, we might be essentially (if not formally) in the communion of a common faith. The unreality of the continual attempt to stiffen and harden religious distinctions is daily rendered evident in numberless ways. When persons either here or elsewhere are heartily bent on carrying out the will of God through some endeavour towards the improvement of mankind, the barriers fall away, and people of all Christian sects are willing to combine. Yet one seldom enters within the four walls of a church or chapel without being compelled to hear some warning against having to do with those without, for fear of "right-hand defections or left-hand extremes." Why can we not rely on long experience of that form of godliness in which we have been brought up and which we know to be profitable for us, while giving others credit for true Christian feeling within a different mould? The age of proselytism is past. It is becoming an absurdity.

The great Christian poet of our century, whose own mind had shared largely in the struggles of a distracted time, saw more and more clearly with advancing years the necessity of religious forms. But for himself he craved no more than to be permitted humbly to worship side by side with those to whom the forms were more important than they could be to him.

Another poet not less Christian, some would say much more so, in a former generation that was at least equally distracted with our own, in his later years deliberately gave up public worship altogether.

Milton's blind countenance was not seen in church or chapel. He was content in his own chamber to "feed on thoughts that voluntary moved harmonious numbers." As Wordsworth said of him, "His soul was like a star and dwelt apart." I do not quote him as an example. But the fact is worth remembering when we are tempted to exaggerate the value or the efficacy of some particular rite, not for ourselves, perhaps, but for our neighbour.

The true worshippers shall worship the Father in "*Spirit* and in truth." The special difficulty for our generation seems to lie in the combination of these two conditions. We often find a greater fervency of spirit, and of practical zeal, in those who have never stopped to ask, "What is truth?" to whom the pursuit of truth as such, and the

endeavour to base conduct upon true ideas, are simply incomprehensible; while others, to whom this pursuit is all in all, and who cannot submit their minds to what they do not recognize as true, are languid or hesitating in their efforts to live the higher life and to do good. Christ sets before us an ideal in which these motives are combined. Truth, from whatever quarter, welcomed with the simplicity of little children; truth acted on with earnest zeal in the spirit of Divine love. "The Father seeketh such to worship Him." The Father, whom Jesus Christ revealed to His disciples—His Father and their Father, His God and their God—far exalted above the narrowness of Jewish tradition—no longer shrouded from the spiritual eye by the sensuous embodiments of heathen imagination—embracing mankind in one great brotherhood, whom He draws together through the knowledge of Himself. The pure in heart shall see Him. He seeketh such to worship Him.

I now proceed to draw a few practical inferences from the general considerations which have been suggested to us by the text.

I. May we not apply to ourselves, with such differences as our different circumstances require, the prudent counsel of St. Paul: "Wherein every man is called, therein let him abide with Christ"? That form of Christianity through which we have

received the first, or the most compelling impulse towards the religious life, has a claim upon the pious faithful heart that is not to be readily neglected or forgone. As time proceeds, and as experience ripens, we may become aware of imperfections, of crudenesses, of inconsistencies in the religious lessons which we learned in earlier days. Some expressions which once were full of significance, have become, it may be, "like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong." They have to be translated, as it were, before we can sincerely profit by them. But it is not a happy circumstance that they should entirely lose their hold. It is not well to be ungrateful to the bridge that brought us over. "And I would wish my days to be linked each to each in mutual piety."

But 2. We should learn to lay most stress upon the *central* truths, and not on those minor boundary lines which are growing faint and would fade away of themselves if they were not studiously revived ; not on these, but on those eternal treasures which as Christians we possess in common ; and, above all, upon the pure teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ and of His Apostles and Evangelists, as these are clearly recorded for us in the pages of the New Testament.

3. Let us lay to heart the lesson which was taught to St. Peter in that critical moment when he obeyed

the call which coincided with the conversion of the Roman centurion, "that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation" (may we not likewise say in all the Churches) "he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him."

4. Let us learn the true meaning of the word "authority" in matters of religion, as where it is said, "He taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes." In all teaching, the vehicle of authority is personal conviction both in the teacher and the taught. It was not through any outward symbol, not by reverence due to garb or vesture, not with bell, book, and candle that St. Paul made Felix tremble, but by speaking words of truth and soberness, by reasoning of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. And when our Lord Himself was asked, "By what authority doest Thou these things?" He said, "I also will ask you one question, and answer me: the baptism of John, was it from Heaven or of men?" And when, for reasons given by the Evangelist, they answered Him, "We cannot tell," He rejoined, "Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things." If men had realized the force of that rejoinder, I think they would be less solicitous about some obscure historical questions of which we heard a good deal two years ago, and which have tended to accentuate and perpetuate some

differences between ourselves and our fellow-Christians.

When it is once frankly acknowledged that questions of Church government, however important, are, after all, only matters of high expediency, we shall have less scruple, less consciousness of inconsistency, in learning from wise and good persons whose right and natural place has been in other communions than our own. Our spiritual life will be all the richer for this; when we have an open ear for spiritual truth, whencesoever it comes—from Hooker and Jeremy Taylor, from Thomas à Kempis, from Fénelon or Bossuet, or from religious teachers of our own day, whose lot does not happen to have been cast within the borders of our special communion, we should be less hampered than some are apt to be with any feeling of disloyalty in learning from such religious teachers as the late Principal Caird, of Glasgow, the eloquent and learned Scottish divine, or from such lives as those of Henry Drummond, the evangelist, and Dr. Dale, of Birmingham. From these and others like them we may gain something of the pure and peaceable wisdom of which the age has need.

Lastly, to return for a little while to the text from which we started, it is worth calling to mind that in the language of St. John, the word "truth" has at once an ideal and a practical significance. Thus

he writes to the well-beloved Gaius: "I have no greater joy than to know that my children walk in truth." And the same expression, "Walk in truth," occurs in two other places of the Epistles of St. John—short as they are. Thus we see that the Apostle of Love is at the same time the Apostle of "walking in truth." And in yet another passage he employs the pregnant words, which if we could realize them might heal many insincerities of our habitual intercourse: "My little children, let us not love in word neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth." Truth, then, as this Apostle conceived it, and as our Lord spoke of it to the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well, is nothing short of that ampler ether, that diviner air, which to the Christian is the breath of life. It lifts him above all which baulks his aspiration in the world surrounding him. It is the truth which reaches him free—free from the tyranny of circumstance; free from the contagion of that narrow malignity which is the curse of small communities, as ambition and priestcraft are the scourge of greater ones; free from all that vulgarizes, embitters or depresses our daily life. It would be well if we sometimes examined ourselves in the catechism which we learned as children, perhaps the best of many blessings which the Church of England has conferred upon her sons: above all, if we applied to ourselves that simple and far-reaching exposition of the sixth

commandment, "to hurt nobody by word or deed, to be true and just in all my dealings, to bear no malice, or hatred in my heart." Then we might hope to carry out that precept of the other great Apostle which is imperfectly rendered in the Authorized Version, "Speaking the truth in Love." The marginal reading in our old Bibles was, "Being sincere in love." The margin of the Revised Version comes still nearer to the real meaning—"Dealing truly in love." But St. Paul's thought is more penetrating, and more comprehensive than any of these. It might perhaps be rendered more closely, "Loving the truth in Love." And to act always up to the ideal so set before us would indeed be to worship the Father in Spirit and in Truth.

FAITH IN GOD.

(St. Andrews, about 1890.)

Luke xviii. 8.—"Nevertheless when the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?"

THIS is one of those sad notes which sound as a sort of undertone amidst the triumphant serenity that for the most part characterizes the Gospel story. The message of good news which Christ brought to men, that they were children of one Father, whose infinite

love and righteousness sufficed for all, had been freely published. The means for promulgating the message had been provided by the appointment of His Apostles, and He was calmly prepared to seal this New Testament by His death.

The greater number of His parables are full of the blessedness which should follow. The Son of Man sitting on the throne of His glory and judging mankind by the law of mercy, by the test of service :— the kingdom of Heaven growing from a grain of mustard seed into a mighty tree, the leaven spreading through the three measures of meal until the whole was leavened. But now and again His divine vision is crossed with a shade of trouble. Not only in the supreme hour of darkness, when even the Father seemed to have forsaken Him, but in the clear prophetic foresight of His teaching days, or in the quiet converse with the inner circle of His chosen friends, He lets fall an image or a word such as that before us now, implying something like despair of mankind. It is a mood known to all in whom the prophetic spirit has had any working—one may almost say to every man who has cared at all deeply for the welfare of his fellow-men.

The roots of optimism and of pessimism lie near together in the higher regions of the mind : and the spiritual pressure which more than aught else helps forward the improvement of mankind, is, as it were,

the resultant of both those forces, the optimistic and the pessimistic tendencies in combination. A noble ideal is comparatively fruitless unless it is stirred to life by a keen sense of the power and persistence of iniquity and wrong. Just as personal religion commences with the sense of sin, so the prophetic heart is equally alive to actual evil and to the possibility of good.

This is true even of the poet in his prophetic mood : witness these lines of Shakespeare—

“Tir’d with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As to behold desert a beggar-born
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac’d,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall’d simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill.”

And this of Shelley, speaking of Urania, the spirit of celestial love—

“Out of her secret paradise she sped
Through camps and cities rough with stone and steel
And human hearts, which to her aery tread
Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet where’er they fell,
And barbèd tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they
Rent the soft form they never could repel,
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.”

In both these utterances, however, the prevalence of the lower nature in man is asserted and emphasized. But the divine doubt of Christ, if I may so express myself, is put in the form of a question, to which no answer is given; the thought is left in suspense. And it is in this form that we, who call ourselves disciples of Christ, should try to understand it, and lay it to heart.

Let us first, then, try to understand the question here asked and to realize it. We need not enter on the disputed ground of eschatology, the doctrine of the last things, anticipating as the first disciples did, the actual coming of the Son of Man, the day of judgment, and the end of the world. It is rather by an act of the imagination, than of reasoning, that each successive generation before it passes away, can apply to themselves for their own profit the sayings of Christ and His Apostles on this theme. But there is a mode of imagination in which pious hearts have sometimes indulged, much after the fashion of those ancients who believed that Pythagoras was the same person who lived as Euphorbus two hundred years before.

Suppose that Christ had really come again on earth, they say, how should we know Him? In which of the nations of the world, or of the British Empire, or, if in our own nation, in which class of our community, in which of our many sects, in what

trade or profession, should we look for Him? Would He be rejected by the Christians, His professing followers, as He was rejected by the Jews of old? Would He be poor or rich, a carpenter or a Pope, a Russian Count like Count Tolstoi, a Bulgarian patriot, a student, a physician, a soldier in the Soudan, a missionary, a man of science, a great traveller? A Neo-Buddhist in some far corner of Siam, a sanitary reformer? Such questions may seem idle, but they may bring home to us with some degree of force the absolute unimportance of outward distinctions of race, of caste, of position, with reference to the one thing needful. Again, how would Christ, if He came again on earth, be regarded by mankind at large? Would He be denounced by them as He was by the Jews, as a sabbath-breaker, a blasphemer, a pretender to equality with God? or in more modern language, on the one hand as a Socialist, a leveller of ranks, a nihilist, or an agnostic? or on the other as an upholder of outworn doctrines of the ten commandments, for example, which have been relegated to some other Mt. Sinai in another planet? or thirdly, as a fanatical visionary dreamer? Very different answers might no doubt be given by thoughtful men, each following his own peculiar bias, though few can doubt that the immediate working of Divine energy would harass many so-called interests and be unpopular with many. But it is perhaps more edifying to turn the

question round, as it were, and to ask, in the spirit of His own words, If Jesus Christ were now on earth, what would His searching spirit find amongst us here? What fruit of the travail of His soul after nineteen centuries? If the coming of the Son of Man should be now, to-day, at the present hour, "Shall He find faith on the earth"?

1. By what standard would He measure it, by what sign would He recognize that it was there?

Would He judge by the formula respecting Himself and His own finished work which took final shape about the fifth century after Him, and is daily or weekly recited in many churches? Or by that other formula which became fixed about the seventeenth century, and with its condemnatory clauses is recited upon high days and holidays in many churches—and particularly—strangest of all perhaps—on Christmas day? Or by some series of articles, or form of confession, elaborated by earnest men at some centre of enlightenment in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, as mocking Heine said, "at Worms, Geneva, Oxford, Rome"?

These all have their value, whether as historical landmarks or as bonds of outward union for the Churches. But we are conscious of a certain profaneness even in imagining that our Lord Himself would judge by any of these. Or would He measure the reality of faith by the power of organization that has

been displaced by some leader or manager of men, whether formally within or apparently outside of ecclesiastical boundaries? By the numbers following some fanatical flag and masquerading in religion or in politics, whether in scarlet, red, yellow or true blue? What real motions of the heart underlie such manifestations, whether "the innocent flower" hides beneath it the wisdom of the serpent or the simplicity of the dove would be clearly seen by Him. But the spiritual reality alone would have any value for Him. "For man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

The question can have no definite answer: yet it is instructive to dwell upon it. For it sends us back to the Gospel story, to the words of Christ Himself, to His image as we have learned to see it, through experience of ourselves, and observation of the world in the light of that story, and of that teaching.

2. I will not seek to formulate any reply. I will rather attempt to carry you in vision to some scenes, not wholly imaginary, where it may be supposed without irreverence, that Christ, were He to come on earth, might find some traces of a faith not altogether dead, of that "faith which is the substance of things hoped for," the evidence of things not seen.

Let us first visit a scene which presents the strongest contrast to our own neighbourhood, the poorest quarter of a great English city. It is long since over-crowded,

and population increasing rapidly; indeed were it not for the abnormally high death rate, the increase would be far more rapid. Yet few live there from choice, for the conditions of life are such as necessity or ignorant habit alone can make endurable. Look at the faces in that crowded meeting: some are debased, almost all are pale and feeble, except where hunger gives the eye an unnatural light. What human material could seem more hopeless—more utterly incapable of self-help? Shall Christ find faith in this abandoned corner of the earth? He shall; for it is in this very quarter, on which the offal of the city has been continually heaped, where even the officers of law and justice are afraid to show themselves, that a little band of men and women have set themselves to work. Some have lived there all their lives, and have preserved their own integrity in the midst of corruption; not content with that, they have resolved to do what in them lies to cheer and brighten the prostrate lives around them, to make existence tolerable for those for whom it must in any case be burdensome, to bring some ray of light to bear upon the dulness and apathy of the neglected, to raise up the fallen, to strengthen the feeble knees.

And there are some whose hearts have been so touched with sympathy for the outcasts as to come down from a life of freedom and comfort to be with them, to give of their best, to labour amongst them

for good, though they may often win nothing but rudeness in return for loving-kindness.

The cynic or even the philosopher may smile or look grave over the labour spent on such unproductive soil: the political economist may condemn: but Christ would find faith there. He might even say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of these little ones, ye have done it unto Me."

Pass we now to a very different scene, the interior of a "palace"—so called perhaps by a survival from the time when it had come to seem natural that the leaders of the Church should be lords over God's heritage. There is one man here who seems to be at everybody's call. There are many coming and going and he has no leisure so much as to eat. He is the master and chief occupant of the mansion. Yet every person there enjoys more of that stately dwelling than he himself does. That palace is a hive of many industries; yet none of them all bring in any profit, except the good of souls. The master of the house is also the spring and life of the machine. He is there to minister, not to be ministered to. He is teaching some, he is training others, others yet he guides with instruction and commands, employing rare gifts in a crass and commonplace medium; yet in the midst of all this business, his spirit is genial and serene, contemplating high truths, as it were, feeding on them, and also dispensing them

abroad ; not plunged and overwhelmed in the much serving, but rising continually above it to deep spiritual communion and far-seeing practical designs, living himself in that high region and raising others into it. Such a full life may appear enviable, but few could bear the strain of it. Blessed it is, but at the same time hard. And here, too, I venture to think that Christ might trace the work of faith with power. We may almost hear Him saying, "Thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." It is a life which has the earnest of endless growth within itself.

Let us gaze now at one more interior. Look at the lonely philosopher in his study, and let him be a philosopher of that rare sort, who combines speculation with practical wisdom, and whose heart, the heart of genius, is ever fresh and young. The word which is for the healing of the nations has not yet been spoken—for the claims upon his time and care have been too arduous and too absorbing. Many will bless him to their dying day, for counsel at some critical time which has guided the current of their life into the true channel ; great institutions have been sustained and vivified by his active presence, or his far-reaching sympathy ; some high region of literature has been illuminated by his prolonged and arduous labours. But his light is fading, his physical powers are shortening, and his chief work is not yet done.

For it has been given him to see, as no one else has seen, the higher tendencies that have been smothered amidst the confusions of a restless age. This fine ear has caught the secret harmony whereon the salvation or the downfall of the succeeding generation turns. The word has been spoken in the ear in closets, but not yet proclaimed upon the housetop, and none can do this as he could. Yet to have spoken his whole mind earlier might have destroyed his usefulness; moreover, his vision was then less clear—and now—is there strength left to him to speak or write with the necessary vigour? The effort shall at least be made—for this he will husband the scanty sands of life that still remain—for this he will deny himself much natural solace which in other lives accompanies old age. And if in the short time left to him he shall have failed to make his voice effectual amongst his own contemporaries, posterity at least will hear him. This also is a full life, nay more, a great one, envied not of one generation but of many, but he who so lives carries a heavy burden. In moments when the animal force is drained from him by his exhausting labours, he may be tempted to despair. But his life is not the less a life of faith, supported not by any human stay, but by the Everlasting Spirit, relying not on any personal strength or wisdom, but on the eternal supremacy of Truth.

3. In these imaginary, but not wholly unreal

examples, I have tried to indicate these several ways in which faith may operate in the present day—that of voluntary philanthropic enterprise, that of faithful service in a definite calling, that of single-hearted devotion to the purity of truth. But I do not forget that it is not in single instances alone that he who will not quench the smoking flax would recognize the presence of faith. “If we have faith as a grain of mustard seed” are words of His which prove that the smallest undeveloped germ of faith is precious in His sight. And as there are degrees of faith, so there are degrees of power and opportunity. “They also serve who only stand and wait,” and it may be that there is no clearer proof of faith in God, than when one who might have served Him abundantly—had it not been for some blight of sickness, or infirmity, or some hindrance of poverty or misfortune—watches patiently the carrying out of the Divine purposes by other hands and minds, while he himself remains perforce inactive. How then may we know—we to whom it is not given to do some great thing—whether we are in the faith or not? How shall we prove our own selves? The proof is partly negative and partly positive.

The examples I have cited should at least suffice to rebuke what is opposed to faith in us. The vanity of self-display, the idle craving that our work should be recognized as ours, and many other of the masks

under which self is constantly disguised, will thus be torn away. We shall also be taught to cease from impatience at the perversity of men: since we reflect that God—the righteous judge, both strong and patient—is provoked every day.

Least of all, shall we allow ourselves in the crude heathenism of those who are discourteous to their neighbours because they are conscious of having some advantage over them. In this regard, that saying is most true, that the ideal Christian is the finest gentleman whoever lived. But, on the other hand, although the sphere of our energies may be narrow, though it be limited to home affections, and the honest labour for a livelihood—since all labour that is honest and disinterested is of the nature of Christian service—so far as we are living, whether consciously or unconsciously, not for our own desires, but for the good of others, if for their sakes we strive to keep ourselves pure and temperate, if for our work's sake we look for light and knowledge, if we cherish a growing interest in the improvement of the world in which we live, both physically and morally, if we are capable of honest indignation at iniquity and wrong, and yet when opportunity offers, are ready to extend a hand to the returning sinner, if in trouble and sickness we can be patient and resigned seeing that the work is not our own but God's—then we may trust that however feebly and from afar, we are reflecting

some of that light of faith, in shedding which abroad upon the earth our Lord Jesus Christ looked onward for the richness of his reward.

I will conclude with a quotation which has a partial bearing upon the subject which we have been considering—and if it should appear somewhat irrelevant, it may still be thought worthy of repetition here.

The writer was one who had given offence to the authorities of his Church by a strongly written essay on the doctrine of the Atonement. A controversy of four years had followed, and in republishing his essay not with any retractation, but with additions and improvements, he ended with these memorable words. A generation has all but passed since then, yet they ring upon the ear as forcibly as when they were first read :—

“If our Saviour were to come again on earth, which of all the theories of Atonement and sacrifice would He sanction with His authority? Perhaps none of them, yet perhaps all may be consistent with a true service of Him. The question has no answer. But it suggests the thought that we shrink from bringing controversy into His presence. The same kind of lesson may be gathered from the contemplation of theological differences in the face of death. Who, as he draws near to Christ, will not feel himself drawn towards his theological opponents? At the end of life when a man looks back calmly, he is most

likely to find that he exaggerated in some things, that he mistook party spirit for a love of truth. Perhaps he had not sufficient consideration for others, or stated the truth itself in a manner which was calculated to give offence. In the heat of the struggle let us at least pause to imagine polemical disputes, as they will appear a year, two years, three years hence: it may be dead and gone—certainly more truly seen than in the hour of controversy. For the truths about which we are disputing cannot partake of the passing stir, they do not change even with the greater revolutions of human things. They are in eternity; and the image of them on earth is not the movement on the surface of the waters, but the depths of the silent sea. Lastly, as a measure of the value of such disputes, which above all other interests seem to have the power of absorbing men's minds and rousing their passions we may carry our thoughts onwards to the invisible world, and there behold as in a glass, the great theological teachers of past ages, who have anathematized each other in their lives, resting together in the communion of the same Lord."

SPIRITUAL AMBITION.

Mark x. 38.—“Ye know not what ye ask : Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?”

THE whole passage, with the corresponding section in Matthew xxii., is full of instruction for all those who are aiming at Christian perfection.

The Apostles had acknowledged Jesus as the Messiah, the “Christ of God,” and in approaching Jerusalem he had told them that the Messiah’s glory must be attained through rejection and suffering. The much favoured disciples, James and John, still remained under the impression which had been made upon their minds by the vision on the Mount. In the exaltation of the moment, they imagined themselves able to share their master’s sufferings, if only they might also share the glory that should follow. But their conception of the Kingdom, though it had a spiritual root, was still encumbered with earthly apprehensions. They had still to learn that the true aim of the religious life is not even spiritual glory first of all, but faithful service. Our Lord seeks first to sober their enthusiasm with the anticipation of suffering, and when this is not enough to qualify their child-like eagerness, He graciously

pleads His own example. "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister." "I am amongst you as He that serveth." He sets before them a truer, though less ambitious ideal, and warns them against self-seeking in the garb of piety. The Boanerges, sons of Zebedee, little knew the full import of their petition—what spiritual vicissitudes should come between that hour and the crown of their apostleship.

The sword of Herod Agrippa, the Isle of Patmos with its solitary forced labour, and its marvellous visions, were in the distant future. Between lay the Garden of Gethsemane, the forsaking and the flight, the glad surprise of the Resurrection, the outpouring of the Spirit, the founding of the Church at Jerusalem:—and in the case of St. John there was still in reserve the mission to the cities of Asia, with its hopes and disillusionments, and as is generally believed the mellowing experience of a long and lingering old age.

There is such a thing as spiritual ambition. It is a sign of grace, but like other feelings of the human heart, however pure, it needs to be enlightened by knowledge and chastened with humility. Saint Bernard was one of the holiest of men; yet in his mistaken zeal he was largely responsible for that disastrous enterprise, the Second Crusade, the source of a long train of miseries, crimes and horrors, of

which, after seven centuries, the consequences are still apparent in the troubles and confusions of the nearer East.

The fire of Christian zeal never burned with more intensity than in the soul of Ignatius Loyola and of his immediate followers. Yet it kindled those other fires of the Inquisition ; and the name of Jesuit, though adorned with many virtues, has often justly earned the reprobation of mankind. The Lord whom they served might well have said to them, "Ye know not what spirit ye are of."

The ideal of self-sacrifice has had immense influence on the history of Christendom and has still a wonderful fascination for individual believers, especially amongst the young. But in weighing the value of any sacrifice the question always arises, a sacrifice for what? The blood of Martyrs in the early ages was the seed of the Church. And yet when the example and the praise of those who died rather than deny their Lord led others by a strange contagion to seek martyrdom for its own sake, that was a senseless aberration of vain-glory, which the appointed leaders of the Christian community were bound to discourage and to repress. The asceticism of religious persons in the Middle Ages was a wholesome protest against the rude excess and violence of the surrounding world. But there were instances of self-torture such as that of St. Simon Stylites on his pillar, which

all will now admit to have been perverse and barren.

In some season that has been set apart for meditation and religious exercises, by cutting off some indulgence or by abjuring some seemingly harmless vanity, we may remove or lessen various hindrances to our progress in the Christian life. But we dare not speak of such ordinary self-denial as self-sacrifice. What in our inmost hearts we desire, is a deeper regeneration, a radical renewal and enrichment of the heart and soul—a strengthening of the Spirit from within.

The idea of self-sacrifice is often conceived too barely, too negatively. Mere self-abnegation is a fruitless thing except when it is inspired by self-devotion. These are the two sides, as it were, of the one "living sacrifice," the "reasonable service" of which we speak in the language of St. Paul. Just as the death of Christ cannot with any truth be separated from His life, of which it is the immediate consummation, both together making the fulfilment of the purpose for which He came into the world—"to do thy will, O God"—so in the aim and aspiration of the Christian, there are inseparably blended the two aspects of self-devotion and consequent self-denial.

And the root principle of both is the Divine Love. "Though I give all my goods to feed the poor, and

though I give my body to be burned and have not charity, I am nothing." Here is the main defect which we have cause to mourn, and which we pray for grace to overcome, the feebleness and poverty of the central motive, from which all else should spring. If we only realize more fully in our heart of hearts the mercies that surround us, the loving guidance that has brought us hitherto, the support of the everlasting arms, the blessings of human friendships and affection, surely we should go forth as "light as carrier-birds in air," ready to encounter gladly any loss, any disappointment, any renunciation, if only we may do something to serve our brethren and to fill up in our measure some part of what is still wanting (and how much is wanting!) of that complete humanity which was prefigured in Christ. Let us then make self-devotion our ideal, and let self-sacrifice follow if it must. And being thus resolved, in dependence on Divine grace, let us consider the nature of our profession, and seek to know the spirit we are of; and act on it each in our own sphere, according to the particular circumstances of our calling. "There are differences of administration, but the same Lord; and there are diversities of operations, but the same spirit of God which worketh all in all."

The sphere is for most of us a narrow one—the calling very limited. Yet there is no position in life

however humble, however closely confined, that has not many opportunities of self-devotion, many calls to self-denial. For all there still remains in some respects the need of conquest over self. There are roots of bitterness to be sweetened through patience and charity ; tares sown amongst the wheat in earlier and more thoughtless days which must be cleared away for the sake of purity and freedom. And to the most forlorn there still remain the means and the occasions for service.

Perhaps one who has entered on an active life is rudely stopped in mid-career, and laid aside by sickness or some other cause. That is a call to resignation, and also to generous sympathy ; for such a one may encourage and help others in their active course, though himself compelled to be one of those who only "stand and wait." Or some one may have voluntarily turned aside from a large sphere of usefulness, to watch over the declining years of an aged relative, or the broken health of a fellow-servant of Christ. That, to human sight, may seem in Dante's phrase, "a great refusal." But in the pure eyes and perfect witness of Him who set a value on the widow's mite, such devotion may be a sacrifice of no less worth than to have left all and followed Him.

Perhaps the greatest difference in point of service is between youth and age. If youth but knew—or if age could do ! How different would the world be

then ! Youth, eager and impatient, asks importunately, " make us to sit on thy right hand or thy left." Age, disappointed and querulous, cries, on beholding some triumph of the young, " Thou hast made them equal unto us, who have borne the burden and heat of the day." Both have to learn that not the triumph signifies, not the reward, the wages, the seat of glory, but the service itself.

" Not for power, power of itself
Will come uncalled for, but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear,
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

For the young the service often consists in the preparation for future service, for which the hour is not yet come. Let them not despise the sowing-time, because the reaping-time is so far off. And let the aged ponder the words which a great poet wrote in youth, and nobly fulfilled afterwards in a long and honoured career—

" Old age hath still his honour and his toil."

It is worth remembering that at least half a century elapsed between that line of the Ulysses and " Crossing the Bar."

The poet's death-bed witnessed to the truth of both. If our " every third thought," like Prospero's, must be " the grave," at least let us devote the other

two to such service as we can still render to the cause of God and man. For it is only a vulgar and perverted mind that says with Timon, "Nature as it tends to earth again is fashioned for the journey dull and heavy." St. Francis of Assisi, most saintly of human beings, most human of saints, besides the two orders who either had adopted or were preparing for, the utmost severity of his rule, also instituted a third order of those who while remaining in the world, were bound to promote the increase of righteousness, humanity, and peace. For most of us it is a sufficient spiritual ambition to be worthy members of that third order. Whatever may be our place in the kingdom of Christ—which is known to God alone, let us not fall below the level of the *Tersiani*. And however narrow may be our lot in life, however limited our sphere, let us never cease to reverence those, who in the present or in the past have listened to a higher calling, who, neglecting personal aims, have devoted their lives unreservedly to the service of God and man. It is to them we owe it—to the saints and martyrs, the heroes and prophets of our race, that we ourselves possess a tolerable standard of honesty and righteous dealing, that we have learned to live in charity with our neighbours, to bear and forbear, and to show kindness as we have opportunity. Nor does it at all follow, because our means are small, our opportunities few and slender, our position humble,

our powers unequal to great endeavours, that our sympathies need to be likewise restricted, "If ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others?" "Do not even the heathen so?"

Let us not through some traditional prejudice, some accident of half-forgotten history, forbid those who are spiritually minded, because they "follow not with us." Christian love is all-embracing. For in all that bear the human form, there is some germ, some possibility of that better life, which Christ came to awaken and to restore.

CONSOLATION IN TROUBLE.

(Preached after the battle of Colenso.)

(Alassio, January 21, 1900.)

Psalm cxviii 17, 18.—"I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord. The Lord hath chastened me sore : but He hath not given me over unto death."

THE Psalms have been the vehicle of human piety for more than two thousand years. Even as we repeat or chant them from week to week, or from day to day, the words with their manifold associations have often been the natural expression of men's emotions at some crisis of private or public life. The vital experience to which they owe their origin still finds an

echo—"deep calling unto deep"—in all that is best within us. And as they form an element in our reasonable services the harsher notes occurring here and there which tell of far-off old-world strife, are subdued and melted in the dominant tone of all-embracing Christian love. We seem to realize this less than our fathers did, and yet it is ours, if we choose, to enter more fully into this great inheritance than was possible for them. The labours of many generations of earnest students, though not removing all obscurities from the sacred text, have brought to light, more fully than heretofore, the circumstances under which these songs of various tone were originally composed. And the result, as in the case of the prophetic books, is to give to every passage a depth of instructiveness beyond what the mere passive receptivity of our childhood was able to conceive. So true is the saying which aroused much ignorant clamour forty years ago, that "when the Bible is read like any other book, by the same rules of evidence, by the same canons of criticism, it will still remain unlike any other book, and will acquire a new kind of authority through the life that is in it."

The 118th Psalm is one of those known amongst the Hebrews as the Hallel psalms, or songs of high festival. And is believed to have been first chanted as a processional hymn at the re-dedication of the altar when the Holy Place had been recaptured from

the heathen by the valour of Judas Maccabæus. That was an important crisis in the history, not only of the Hebrew race, but of religion. As it has been said by a candid Jewish writer, "whether a petty tribe of folk called Judæans preserved their separate national existence or became assimilated with the Hellenistic Syrian subjects of Antiochus would be unimportant now, from a merely political point of view, but it so happened that this small race possessed at that time the purest and truest conception of God, and of the manner of serving him, among all the races of the earth. And if this race had been destroyed or absorbed that religion also would have perished. The work of the prophets would have been in vain. It would have had to be begun all over again. The Maccabæan victories ensured the continuance of the teachings and the writings of Amos and the Isaiahs."

At the moment when this psalm was first produced the citadel of Jerusalem still remained in the hands of the enemy, but the Mount Sion, including the profaned temple courts and the desecrated altar, had been recovered. Immediately then the people hastened to purify the sanctuary, to rebuild the altar, and to consecrate it anew. Thus that day's victory, though partial and temporary, was the triumph of a great principle which has issued in lasting blessings to mankind. And not in vain was Israel, as the servant of Jehovah, taught by the Psalmist after

that deliverance to chant aloud as the procession moved along the purified temple court. "I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord."

In the language of the Hebrew Psalmists and Prophets, after the exile, the first person singular is often equivalent to a collective plural. In other words, it is not an individual, but the whole nation, that is made to speak. For in that furnace of trial through which Israel passed, the whole people were welded together, and in their sufferings, in their consolations, in their aspirations, in their communion with God, they felt, as it is sometimes expressed, "like one man"—the servant of Jehovah and the witness to his righteous dealings. Now does not all this appeal to our consciousness to-day? Our nation, too, is struggling in a crisis of her fate. She is contending, not indeed for the Divine name, which both sides agree in reverencing, but for the Divine realities of Justice, Mercy, and Truth. And if, on the whole and in the long run, we believe that the maintenance of those great principles—imperfectly indeed at best while human nature remains what it is—yet largely depends on the continuance of the British Empire, for which God has made our generation responsible, then in hailing every event and incident that gives the promise of ultimate success, and with a feeling not less religious than that of the Hebrews of old: "I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the

Lord." Only as Christians we shall endeavour to do so without that taint of national exclusiveness and insularity which was the bane of Hebraism, and against which their greatest prophets protested in vain.

Let me draw out the analogy a little further. Have not the checks and crosses upon the threshold, the widespread mourning, the buzzing of the nations round us, who (to borrow the Psalmist's words) encompass us like bees—have not all these things drawn us one and all together with fresh cords of love and strengthened in us a resolve as constant as that of a single will? Are not the people of Great Britain, the people of the British Empire, practically saying as one man, "I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord"?—so expressing, not the Macca-bæan hope of cutting off the Gentiles, but a nobler confidence, that we should vindicate our integrity, while putting an end to oppression and wrong, that we may be a blessing to the nations, and that the murmuring sounds of envy and contempt which now surround us, shall be extinguished, even as the crackling of fire amongst thorns. And on what does this confidence repose? Not merely on the skill of our generals, the value of our troops, the strength of our navy, the rich outcome of our prosperous days,—though it would be foolish indeed to reckon without these things, but on something deeper, of which these

are but limbs and outward furnishing, the soundness of the national heart, the probity of high and low amongst us, the spirit of self-devotion in the day of peril, the tone, at once of bravery and modesty, of candour and of human brotherhood which marks the leaders of our army, even if it be sometimes forgotten by hot-brained youth. For can we not trace even in hours of discouragement the lineaments of Wordsworth's happy warrior "who makes his moral being his prime care"?

Who does not trust more willingly the man who, if he stumbles at once, avows his error, and takes the blame of each disaster upon himself; or who does not honour the memory of the commander who in preparing for the battle in which he was to receive his death-wound, declared that he was fighting not against the enemy but for his country and her great destinies? We cannot doubt that such a spirit is of God. And it behoves us to see that we others behave as worthy of it, and strive to keep ourselves and our country scathless from the accusations of greed and vulgar ambition that are hurled against us; so far at least as this is possible in a dispute, with which the production of gold upon the one side, and the abuse of gold upon the other side, have unhappily so much to do. We do not carry the name of God familiarly upon our lips, we are even too apt to feel with the Jewish pessimist who wrote, "He is in Heaven and

we upon the earth. Therefore let your words be few." And with the prophet who cried in his despondency, "Verily, Thou art a God that hidest Thyself." But under the pressure of responsibility, at the call of duty, in the hour of trial and sorrow, it is a genuinely religious feeling, under whatever name, which rises from the depths within and overflows all hearts with the consoling consciousness that in spite of many faults and errors we are a people yet.

But let not this glad consciousness be marred by boastfulness. Our confidence is not in ourselves, but in the power above our own, which has led us hitherto. When we review the history even of one century, of our national life, the guiding hand of Providence is too apparent to be ignored. Individually we are as the dust in the balance, yet in hours like these each one of us is bound to realize that even his own small quota may be used for good. We in this place, indeed, cannot but sometimes feel ourselves distressingly helpless. We are a feeble folk with hardly any outward bond of union, except our feebleness. It is hard for us at such a moment to believe that "those also serve who only stand and wait." Self-exiled from home, absorbed in caring for our health or that of some one dear to us, what can we do in circumstances in which all perceive that unless they individually put forth their energies there is

something wanting towards the public good. Well, at least we may do the work that lies to our hand, be it little or much in a noble spirit, with increased devotion and redoubled vigour. While others are directly engaged, we may fill up some part of that which they are forced to leave undone. The sympathy which harrows us on account of those who have gone from our shores, the very pride which accompanies the mourning that is inevitable in the course of a great war, should act as a fresh call to self-consecration and to more devoted activity. And in proportion as we respond to this demand, the more truly will the many members be united in one body.

There are notes of warning that may be sounded from these places of comparative repose reminding our compatriots that not in furious excitement and recrimination, but in quietness and confidence should be their strength. We may help those who are in the heat of the struggle to keep steadily in view the purpose of ultimate pacification instead of yielding to the odious theory that "the way to secure a lasting peace is to make war intolerable for the non-combatants." And there are other modes of silent service whose effect may last into the happier coming time and may be operative when we have departed hence and when "the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled."

And now to take our minds off for a little from

this weary war. To us as Christians far more than to the Hebrews of old the Bible speaks as to individuals. The spirit which has made religious life universal, and not merely national, has also opened up new depths of personality. The mystery of our separate conscious being affects each one of us as it never did the Jews.

“Each in his little sphere of joy or woe,
Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart.”

Religion is understood to be a matter between the soul and God. And in this span of life, between the cradle and the grave, we have learned to see the preparation for a life to come, which we believe to be a reality though we cannot image it to ourselves. This hope of immortality enhances the value of every moment spent on the earth.

“If we die we die unto the Lord.” And we love to think of the departed as having in their short time fulfilled a long time: to believe that “transplanted human worth shall bloom to profit other where.” But it is also true that “while we live, we live unto the Lord.” That clinging to this present life which, except in abnormal cases, is natural to man, becomes ennobled and sanctified when it is associated with the constant earnest desire to accomplish the work which is given us to do. Just because this life is not all, that work becomes more important as we grow older,

and as our relations to other immortal beings are multiplied. It is youth, the too rash despairer that thinks lightly of throwing life away. "Old age hath yet his honour and his toil." If we are thankful for the gift of life, the joy of finding it continued to us should be a religious joy to be expressed not merely in the words, "I shall not die but live," that is only half the matter, but I shall not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord. That we are spared in life is a sign that there is still some task reserved for us. It may be a child or relative or other friend whose uncertain steps we are called upon to support and guide. It may be some special avocation which another cannot equally fulfil. It may be some word unspoken or unheard, some truth to which we desire to witness, but for which we have not yet found an expression to which mankind will listen. However feeble, however hampered, or to use a vulgar expression, handicapped in the race, let us not give way to the illusion that we are of no use in the world. Even in a time like this, when it might seem that those who cannot bear arms must be a burden to the ground, we may be quietly preparing something which, as I said before, may bear fruit in the happier times for which we hope and pray. We are not idle if we can only help others to bear in mind the truth, that peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, and to carry the mind onward in this moment of

stress, in hope and confidence to what may come, if all now act as they ought, in a short year or two hereafter.

ST. PAUL BEFORE THE AREOPAGUS

(Alassio, February, 1900.)

Acts xvii. 26, 27.—“And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation ; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us.”

ST. PAUL'S speech before the Court of Areopagus, at Athens, is one of the most notable as well as one of the noblest passages in the Bible. It is marked by that supreme union of boldness with calmness of moderation with fiery zeal, and of universality with individual application, which more than anything may be regarded as the note of Divinity in our sacred writings.

St. Paul had been accused : he was understood by his opponents to be standing on his defence ; but like another who some four centuries earlier was accused in Athens of being a setter forth of strange gods, he is less concerned with avoiding any personal danger, whether of hemlock or the sword, than with

seizing the opportunity of prophesying and of delivering his message to human souls. He at once attacks them in the tender place and sets his finger gently, but with firmness, on the weak point in their religious life, and having thus enchained their attention he speaks forth the burning words, which are at the same time words of truth and soberness. "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." If all missionary preaching had been like this, I do not mean in power but in spirit, it may be that the records of missionary enterprise would be more fruitful than they have often been, and certainly they would have had more of interest and reality. The progress in such a world-wide labour must necessarily seem infinitesimally slow, but when it starts from this grand conception of the one Creator and universal Father, of God who made the world and all things therein, and when it appeals directly to that sense of the Divine, however dim, which those addressed have reached in feeling or "groping" after God, then it is accompanied with a very different hope from that which waits on the attempt, so often vainly made, to transfer some local form of Christianity, with all its accidental colouring, it may be across half the globe, from the West to the East or from the North to the South.

In the verses which I have read, we are at once struck by the union of two great principles, either of

which separately in its bare abstractedness, is at this moment exercising a powerful, even sometimes a dangerous influence over the world: the principles of nationality and internationalism, of patriotism and cosmopolitanism. If the former part of this passage were taken separately from the latter—"God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell upon the face of the whole earth"—St. Paul would seem to be a cosmopolitan or internationalist pure and simple. If the latter part alone were emphasized—"He hath ordained the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation"—he might be thought to be preaching nationalism; as if God had once for all made each country for its inhabitants and the inhabitants for the country, thus flattering the superstition of the Athenians, who believed themselves to be originally, in a literal sense, children of the soil of Attica.

But it is in the balance and harmony of the two principles that the strength and fruitfulness of St. Paul's position lies. "He hath made of one blood all nations of men, *and* hath ordained the bounds of their habitation"—and we should also mark well the end for which this is done, "that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him."

It is one of those prophetic sayings, which when read in the light of modern experience seem to rise to an overshadowing height, and to be more than

co-extensive with our largest conceptions. For like other voices of prophecy, this of St. Paul extends far beyond the horizon of the time in which it was uttered—no person in that age could have conceived the vastness of the ample page, rich with the spoils of time, which knowledge has unrolled, and is still unrolling before the eyes of us who live to-day. The idea of the long and gradual progress of mankind was foreign to the ancient mind. The changes which the world has seen, the migrations of peoples, the succession of empires, the discovery of continents; all this was hidden from the men of old. As they supposed the earth immovably fixed, so they imagined the condition of humanity as stationary, the bounds of human habitation as pre-determined. Experience has since revealed the course of history as one of continuous evolution, on lines which are beyond human forecast and independent of the individual will. But in that evolution the power of faith discerns evidence more striking than was formerly apparent of a supreme order and design, of an over-ruling providence ever drawing mankind upwards and onwards. Unless familiarity has deadened in us the faculties of wonder and of worship, every increase in such knowledge ought to deepen the religious sense. And it is a solemn and inspiring thought that we ourselves, or that our nation and we ourselves as part of it, have a place in such a universal plan. It is a thought which

ministers not to pride, but to a humble and yet ennobled feeling of responsibility. If the human record is more wonderful than the men of old time conceived, this knowledge should be transformed by faith into a lofty aspiration issuing in practical effects. Believing that the principles which lead towards unity, towards harmony, towards federation, are stronger and more permanent than those which make for separation and division, we are encouraged in upholding, even through bitter sacrifices, the cause which we perceive to be that of righteousness, of mercy, and of truth. And if we are heartily convinced that our action on the whole, is furthering some divine purpose, then even in the midst of distraction, of furious excitement, of agonizing strife, we shall acquire a calmness of outlook, a patient hope, an overflowing of charity, that will temper the heat of emotion, while it steadies all activity. And these higher motives will have the larger scope as we perceive that the divine purposes are more far-reaching and move towards their end in more mysterious ways than could be realized even by the prophetic spirit of St. Paul. These lessons of experience, while enlarging our views of the past, also modify our anticipation of the future. The greatest of the prophets, even men as great as St. Paul, or as the second Isaiah, looked for an immediate manifestation of the kingdom of righteousness, a sudden triumph of the Divine in man. It

was a greater than all the prophets who said, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath placed in His own power." That is a lesson which the best of mankind are slow in learning—the patience of hope. We may not anticipate the immediate and final abolition of iniquities which still abound. Enough for us if in contending against some threatening evil we are assured that the cause for which we sacrifice so much is the cause of humanity and progress, if so far as in us lies we strive to purge it from the alloy of self-seeking and self-aggrandizement, and if in the hour of victory, while giving honour to whom honour is due, we keep steadily in view the far greater end of ultimate pacification, remembering that to build up is greater than to destroy, however needful to the mysterious purposes of the Almighty some agents of destruction may have been. "The fierceness of man shall turn to thy praise ; and the fierceness of them shalt thou refrain " (Ps. lxxvi. 10, Prayer-book version).

But in order practically to derive instruction from this passage of Scripture, it is not necessary that we should strain our thoughts to the height of this great argument. We need not think about the policy of nations, or the comparison of national and universal religions. The word comes very near to us, even to our lives and to our hearts, that we may do it.

Whatever be our lot, however narrowly hemmed

in by circumstances, however widely responsible, it is a comfort to remember that it has been ordered for us by the same God who has made of one blood all the nations of men. And these narrow limits, this heavy burden, these duties which, whether small or great, are becoming every day more clearly defined for us, are intended by Him who made the world and all things therein to bring us consciously in communion with Himself—that we should seek the Lord if haply we might feel after Him and find Him, though He is not far from any one of us. “For in Him we live and move and have our being.”

It is this last thought which should transfigure the meanest, the most suffering, the dullest existence, and has done so countless times ere now. Our meanness (or what seems so outwardly) is ennobled, our sufferings are soothed, the dullest of our tasks is enlivened for us, if we are constantly striving to live as seeing Him who is invisible, and as remembering the end for which we were brought into the world. To say this is not to counsel quietism, or a mere passive and barren acquiescence in our surroundings, whatever they may be. On the contrary, the life may often be full of struggle and of harassing care. But where the heart is fixed on the one thing needful, *i.e.* on keeping in spirit as well as in letter the commandments of Christ, to love God first and then our brother, to seek first the kingdom of God and

His righteousness ; we are possessors of that inward peace which nothing can disturb, which is calm in tempest, and transient in turmoil.

It is our hold of that which is above the world, which sets us right in our relations amongst those surrounding us in the limited portion of the world to which we ourselves belong. It is a ray from the universal sun of truth and good, which gilds with serene radiance all those common things, which might else appear not only common but unclean, and, on the other hand, it is through those very limitations, against which our ambitious spirits are so apt to fret, that we are to become with more and more of reality, the partakers of a higher calling, the citizens of a world-wide commonwealth, the members of that general assembly, that invisible Church, whose names are written in Heaven. How much life-wisdom is included in that brief saying of the English sage, "to conquer by obedience." To know our actual limitations, both of nature and circumstance, is one first condition of the truest enlargement and freedom. And the other first condition, which is not like the former, but is not opposed to it, is that we should allow our minds to be raised to the contemplation of universal truths and, above all, that we should hold fast to those great matters of the Law, love, principles of righteousness, of equity, and of mercy, which are at once the most

individually applicable and the most universal of all things.

There is a vague philanthropy, which has been well described as an impartiality of indifference towards every human being. But there is also a true "enthusiasm of humanity," which is only the crown and flower of that "primal sympathy, which having been must ever be," and which never pauses to ask the question, "Lord, and who is my neighbour?" There is a narrow provincial feeling which calls itself by the honoured name of patriotism, but is really the cloke of prejudice, and may easily become the mask of class or even personal interest. This again may be regarded as a sort of natural development of the primal sympathy, which everywhere has been, but as we hope will everywhere cease to be. And there is also a patriotism which is no less noble in spirit than it is in name, the glorious motive of many an act of self-sacrifice and truest heroism: which is rooted in the sense that God has made of one blood not only all nations of men, but more particularly those who through the times of His ordaining have been brought within the same bounds of habitation. For, just as St. John says in speaking of the love of God, "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen," it may be said in like manner, "If a man do not show his love to those of

the same race to whom he has the opportunity of doing good, how are we to suppose that he can show his love to the whole family of mankind, who are mostly beyond his ken, and still more hopelessly beyond his utmost reach?"

There is an ignoble domesticity, which is only a slightly-magnified selfishness, where a man yields to the temptation of giving to one or two (himself included) what was meant for mankind. And there is an heroic constancy and devotion in domestic life, a life of care in providing for one's own, of tenderness and truth in the most private relationships, which irradiates even the commonest and most trivial actions with light from Heaven.

There are friendships which may become a snare, in which, if not roused by regular claims—

"Weak mortals all entranced on earth would lie,
Nor listen for those purer strains above."

And there is a friendship which is not only a support in well-doing, but in itself a mode of Christian virtue, which even in heathen lands may be seen shining in a dark place, the type and symbol for all time of unchanging faithfulness and loyalty.

We may seem to have wandered far away from Athens and from St. Paul. But I believe that his words will bear these applications, and the sum of the whole matter seems to be the simple truth, that

while place and circumstance are in one way indifferent to the man who is walking by the light of universal principles—while “the mind is its own place,” and

“He who has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i’ the centre and enjoy bright day,”

the Christian will strive so to walk as to turn every place and time and circumstance to an eternal gain.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE

(Alassio, December, 1899.)

Isaiah xlv. 15.—“Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O Lord God of Israel, the Saviour.”

Psalms cxxxix. 3.—“Thou compassed my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.”

IT is sometimes useful to consider the contrasted utterances of Scripture concerning the unsearchable nature of the Almighty—such, for example, as “I dwell in the high and holy place, with Him also that is of a humble and contrite spirit;” or the noble words of King Solomon at the dedication of the first temple: “The heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee, how much less this house that I have builded; yet hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-place, and when Thou hearest, forgive.”

The texts which I have chosen are both of them expressions of the mind of Israel, when it had been deepened and purified by passing through the furnace of affliction in the years of the exile. The context of the first expression is remarkable. It comes in the midst of a passage that is full of comfort and reviving hope. Cyrus is come, or is coming, to Babylon, and the times of oppression are past. The prophet is comforting God's people, and speaking comfortably to Jerusalem. Their hearts are thrilling with a new joy. Surely the night is over, and the day is at hand. Yet in the midst of the exultation there comes a sudden revulsion of feeling: for through what suffering has the redemption of Israel been attained—if it be really yet attained. God's servant is still despised and rejected of men; he sees around him everywhere the idols of the Gentiles. May there not be dark hours yet in store? Does the prophet, perhaps, behold in vision one who cries upon the cross: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Or does he hear some whisper of protractive doom saying: "Not yet, not here and now, not thus, but through afflictions manifold shall God's people reach that goal." Under some such impression, he cries out with a twofold sense of mystery and of the assurance of faith: "Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O Lord God of Israel, the Saviour." However that may have been, the cry

of the prophet is answered by a different voice, that of the Psalmist. That voice is also full of awe, and of a sense of mystery; but it is a voice that tells how "consolation's sources deeper are than sorrow's deepest." "Whither shall I go from Thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there, if I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me."

How natural, how familiar to all experience are these opposite moods! Surely they are not less familiar in Christian than in Hebrew times. At one time the heart is lifted up with the thought: "God is in His heaven. All is right with the world." At another we share the misery of the English poet, when he looked forth upon the wickedness and misery and pagan darkness of an Easter Day at Naples, the misery of the streets, the paganism of the Churches, and asked in the bitterness of his spirit: "Where is the promise of His coming? Can it really be that Christ is risen?"

Yet, in spite of many causes of despondency, it remains for us a truth, not only of faith, but of historical certainty, that with the advent of Jesus Christ into the world, in the despised country of Judea, and with His manifestation to the Gentiles through the

Apostle St. Paul, there came on earth a power that must ultimately transform mankind, leading all men everywhere by degrees from sin to righteousness, from disobedience to the wisdom of the just. How different from these sadder notes of Hebrew prophecy and psalmody, yet how essentially of kin to them, are those triumphant words of the apostle to the Gentiles, "Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you; God that made the world and all things therein, dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though He needed anything, seeing that He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things. For in Him we live, and move, and have our being." The omnipresence of the Almighty is no longer to us, as to the Hebrew Psalmist, a thought of fear, but, rather, of supreme confidence, while we keep hold of the guiding hand of Christ. If Christ be for us, who can be against us? Yet we are warned by the experience both of past and present times, that our faith should not be a mere blind confidence, the outcome of some passionate impulse, distorted possibly by malevolence or superstition or falsehood. Historical Christianity, in some of its manifestations, has been terribly mixed with earthly alloy. I ask not now, if Christ were to come again, but were St. Paul amongst us, or some one like St. Paul, might not his spirit be vexed in him, as it was of old? Might he

not cry out to some of those who honoured the holiest name: "My little children, I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed on you labour in vain. You confuse the letter which killeth with the spirit which giveth life, the symbol with the truth it signifies, the outward sign, notwithstanding the simple lessons of your childhood, with the inward and spiritual grace. Ye observe bowings and genuflections and censings, and many other such-like things ye do. Ye assemble yourselves together as I enjoined you, but to what purpose? Even the beautiful and simple rite which I delivered unto you as from the Lord in token of your communion in Him ye have made the occasion of unmeaning and superstitious jangling. The ministers and stewards of Divine mysteries ye would compel to do the work of Levites."

It would be a good thing for our country and people if more persons would read—and read with understanding—the Epistles of St. Paul. If one may judge from appearances, they are either not read at all or not understood. We seem to have entered on one of those ages of Christendom—and there have been several, lasting for centuries—in which the real St. Paul has been ignored or forgotten. I do not mean that other parts of Scripture should be neglected, or that we should not listen also to that other apostle who wrote: "Add to your faith virtue, and to

virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience Godliness, and to Godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity." The apostles do not contradict each other, but they hold up different sides of the same shield.

Last year about this time we were passing through a period of gloom. Our hearts were sore for many who were dear to us ; the power of our country and people appeared to be endangered ; our national confidence was rudely shaken. Again in summer-time from another quarter,* there arose a fresh cause of serious and prolonged anxiety. Now that the year is closing may we not say, that we have twice been saved, yet so as by fire? And ought we not to add, "Not unto us, O Lord, but to Thyself be the praise, for Thy loving mercy and for Thy truth's sake."

It has been a year of many mercies, but also one of many trials, of much experience. We may not all interpret that experience alike, but all alike should lay it well to heart. And the outcome may be different from what any of us expect. One fact which we must all acknowledge as a striking indication of the course of Divine providence is what has been described as "the shrinkage of the planet." The ends of the earth are brought much nearer than ever they have been before. That has made us aware of

* Peking.

responsibilities which we and our fathers formerly ignored. Events that arise within a distant hemisphere affect us as if they were happening at our very doors.

And if we look at home, we still find much that calls for thought and earnest effort on our part. If the fields are whitening to the harvest, we are made aware also that many tares have sprung up amongst the wheat whilst men slept. It can hardly be said that the labourers are few. Where heroic pioneers once laboured, many brave and zealous followers are entering into their labours. Yet these are few indeed in comparison with the enormous growth of hydra-headed human misery. But let not Christian hope grow weary. With every soul that is born into the world there are possibilities of good. And though many agencies for evil seem to be abroad, yet peace on earth is promised to the men of good will. And as knowledge and light are spread more widely round, surely those who have the will shall be enabled to find the way. They have been trying many ways ; but the diverse ways already show a tendency to converge, and perhaps they may some day meet, and go forth again with renewed force to conquer ignorance, indifference, and evil. Honest and public-spirited benevolence is overstepping the envious bars that have hitherto divided men and scattered their energies. Serious and enlightened persons of all

Christian sects or of no sect at all, and some who are not professedly Christian, are turning their thoughts in good earnest upon the great practical and social problems that await solution in our land. Let us not believe that such combined and single-hearted efforts will be entirely frustrated. If our eyes, like those of Elisha, were but opened, we should learn in looking at the dim and shadowy hosts of ungodliness confronting us, that "more are they that are with us, than they that are with them."

Yet let not energy be wasted by dispersion. There are times in life, and stations in life, wherein the clear duty is not to act but to prepare for action ; or to advise for action ; there are powers of endless value for the world that may be cultivated in stillness and in seasons of calm weather ; there are necessary intervals of repose, in which spiritual strength is husbanded and nourished in a "wise passiveness." Let us not undervalue these. Let not our reviving courage make us too impatient for the fray. The hour of battle may come sooner than we look for it. Well for us if we watched beforehand, and have not neglected the acquisition of the necessary means and instruments. But let us not confuse the seed-time with the harvest, or like the ancient runner stoop to pick up the apple instead of finishing our appointed course.

The end of the year is for us to-day also the close of the century. That may suggest to us the wisdom

of taking a larger and more cheerful survey than we have lately done both of the past and future.

The nineteenth century opened for the country and people of Great Britain with what must have seemed a hopelessly unequal struggle against a gigantic power. Our cause was on the whole a cause of justice and of liberty, and through many errors, and with many drawbacks, we at length prevailed. Then followed a long period of peace and on the whole of progress. The poets of those earlier decades sang as if the old things were passing away and all things were becoming new. Reformers sprang to life as though humanity had come to a new birth and justice and truth were going forth "with casted slough and fresh legerity."

"Incertainties now crowned themselves assured,
And peace proclaimed Olives of endless age."

Two crises at least of silent revolution (1830, 1848) were passed safely through, and in spite of many alarms, complaints and difficulties, the greatest happiness of the greatest number was in a measure secured. Artificial restraints that hampered education, jurisprudence, legislation, were successfully removed. It is the fashion to talk of such reforms as the work of evolution, or of the spirit of the age; these are fine words, and good to conjure with, but it is well to look behind the words, and come to facts. Then you will

find that every step of progress has been due to one or more individual workers, who set before them some great and well-considered aim, and through evil report and good report pursued it steadfastly, not counting the cost, with singleness of mind. None of their contemporaries were so loudly abused in their lifetime ; but we are the more bound to honour them to-day.

As the century advanced, new dangers, new struggles came. In our race and country they have for the most part ended happily for the time ; but we have witnessed much of sad or doubtful issue elsewhere. Poland crushed and torn asunder, Finland oppressed, Nizza and Savoia bartered for a dubious boon, Sleswick alienated, Lorraine over-ridden and vanquished. The future of Hungary and Bohemia—the land of Huss—not yet assured. The Balkan provinces between the upper and nether millstones of a barbarous and semi-barbarous power ; Greece liberated indeed, but restless and turbulent ; France divided against itself, the regeneration of Italy, on which so many hopes were centred forty years ago, as yet only half begun. Truly much remains for the twentieth Christian century to do.

Of us who are present here this day, some have lived through more than half the nineteenth century ; some one or two perhaps for fifty years of it, for some, it may be, the first half of the twentieth

century is in reserve. I will not say that those who have seen most years have seen most sorrow. I would rather dwell on the many blessings we have known. Goodness and mercy have followed us. We thank God, and we take new courage. The longer our experience, the more able should we be to find in quietness and confidence our strength. For those who have but lately begun the journey, other thoughts and other lessons are prepared. New times, new phrases. Young persons will be no longer able to excuse some passing novelty or trick of fashion by talking of the *Fin de siècle*, the fag end of an expiring century, while the lovers of art for art's sake, like the wicked Emperor, have been making music for themselves, Rome has been burning. The words of the great poet, who has filled with light the spacious times of great Victoria, may seem prophetic to us to-day: "The great Æon sinks in blood, and compassed by the fires of Hell."

Yet it is allowed us to look forward with confidence and with the assurance of hope, only remembering that the realization even of Christian hope, depends largely on ourselves. "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land." That was under the old dispensation. If we are faithful to the Spirit of Christ, and stand with Him as fellow-workers with God, we shall inherit the blessings that infallibly attend on the Christian graces of truthfulness and

love. Yet our confidence is not in ourselves, but in the faithfulness of God. If we desire to look into the future, we have to remember that the times and the seasons God has kept in His own power. Yet on the other hand, we know that God works through means, and the lessons of the past year instruct us to take up our burdens and the burdens of our race and bear them onwards. If God has blest us with the love of friends, drawing hearts together in the time of trial, let us apply our powers all the more vigorously to extend to others what we have known or learned of good.

As for the future of religion, the inexhaustible force of Christianity, it is a weak faith indeed that doubts of that. But whether our own time-honoured Church is to be the instrument under God of keeping religion alive throughout Great Britain, that depends upon the action of those to whom the Church commits her trust.

If the clergy and their immediate followers remain bound up in literalism and ceremonial, the Spirit of the Lord will be found to breathe elsewhere. For "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." So it happened in the eighteenth century, and so it may again happen in the twentieth. While priests, by a sort of make-believe, think to narrow the religious consciousness within artificial bounds, the times of refreshing that come from the presence of the Lord

will take a wider range. But let us hope for better things for our beloved Church, while we fall back in faith, at once on the Eternal mystery and the ever-living hope. To quote one more of the contrasted utterances of which I spoke at first—"Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known." "Thou leadest Thy people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron."

NATIONAL SINS.

(Alassio, December, 1901.)

Proverbs xiv. 34.—"Righteousness exalteth a nation : but sin is a reproach to any people."

THIS proverb sums up the message of Hebrew prophecy, the lesson which was preached to the Israelites in the time of their affliction, but which unhappily was taken effectually to heart only by a small remnant of the people.

What is the righteousness of a nation? Is it only that which declares itself through public acts? And what are National sins? Are they only those outbursts of aggressive violence, or that continued neglect of the helpless and dependent, for which a nation collectively can be made responsible? Doubtless there is a sense in which both these definitions

are true—and much more so now than in former days, when the ruler was the state, and the people suffered for the madness of the kings. But there is another meaning which should come home to every one of us, at a time like this—a sense in which the righteousness of a nation depends on the personal uprightness and integrity, the moral purity, the faithful energy, the sincerity and truth of all the individuals of whom the nation is composed.

There is a prevailing tendency to think of mankind only in the mass, and to deal with large conceptions such as the Nation, the Church, the Empire.

But these grand and imposing realities can only continue whole and sound, so long as each several member of the Church, the Nation or the Empire is doing rightly and living as he ought. Your olive-tree cannot bear fruit nor resist the mountain winds, if there are pieces of rottenness here and there within its core.

The prophetic message, therefore, is not merely to the nation at large, but to every family apart, and to every individual person apart.

There was some talk last year of appointing a day of National humiliation. The idea was rejected for many reasons, and I think wisely. There is apt to be some hollowness in all such public ceremonials, and the community were by no means agreed as to the ground for such a solemn act, which was quite

certain to be misunderstood. It was rather a time for us as a nation to observe the Gospel precept, "Thou when thou fastest anoint thy head, and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret." A day of public humiliation is too often an opportunity for confessing one another's sins. As a wise young judge once said among his elder brethren, "I am sure, my lords, that we are all very sensible of each other's deficiencies." But whatever may be our opinions on public and international questions, we must all acknowledge that individually we are far from perfect, and if through self-examination and God's help carefully sought, we could one and all come a little nearer to the Christian standard, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, the strength of our nation would be indefinitely multiplied. The great tree would then bear more fruit through the soundness of the several branches, and would be in a condition to stand four square to all the winds that blow.

At the close of another year, after twenty-seven months of a fiery trial that is not yet over, it is right and good that we should individually and personally "Consider our ways," else the lessons which events have preached to us so loudly will have been wasted upon us, and our earthly losses will have no counterbalancing gain. We should not then have, as the

poet sings, "Bought terms divine in selling hours of dross."

There is a true and there is a false individualism. The false individualism is that which says, "Am I my brother's keeper?" And when called upon for help is only too ready with the retort, "May I not do what I will with my own?" But there is also an individualism which consists in concentration of purpose, and undeviating devotion to the immediate duty which invites each person severally. Not he whose eyes are in the ends of the earth has really the larger hold on the present and the future, but he whose eyes are in his head, and who looks straight before him at the work which of all others he has the most opportunity and power of doing in the service of God and man. There is an old saying, "Every one for himself and God for us all." That is a useful maxim or the opposite according as it is understood. If it means, as some would have us think, that reason is limited by self-love and that all conduct which is not self-regarding is ultra rational, persons of ordinary common sense will be apt to draw the inference that some kind of general providence may be left to care for everything beyond the narrow sphere of our personal pleasure and pains. But the words may have a nobler meaning. Let us individually do all that lies in our power to work with God and help our brethren within the range allotted to us—in humble

faith that He who worketh all in all, will make even our imperfect efforts conducive to the universal good. Are we doing so? Or if still in opening life are we preparing to do so? That is a question which each one may be asked to put in the silence of his own breast, at this critical moment in our nation's history. Our own Church Catechism may suggest appropriate forms. Are we "true and just in all our dealings," "hurting nobody by word or deed," harbouring no malice or hatred in our hearts, learning and labouring continually to act in the spirit of truth? Such questions may appear very simple, but if pressed home sincerely, they are severe and searching enough.

If we look back far enough into the arena of our past lives, we can all see some things that we can all wish to have been otherwise; and the recollection may help to fix our resolution that, with the grace of God, future effort shall compensate for past errors.

Thus chastened and supported, we may with more confidence look forth again beyond ourselves and contemplate what in the world at large wants mending, especially in our own dear land. We may be tempted, perhaps, to compare the former times with these, and according to our several temperaments, and limited experience, to think of past generations as better or worse than our own—but it is hard to consider wisely concerning this.

We should rather enquire what in the present state might be better than it is, and how? We are confronted with vast problems of possible amendment, above all with regard to education, and the housing of the poor.

But this is not the place for dwelling on political questions, beyond remarking that if there is a true and false individualism there is also a true and false collectivism. I would not say a word to discourage beneficial legislation, but I am bound to remind you in this place that legislation cannot touch the deeper sources of moral good and evil. As the Roman poet said, "What benefit accrues from laws which without morality are vain?" From the heart proceed the issues of life, and men's hearts must be in some way reached if their lives are to be at all improved. That lays a serious responsibility on all who have some leisure and any sort of power or opportunity. It is true, as has been often said, and as philanthropists believe, that much may be done by altering men's circumstances, but there remains a serious doubt behind. Is the raising of the standard of comfort on which such sanguine hopes are built, after all an un-mixed good? Is there not some danger that, unless we are watchful, the greater ease thus gained may gradually lead to the extinction of spontaneous effort? That is a grave question both for high and low. It was through battling with a crowd of difficulties

that great personalities in the former time were made. Now countless obstacles and hindrances have been removed. The forests have been cleared, and up the mountain side, once a mass of boulders, there is an easy road : and these changes are but typical of a multiplicity of ways in which the rough places of life have been made plain. Time was when the rider had to catch his own steed, to tame and groom and saddle him, when the scholar had to make his own dictionary and his own grammar; when even the preparation of the most ordinary amusements was ten times more laborious than it is to-day. The Sabine mother, as Horace sang, would set her sons to delve the glebe, and cut the wood. Now so much is done for us, which if we were put to it, we should not know how to do for ourselves. I do not mean that we should wish ourselves back in the Stone Age. I am afraid the men of the Mentone caves would make short work with us. Since all is made so smooth, if but an equal amount of energy were put forth the results ought to be far greater and more perfect. Are they really so ? or is the increase of leisure so obtained too often dissipated in barren excitements and frivolous distractions ? Recreation in due time and place is an excellent thing ; when it restores the jaded spirits and sends men back to work with fresh alacrity. But it is a dreary business when amusement becomes the occupation of a life. If that were once the rule

amongst the leisured classes, while "Ca' canny" and "go easy" are the lessons of morality most effectively preached to the artizan—why, then, God help Great Britain! And He will not unless we help ourselves.

"Not once or twice in our rough Island story
The path of duty was the way to glory.

* * * * *

He that ever following her commands
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light, has won
His path upward and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled
Are close upon the shining tablelands
To which our God Himself is Moon and Sun.

"The fineness of the metal is not found
In fortune's love, for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft seem all affixed and kin.
But in the wind and tempest of his frown,
Distinction with a broad and powerful fan
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass and matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled."

There is one other consideration that is causing apprehension in serious minds to-day. The nobility of birth no longer carries with it the high prestige which it once obtained; although in those who still act worthily of the honourable achievements of their sires, it still commands a measure of respect. But if the mere heaping together of riches (while now and then throwing a tub to the whale), if the accumulation of pelf, should become the open avenue to what is

still talked of as "nobility," if the ancient fountain of honour were to be thus watered down, it would augur ill for the future of society.

But if our moral energies are in some way languishing, if in some respects there seems a danger of our sinking towards the downward grade; one remedy cannot be too strongly urged or too carefully considered; the education of the generation that is to succeed to this one: education, religious, moral, intellectual, physical: the education of rich and poor, not merely as individuals, but as citizens. On this subject there is not time to enlarge, but I will quote what was recently said by the Speaker of the House of Commons. At a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association at Carlisle, Mr. Gully said "that the necessity of education [he meant intellectual and technical education] had in no way diminished the importance of character; and any institution which devoted itself to the building up of character in young men, did more than had been done by those,—great as their work had been,—who had assisted in establishing education. Fortitude and honesty, steadiness in life, and steadfastness of purpose, would always be as valuable to mankind in the future as they had been in the past." Those words point to what is most important in considering the future of education in the larger sense.

In this matter we are still haunted with difficulties which, to a great extent, are imaginary and unreal. How long are we to fight with shadows? The late Professor Huxley, whom the religious world regarded with fear and dislike as the champion of Evolution, was the consistent upholder of Bible teaching in elementary schools—and had he lived long enough he intended to produce a work on Hebrew prophecy, in which he would have sought to impress on his countrymen, the very lesson which I have chosen for my subject to-day. Is not that a proof of the fallaciousness of those oppositions of *words*, by which we continue to separate man from man? The cardinal difficulty after all lies in the selection and training of the teachers, and of that difficulty we are far from having reached a final solution.

But you will ask me what bearing have all these speculations on our life here? We are a feeble folk, self-exiled through diverse causes for great part of the year. Though we have various interests in the places we have left, we are cut off from them for the present, and our chance of contributing in any way to the promotion of the higher life at home is slender indeed. Well, at all events, we are here together, compatriots and fellow citizens, or at least sharers in the traditions and the future of the English-speaking race. If we sought to understand one another better, to exchange experiences, to have

real and not merely formal communion and fellowship, might we not carry with us to our several homes, and to the limited world surrounding each of them a larger outlook on society, a freedom from narrowness and particularism that would form no contemptible outcome of the contact of human lives meeting from different quarters and having different antecedents? This of itself will be a contribution to the bettering of the common life at home. And meanwhile in return, the consciousness of that common life may raise us here above the pettiness and pitiful meannesses which are the bane of small societies; and may give even a shifting little community like this, some measure of substance, continuity, and stability.

The character thus impressed on our colony, however transient and evanescent it may prove, may nevertheless be real so far as it goes, because it implies that we are none of us merely *Alassini*, but are aware that there is elsewhere on the earth, "an ampler ether, a diviner air" than belongs to our surroundings here.

And lastly this very comparison between things relatively great and small may remind us that after all those great realities of which I spoke at first, the Church of England, the Nation, the Empire, even the past and future of the English-speaking race, are but samples and segments of that great multitude

which no man can number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues (may we not add of countless generations) who in the prophetic vision were seen standing before the throne and before the Lamb, "Clothed with white raiment and palms in their hands."

As one by one we pass away from these temporal scenes, we know not what awaits us when we have "crossed the bar," but we do know that the same God of righteousness, who rules among the nations upon earth, is Lord also of the unseen realm; and that we can carry nothing with us yonder, but that measure of righteousness, of wisdom and gentleness, of truth and pure unselfish love, which through divine grace assisting us, we have gained during our brief and chequered sojourn in this lower world.

FAITH AND WORKS.

(Alassio, April, 1902.)

Deuteronomy xxx. 11-14.—"For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it."

WE know the use which St. Paul made of these words in his Epistle to the Romans when he was arguing against the ceremonialism of the Jews, and contrasting their reliance upon outward ordinances with the inwardness of a true and loving faith. But I have preferred to quote the verses in their original connection because of the concluding words which were irrelevant to the Apostle's argument, but are very important in themselves, marking as they do the intimate connection which subsists between belief and conduct. "The word is very nigh thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart," not merely that "thou mayest hear it," not merely that thou mayest believe it, but "that thou mayest do it." We are reminded of the words of Christ Himself, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

It has been impossible to take part in the Easter services this year without acutely feeling how many of our countrymen and countrywomen have lately been in sore need of the consolation which the season is calculated to afford. Even before Christ came the rejuvenescence of all Nature in the spring time had suggested to thoughtful minds a vague hope of future blessedness for the righteous; but the case has been very different since the disciples, amidst the darkness of their desolation, suddenly awoke to the fact that He for whom they sorrowed was not dead, but alive

for evermore. It was then that for all future generations, light and immortality were brought to light.

That assurance of hope is centred in the promise, "I am with you always." It is worth our while to consider what that promise means. We habitually associate the continued presence of Christ with our custom of assembling here. We seek to realize it, and some of us do so very frequently in the breaking of bread. But have we ever fully realized, can we ever realize, the immense significance of that promise in its wider application? It is as deep as life itself, as high as heaven, as broad and universal as the the circumambient ether. For it comes to nothing short of this, that God in Christ is leavening the world with Himself, and shall continue to leaven it, until all peoples, nations, and languages, all the races of universal humanity, have been subdued to the operation of His Spirit. It also means that we are called upon, individually and collectively, to aid in this eternal process, to help forward the purpose of the Most High, that our lives may become the vehicle and instrument of that Spirit of truth and meekness and righteousness against which the spirits of falsehood and arrogance and tyranny appear to strive unweariedly, but must ultimately strive in vain. For we are bound to remember that the promise was given to the first disciples to encourage them in the fulfilment of their mission—"Go, teach all nations,"

and "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." Some part in that continuous mission falls to every one who owns the Christian name. If Christ is to reign on earth, it can only be through the lives of His followers. It behoves us, therefore, as Christians to consider what sort of persons we ought to be: not by labouring beyond our strength; not by straining after some impossible ideal; not by minute observance of the mint and anise and cummin of any outward law; but by pureness, by knowledge, by love unfeigned, by seizing opportunities of quietly doing good.

If some great thing had been required of us, would we not have done it? How much more when we are only called on to avoid offences, to keep a "conscience as the noonday clear, to meet our daily obligations with affectionate cheerfulness, to be honest and straightforward, to be pure and upright in our daily walk and conversation. For what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

We cling to the hope that individually we shall one day share in the restitution of all things, that in a future life we shall be permitted "to close with all we loved, and all we flow from, soul in soul." But our belief in that "far-off Divine event" is apt to faint and fade, or even to grow unreal, unless we make our own another aspect of the Promise, an aspect of

it which is only a shadow or reflex of the Eternal Truth, and yet is nearer to us, and less intangible and may be grasped more easily by the humblest soul. If we cannot hold fast what we have seen, how can we lay hold on that which we have not seen? And that lower but yet blessed aspect of the truth is this, that those past experiences, which at critical moments in our lives have lifted us above ourselves, and given us, as it were, a foretaste of the blessed vision, are not really past and done with, but have still an effectual working. They seemed so vivid at the time, and now other thoughts, affections, cares, have supervened, and they are overlaid or buried until all that we were seems overworn. But it is not really so; it must not be so. All that is highest and best in our past lives, in our past selves, leaves living roots in us, and if watered and cherished may again put forth leaves and flowers.

I remember reading long ago a much-praised sermon by a great divine, Dr. Chalmers, of Edinburgh, on "the expulsive power of a new affection." The upshot of the sermon was that where the love of Christ is real, it must extinguish and supplant all other feelings and desires. But is it not rather true that when spiritual emotions have been deeply stirred, when God has sent us either a great affection or a great sorrow, it re-awakens that which had slept, revives dead memories, and purifies them and carries them

along as the river bears its tributary waters towards the all receiving sea? It is thus that the individual spirit grows and widens, and the life that is worth anything has its days linked each to each in mutual piety. Purposes once cherished, but since broken and frustrated, ideals overborne or stifled in the press of business shall live again, and find a truer aim when the heart has been set anew with undivided loyalty to serve God by ministering to man. What seemed a fitful discontinuous growth, when orb'd into the perfect star shall appear as one harmonious unit shining more and more unto the perfect day—small indeed in itself, but truly contributing towards an ultimate all-embracing whole. And what is true of individual lives is still more applicable to humanity at large. As one falls in the race, the torch is lifted and is carried forward by another. In spite of faults and failings no great endeavour is really lost to the world. The end may be delayed, gallant lives may be sacrificed, hearts may be broken: but when a great purpose is at last fulfilled it is not only those who are alive that day that have a part in the result. Then the memory of those who pointed the way, who saw the distant goal, but were baffled in their attempts to reach it, will revive and flourish. Moses entered not the promised land, but it was he that led forth the children of Israel out of Egypt. He died unsatisfied, but he had not lived in vain.

To put the truth which I am labouring at more clearly. The hope of the Christian not only points us to a distant light. It illumines for us the whole path of life, so that we step more certainly and take larger views—looking before and after. In times of sorrow and discouragement it comforts us with the remembrance of God's goodness to us in the past. In moments of brightness and of keen enjoyment, it enriches present gladness with memories of blessed days that have been, combining the friendships of to-day with those of other days in a living concord, of which the consciousness of a Higher Presence is the dominant tone.

And when the end approaches, and we are sadly aware what a poor disjointed fragment the individual life has been, we shall be reminded that we are only single members of a vast army, who under one leadership are moving onward towards an aim which we can only apprehend in part, and that if we have been faithful only in a few things we may still hope to enter into the joy of our Lord.

"So little done, so much to do." "Good-bye, God bless you." That faintly heard utterance of a great spirit passing from the earth has an echo in the heart of every genuine worker. For all lives but one are fragmentary and incomplete, and yet the Englishman who feebly spoke those words, and who died before his time, had accomplished more than his

contemporaries. His was a career which stands forth like a beacon light both for encouragement and for warning. The man who, seeking health, obtained unlooked-for wealth, and instead of turning it to purposes of mere material luxury and display, or aiming through some conspicuous benefaction at a vulgar patent of nobility, employed his fortune for the gradual realisation of a grand conception, with which the sense of his new power had fired him while still young and vigorous, who in pursuit of that beneficent purpose showed that he had no fear of man, approaching with equal boldness an imperial ruler and the rebellious chieftain of a savage tribe, who in the hour of peril stood by the city which he had made, setting an example of cheerful and unflinching bravery—that man, whatever may have been his errors of public policy, or of private conduct, has made a lasting contribution to the sum of human worth. And when, by adopting means which he acknowledged to be indefensible, he became implicated in an action of his followers, which ruined his influence for a time, he calmly withdrew from the position of advantage which he had won, and instead of floundering into futile self-defence or self-assertion lay low as a private citizen for five years, yet with unabated confidence that his career of usefulness was only in its beginning. Now that that career has been broken in the midst by

death it remains an impressive fragment, though in ruins ; and what is valuable in the idea which inspired it will still be fruitful in the time to come. Nor should it be forgotten, as characteristic of a large and generous nature, that he never ceased to have relations of close friendship with the man who, as he expressed it at the time, had upset his apple-cart.

Yet we cannot turn away from him, and he would hardly wish that we should do so, without repeating the warning which is drawn by a great poet from the death of the Syracusan patriot :

“ Released from life and cares of princely state,
He left this moral grafted on his fate ;
Him only pleasure leads and peace attend
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends.”

Some of us here have been thinking all this while of one who in a more private station has been cut off by an unlooked-for stroke while much still remained for him to do which no one else is likely to achieve so well. Those who read last year a diary of the defence of the Peking legations, are familiar with the name of Oliphant, and are not wholly unaware of the domestic troubles and anxieties, not unmixed with patriotic and paternal pride, which had been pressing on that high-wrought spirit for the last ten months and more. And those troubles were by no

means all, as some here know too well. But under all that pressure he never relaxed for an instant his beneficent labours for the Church of his Fathers, and for another institution, whose financial and other business he had managed with eminent success. His devotion to it was extraordinary. "Faithful unto death" might well be inscribed upon his urn.

Mr. Oliphant, of Rossie, as we knew him first, was the inheritor of a Scottish estate and of an ancient and honoured name. He had retired from the army after active service in India under Sir Neville Chamberlain, and, being driven by circumstances to repair his fortunes, applied his exceptional business talents, which had been happily trained in youth, to the service of the two institutions of which I have spoken—the Episcopal Church of Scotland and St. Leonard's School. His faithfulness, his impartiality, his tactful sympathy, his indefatigable industry, were beyond all praise. His work will last as a sound and solid foundation on which others may build. But what none except those who worked with him can know are those graces of heart and mind which he consistently displayed. Having by Divine assistance made the conquest of his own spirit ; although a born fighter, and, where occasion served, most persistent in the defence of any cause he championed, he never

allowed his individual views to interfere with his ministerial activities, or with the services which he rendered in a subordinate capacity with the most chivalrous self-abandonment, and with Christian meekness and humility.

To one only among the children of men, to Him who called Himself the Son of Man, was it given to say when His ministry of three years had been accomplished through suffering, "It is finished." To all others it belongs to pray with the dying king, "I have lived my life, and that which I have done may He within Himself make pure." One means afforded us towards the fulfilment of that prayer is that we should dwell often in memory on the graces of Christ's servants who are gone before, that we should consider their examples for instruction and, if so be, for warning. Then the law of the Christian life will no longer be a tradition imposed on us from without, but will be a living principle infused into our inmost souls ; and we shall know and feel that the Divine word is very nigh to us, in our mouth and in our heart, that we may do it.

THE GRACES OF SERVICE.

(Alassio, December, 1902.)

Matthew xx. 27, 28. — "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant, even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."

IN these words our Lord commends to us by His own example two chief graces of the Christian life—the grace of service, and the grace of sacrifice; and He does so in a single sentence, in one expression. And, in truth, these two great aspects of our religious ideal are intimately related to one another, or, rather, they are inseparable. The death of Christ, whereby He saved the world, was but the fitting consummation of His life, wherein He gave Himself to minister to men. The cry, "It is finished," referred to both in one. And in like manner all true sacrifice is but service in the highest degree. And on the other hand, in all service, even the humblest, that deserves the name, there is an element of sacrifice, something of our own given up in ministering to others. Self-devotion, not mere self-abnegation, is the watchword of Christian liberty.

This truth has not been always fully recognized in the Christian world. It has been the subject of many illusions, and sometimes of exaggeration

and perversion. The immense impression made on the first believers by the Crucifixion sometimes eclipsed, even for them, the image of the living Saviour, who in Judea and Galilee "went about doing good." The eternal sacrifice appeared to them rather in the light of a ceremonial act for reconciling God to man, than as the outcome of a Divine spirit pouring itself forth to redeem mankind from sin. Hence personal holiness came to be thought of as something absolutely apart, and this constrained conception of it caused many lives to become absorbed in a mere barren negation. It may have been inevitable, indeed, that in the first contact of Christianity with a corrupted world, the converted soul should shrink into herself, or into mystical communion with the unseen, that the hermit and the anchorite should become the models of sainthood, and martyrdom, as such, the goal of saintly endeavour. Nor is it possible to over-estimate the moral and spiritual benefits, which amid the confusion and turbulence of the dark ages, such half lights or shadows may have shed on poor humanity. But in a calm retrospect we see that the notion of sacrifice was thus unduly isolated from that of service, and that it came to be imagined by many Christians as a possible thing to serve God without directly ministering to men. There were others, indeed, who knew, *laborare est orare*, that work

and prayer are one. But such incomplete conceptions come far short of the ideal set before us in the words of Christ Himself. "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." Nor has the danger of such one-sided views by any means passed away. I have known of cases, especially among young persons, where the notion of sacrifice taking possession of the mind, and becoming a fixed idea, has given the impulse towards some fatal step, and caused much misery.

It is, therefore, best for most of us, instead of aspiring after sainthood all at once through some exceptional sacrifice, to fix our thoughts rather upon Christian service as our end and aim. Remember Naaman: "If the prophet had bidden thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? How much more when he saith to thee, strengthen thy brethren?"

If we are ever called on for some great sacrifice, the call will be unmistakable, and we shall be all the readier for it if we have been faithful in the lesser duties of life. And when we have done all, instead of claiming merit, we are each of us bound to say, "I am an unprofitable servant; I have but done that which it was my duty to do." How to serve our Lord by ministering to men, that is the immediate question for each one of us. I

propose, therefore, to consider first the *motives* for Christian *service*; secondly, the *ways* and *means*; and, thirdly, the *opportunities*, with some application to ourselves.

1. Let us consider some of the motives which God has granted to us that may impel us to the life of Christian service, and support our endeavours when we have entered upon that narrow way.

There is first the all-embracing, all-constraining motive of the Divine Love. He gave His life for us, and we ought to give our lives for the brethren. But there are also subsidiary motives of a narrower scope, but yet invaluable because they are very near to us, and their help is tangible and manifest; motives not conflicting, but sweetly harmonizing with the love of God and Christ: the love of husband for wife, and wife for husband, of parent towards child, and child towards parent, of brothers and sisters of the same blood, of friends whose true affection is grounded on a mutual and blameless choice. These natural feelings are kept alive while they are exalted and purified by the continued presence of true Christian love.

“Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs!”

But in proportion as the love so fostered is real

and genuine, it will not be exclusive, but will radiate in ever-widening circles round, until it reaches forth to all humanity. In proportion to the intensity of the central glow should be the diffusion of the warmth and light abroad.

Another motive of great force is our repentance of past errors. "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren!"—that, as has been well observed, is the order of nature and of grace. For true repentance brings the sense of forgiveness; forgiveness awakens gratitude, and the first question of the grateful heart is, "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" Nor is the answer far to seek. Not to hide the talent under a bushel, but "inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Amongst the motives to service must also be reckoned those memorable examples of service, rising to the height of sacrifice, which in our experience we have seen and known. The clergyman who by devoted work in a crowded city broke down his health and died before his time; the good physician, who when called up one inclement night to soothe some passing trouble, became the victim of a fatal malady; the accomplished sick nurse, who, in the course of duty, encountered a similar peril; the philanthropist who turned aside from a brilliant career to minister with help and counsel to the struggling poor; the brave young officer, who with his last

breath when mortally wounded cried, "Forward, Grenadiers"; all these and many others incite us to the living sacrifice which is our reasonable service, and to them in a lower measure may be applied those words that were spoken in cruel mockery, but in reality a glory to the Crucifixion, "He saved others, Himself He cannot save." Once more amongst motives to strenuous service may be reckoned the removal of some trouble or of some great fear which threatened us, possibly through our own fault. Then our language is, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?" or in the words of Hezekiah when recovered from his sickness, "I shall go softly all my years in the humiliation of my soul."

The ways and means of service are as various as the natures, situations, circumstances, occupations and abilities of men. And in considering our Christian calling we should think of life as a whole, rather than of any special portion of it, looking upon each part of life in the light of what it contributes to the rest. The words of the baptismal service, in which the prayers have a beauty of language which is all their own, conclude with the reminder, "remembering always that baptism doth represent such as our profession, which is to follow our Saviour Christ and to be made like unto Him, continually mortifying all our evil and corrupt

affections, and daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness of living." Neither in youth nor in age, any more than in middle life, would any of us wish to live as a burden to the ground. To be always receiving more than we are able to give, whether in worldly substance, beneficent energy, or mere lovingkindness and sympathy, is intolerable to the religious soul. And yet there is a time to receive and a time to give. The preparations of the heart and mind in youth, the comparative restfulness of age, if they are not directly of the nature of service, are the means of service, "Old age hath yet his honour and his toil," and youth need not be wasted because it is bright. In a virtuous youth there is already some foretaste of the strenuous life, which alone gives salt and savour to our years of maturity. If the heart is once devoted to honest Christian endeavour, the life of service will follow as opportunities arise. And if the power for active service be denied us, or taken from us through the loss of strength, we have to learn the lesson, and it is not an easy one, that "they also serve who only stand and wait." There are times also when even strong and gifted natures through some trial of fortune or of human blindness have been stranded in isolation, without influence, without position, without support. They have to endure the grief which Dr. Arnold, agreeing with the Persian of old, considered to be

most unendurable, that of having many far-reaching thoughts and no power to give effect to any of them. In all such cases resignation is the way of service, and it is not a fruitless way. Examples of patience and of fortitude, of dignity in retirement, of sufferings nobly borne, do these contribute nothing to the common store of Christian blessedness and strength? What striking examples of true and faithful service are found amongst the very poor! The parable of the widow's mite may well be extended from that which is given to that which is done. "She hath done what she could" are words of commendation which fell from the lips of Christ Himself.

It may seem strange to reckon self-preservation among the means of service. And yet it truly is so. To modify a little the words of a familiar poem—

"Shall I not take care of all that I think,
Yea, even of wretched meat and drink,
When my life once for all is devoted to the service of
mankind."

The opportunities of service are as various as the ways and means. We need not cast about for them. They lie in our path. The words of Keble's well-known hymn come near to what I mean—

"The daily round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

But these lines are hardly satisfying, for they fail to

suggest the alertness of the loving heart, the fertile resource and inexhaustible inventiveness of the awakened spirit which *makes* occasions for helping others when the ordinary or worldly mind would never find them. But though it is a sleepy language, Keble's verse conveys a part of the truth, and an important part of it. For how much of our neighbours' happiness depends on those minute habitual acts of common kindness, of courtesy and sympathy which, as Wordsworth said, form so great a part of every good man's life.

Let us bring the lesson a little more closely home to ourselves. We are come here from various spheres of useful work, from widely different surroundings, duties, and experiences. Some have held positions of more or less authority, or have won respect in a well-peopled neighbourhood, by a long course of good offices and consistent conduct. *Here* most of us are sojourners and nothing more: we have no continuing city, our principal interests are elsewhere.

Yet as the exiles in Bret Harte's short story were held together by circumstance in one spot of earth against their will, with the most diverse antecedents, some of them, very strange ones, were harmonized by the mere stress of human kindness until the most callous heart of all was softened by the coming of the child ("he wrestled with my fingers he did"), so we, inheritors of a common civilization, and most of us

belonging to one Fatherland, may well be held together in harmony by the bonds of Christian Fellowship. Many circumstances and events, some glad, some sorrowful, continually appeal to the "human heart by which we live," to the "primal sympathy which having been must ever be." Should not these be the starting points to enable us to set our steps more firmly in the road, inciting us to open our hearts to one another, to understand more of one another's hopes and fears, intentions, aims, so as to serve Christ better by ministering to our brethren? By candour, by forbearance, by avoiding those petty causes of offence which so frequently arise out of mere thoughtlessness: having patience with other men's infirmities, as we daily learn more of our own, and if we have any gift, not grudging to spend it for the common good.

In conclusion, let us resume the truth with which we began, that real service may at any moment have to culminate in sacrifice. We know not what lies before us; the readiness is all; and to be ready for such a call as that, the best of us yet stand in need of much watchfulness, of much self-conquest, of much discipline. When our Lord asked the sons of Zebedee, "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" and they answered, "We are able," how imperfectly they anticipated the fiery

trials that awaited them! God fits the back to the burden, indeed; but it is sometimes by slow and painful stages that He does so. A brother of the late Dean Stanley, in cruising about an unfrequented part of Australia, found the papers of a Roman Catholic missionary named Geronimo. This man, in his studies as a seminarist, had read that the Australian savages were the most degraded of the human race, and in an access of enthusiasm he obtained leave to go and Christianize them. He took ship at Genoa and landed on that barbarous coast and lived and worked among the black fellows for twenty years. And he had left on record that in all that time he had not made one convert or an approach to a convert. A young Oxford tutor, whose name was Benjamin Jowett, on first hearing this story told, said impulsively, after a moment's thought, "I should like to have been that man." But he was happily reserved for a very different fortune. Continuing in his place at Oxford for more than fifty years, devoted as few others have been to the pursuit of truth and the improvement of other lives, he remains and will remain for generations a model of Christian wisdom, and of ministration to the highest spiritual needs of his countrymen. I will not labour the application, but merely say that in this example we have an approximation, the closest which I have personally known, to St. Paul's ideal of that reasonable service which is the living sacrifice, and a

fresh comment upon the Psalmist's words as quoted in the Epistle of the Hebrews, "Sacrifice and offering thou wouldest not,—then said I, Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God."

ON THANKFULNESS.

(Alassio, 1906.)

Psalm lxxvii. 10, 11.—"And I said, This is my infirmity ; but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High, I will remember the works of the Lord, surely I will remember thy wonders of old."

IT is rather surprising that in that interesting book, "The Psalms in Human Life," the author is able to quote so few instances of persons who have derived comfort from this Psalm. Many, surely, besides the good Bishop Hooper, must have known the great consolation which it contains for those in anguish of mind. For there are times in every life when some present trouble or anxiety absorbs the soul, the sky is overcast, the horizon is narrowed, some cherished object is threatened or removed ; or in following some erroneous track we seem to be lost in a labyrinth from which there is no outlet ; or without any fault on our part we are entangled in circumstances that appear too hard for us. Nay, even where there is no exceptional trial or unusual fear, some

passing trouble may often hide from us the evidences of Divine mercy and protection. And sometimes without any outward cause "our light is low, and the nerves prick and tingle, and the heart is sick, and all the wheels of being slow."

We are in danger of becoming like those whom Dante heard in the *Inferno* murmuring, "Sullen were we in the sweet air that is gladdened by the sun, carrying lazy smoke within our hearts; now we lie sullen here in the black mire," or at least may resemble that of the souls whom he saw in *Purgatory* seeking to atone by eager haste for languid love and for delay through lukewarmness in well-doing.

Of all the sins which at the close of another year demand our penitence—of all the temptations against which in looking forward to another year we should resolve to strive, there is none more easily besetting us than the sin of unthankfulness.

"It so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lacked and lost
Why then we rate the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not shew us
Whiles it was ours."

And the remedy is the same to which the Psalmist had recourse: to consider the years that are past. The poet Keats in a well-known lyric envies the happy insensibility to former warmth and brightness of the winter woods and the frozen streams. That is

the poet's hyper-sensitiveness. But it is a truer feeling that prompts the prayer attributed to one of the humbler characters of fiction ; it occurs in one of Dickens's Christmas numbers, "Lord, keep my memory green." If at some former time we have been turned from darkness to light, and from the power of evil to good, or if in early life we have been preserved from sin through the blessing of a Christian home,—if we can trace the hand of Providence in guarding us from dangers to which our ignorance or inexperience were exposed ; or if at some critical moment our hearts have been uplifted into a conscious nearness to the Infinite Source of Being, let not these cardinal facts be obscured through some temporary irritation or distress, but let us dwell upon them in thought, let us try to contemplate our lives each as a whole. The effect of such meditation can hardly fail to be an increase of spiritual strength and depth. We shall become aware that while we have been carried to and fro on the surface of things, underneath all the while were the everlasting arms. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

And when we look beyond the limits of our individual sphere and see much that is discouraging in society, and in the world at large, signs of physical and moral deterioration, the prevalence of dishonesty, and other immorality, the apparent futility of public-spirited endeavour, we may likewise find comfort in

considering "the days of old, the years of ancient times."

The history of our own country has, on the whole, been a history of progress. Evils that once seemed irremediable have been removed. Think of prison reform, think of the slave trade, think of the rack, the thumb-screw and the stake, of political offenders drawn and quartered, of the numberless minor offences which not a century ago were punishable with death. Does not that state of things seem barbarous compared with the present? And if the increasing prevalence of gambling, or of heathenish forms of impurity, sometimes makes us afraid, things are not yet so bad, even with the scum of aristocracy, as they were in the days of the Restoration, or of the Regency; and even the residuum of the submerged are less miserable and more cared for than in Piers Plowman's time. That is an inspiriting reflection for those who, in God's name, have set themselves to stem the tide of evils, and to keep their own garments undefiled.

And if in other lands and peoples we see, or think we see, defects from which we are exempt at home, we may reflect that they are perhaps only at the stage where our countrymen were some generations since, out of which by an overruling Providence we have been rescued and led into a better way.

We cannot avoid the incidence of cares and troubles

—all lives at every moment are chequered with light and shade—but by looking upwards and fixing our thoughts on the blessings which we have received, we may nourish within our souls a core of thankfulness that will steady us amidst distractions, and supply a fund of calmness and serenity which nothing outward can disturb. All Christian graces minister to one another, and thankfulness is no exception to the rule.

A spirit of thankfulness is a support to faith. When tempted by adversity to doubt of the Divine goodness, we think of God's abounding mercies to us in the past, and we take courage.

A spirit of thankfulness assists humility: "Not unto us but unto Thee, O Lord, be the praise, for Thy loving mercy and for Thy truth's sake." When our hearts are raised in gratitude towards the Infinite and Eternal we cannot but feel our own insignificance as well as the greatness of that higher life to which we are called. Not stoical self-reliance or Pharisaic pride, but humble dependence on the power of God is that which guides our steps along the path of life.

A spirit of thankfulness ministers to resignation. There are those who long to serve, but are appointed only to stand and wait. They are conscious of powers which through adverse circumstances seem destined to "rust in them unused." Opportunities for their exercise are either deferred or have been

taken away. Hence impatience in youth, repining and regret in age. But let the young be thankful that parental training, hereditary gifts and influences, the nobleness which they have read of, or which their eyes have seen, have fitted, and are still fitting them for services that are yet to be. And let the aged comfort themselves with the thought of anything which by God's help in former years they have been able to contribute towards the well-being of their brethren of mankind. They are more than ever aware how narrow and small their services have been. But the remembrance of them may be, as one has said, a staff to support them through the dark valley, or a light to cheer them, as with diminished energies they still look round for lesser opportunities of service.

The recollection of goodness and mercy that have followed us, is a perpetual incentive to ever-returning hope. The past throws a cheering light upon the future.

Friends have been taken from us, but, in thinking of the former days, their loss or absence is not *merely* a cause of regret. Their love, their high example, the affection they inspired, ought ever to remain with us, a treasure to enrich the time to come. We may yet grow more like to those whom we then revered, more gentle, calm and resolute, more fearless, more considerate, more humane. They are not wholly lost to us, but live within us while memory remains,

the patience of hope shall minister both strength and peace.

But above all a spirit of thankfulness is a support to love. To that grace of charity without which, as Sir Thomas Browne, echoing St. Paul, has said, "Faith is a mere notion, and has no existence. 'We love Him because He first loved us.' And this commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God, love his brother also." And to these words of St. John we may add our Lord's own precept, "If you salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others, do not even the Publicans so?"

St. John was the beloved disciple, and he is known to us as the Apostle of love. And yet in earlier days during our Lord's own ministry his loving zeal assumed a shape that called forth the rebuke, "Ye know not what spirit ye are of." And it was he who said to Jesus, "We saw one casting out devils in Thy name, and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us," to which Christ replied, "Forbid him not, for there is no man who can do a miracle in My name, that can lightly speak evil of Me." Some are apt to think that this precept is not binding on us in the present day because "miracles have ceased." But have they? Not if by a miracle is meant a marvellous effect of spiritual power. There have been those within living memory who in the name of Christ have done things more wonderful than the healing of

the poor demoniac. Let me read a passage from a recent autobiography. The author is speaking of what happened in the early part of the nineteenth century.

“There was one other solitary figure which passes vividly across the stage of memory as I recall those days. The figure of one who left a deep impression on her time, and a lasting blessing to the generations following. I refer to Mistress Elizabeth Fry, the great Quakeress philanthropist-reformer. The story of her entering alone, and entirely undefended, into a prison reserved for abandoned and vicious women, of whom even the keepers were so afraid that they never would go except in company, is a story which used to thrill me with admiration and astonishment. It was a great pleasure, therefore, to meet this illustrious woman. She was the only very great human being I have ever met with whom it was impossible to be disappointed; she was in the fullest sense of the word a majestic woman. She was already advanced in years, and had a very tall and stately figure; but it was her countenance that was so striking. Her features were handsome in the sense of being well-proportioned, but they were not in the usual sense beautiful. But over the whole countenance there was an ineffable expression of sweetness, dignity, and power. It was impossible not to feel some awe before her, as before some

superior being. I understood in a moment the story of the prison. She needed no defence but that of her own noble and almost divine countenance. A few well-known words came to my mind the moment I saw her, 'The peace of God that passeth all understanding.' They summarized the whole expression of her face. It is a rare thing indeed in this poor world of ours to see any man or any woman whose personality responds perfectly to the ideal conception formed of an heroic character and an heroic life."

But who was she of whom such things are spoken? She followed not with us. From birth to death she was a member of the Society of Friends. Those outward and visible signs which by most of us are properly esteemed as necessary means of grace were as nothing to her. But she followed Christ, and we may truly say that she wrought miracles in His name. And who was he who wrote these words in praise of her? He followed not with us. He was a Scottish Presbyterian, and because he had written a defence of the Presbyterian order of Church government, he was once refused the Sacrament by a bishop of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. And yet will any one deliberately venture to de-christianize either him or her, or to place them beyond the pale of Christian brotherhood? The question is preposterous!

I will conclude with the words of another Psalm, a

Psalm of thanksgiving: "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee, for thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling, and I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living."

ESSAYS AND PAPERS.

ON CRITICISM.

IN old age one learns to understand what once seemed strange. The late Dr. Kennedy had views on some half-dozen passages of Sophocles, on which he was ready to stake his reputation. If one inadvertently ignored one of these views from which one differed, his wrath was unbounded ; and the case was hardly better, if one had come independently to the same opinion. I have learned in both ways to sympathize with Dr. Kennedy—taught by experience—I no longer resent what formerly I thought his unreasonable anger and denunciation.

Written in pencil in the cover of the first copy of "*Paralipomena Sophoclea*," published in 1907.

SOCRATES.

A LECTURE TO A VILLAGE AUDIENCE.

(Milford, Hants, Dec. 1859.)

THERE are few subjects on which it is impossible to interest an intelligent audience in the present day. Most interesting books are written and greedily read,

telling us about the way in which people live and think and manage their affairs in China and Japan, in Borneo and Ceylon. And though one part of the interest of these books is doubtless the spirit of adventure which is mixed with the information they contain, still there is a kind of intellectual curiosity which they abundantly gratify. The noblest study of mankind is man, and the more different the men studied are from ourselves, the more pleasing it is to trace in them the common features of humanity, and to recognise the savage (in imagination) as a man and a brother.

But I do not see why an equally vivid interest should not be felt in races far more kindred to our own, though separated from us in time as these others are in space, and in many respects at least equally noble with ourselves. The founders of philosophy, science, and art, have surely a claim upon the affection and respect of an age and country which boasts itself of its knowledge, of its discoveries, of its productions. When it is once clearly known, that, if it had not been for the Greek people, neither our Poetry, nor our History, nor our Geometry, nor our Scientific Enquiry, nor our Philosophy, could ever have been what it is, we shall begin to regard these old worthies, who passed away more than two thousand years ago, with something of the same feeling with which we already regard our own

Shakespeare and Milton, and Edmund Burke, and Bacon and Locke and Newton.

I wish to set before you to-night a living picture of the greatest of these old Greeks, copied for the most part from the accounts of his most intimate friends. There is enough that is quaint and humorous about him to make an hour pass in the recital, but I hope also to be able to make it felt that he is entitled to the respect and gratitude of all time ; and that the lesson which he taught is hardly less needed and applicable in the present day than it was in his.

He was the first who set mankind a-thinking, by making them feel the difference between what they knew and what they did not know ; and who turned the oracular maxim, " Know Thyself," into a household word.

I must beg you then to transport yourselves with me in thought from this nineteenth century of the Christian era, into the fifth century counting backwards from the time when the Christian era happily began : and from this island of Great Britain, which was at that time inhabited, so far as we know, by a rude and ferocious people, you will be glad to escape to the civilized shores of Greece, and to the town of Athens, which for its art and genius, as formerly for its patriotism and bravery, was truly called " the Eye of Greece." It was the centre of intelligent interest to the civilized world. Its free citizens, like their

descendants amongst whom St. Paul spoke, were eager to hear everything new. They spent much of their time in the market-place, conversing with every one about everything: they listened with delight to rival speakers in the courts of law, or at public meetings, and assemblies for making decrees. Their young men were accordingly eager to learn to speak in public, and in fact to learn anything which would give them a reputation of cleverness and sharpen their wits. And they had no lack of teachers. Indeed from time immemorial every Greek youth who had any pretence to be educated, had learnt to read and write, to play upon an instrument, and to sing or recite those glorious poems which were for ages the principal food of the Greek mind. He had also been taught, what was hardly less important, how to use his limbs. One half (and not the least important half) of his education was gymnastic, that is, wrestling, running, jumping, boxing and playing quoits. In the British Museum we can still see in marble the kind of figures that were thus developed. But at this time men came from all parts of the world, each with a theory or science of his own, and sure of finding a hearing. There were first (probably most popular) the teachers of the art of speaking. Then there were the respectable teachers of mathematics and geometry. And this was in fact one of the few sciences about which anything was really

known. But there was also a strange class of men, who would have found it difficult to get a hearing in any other age and country. They brought with them either some strange account of the universe, or a new theory about the sun and moon; there were some who could prove to demonstration that everything moved, others could prove still more demonstrably that motion was impossible. They confused men's ordinary ideas with novelties, and were eagerly heard by a race whose curiosity was thoroughly awake and who did not yet know the difference between knowing anything and fancying or pretending to know it. Amongst this generation, so eager to learn, so ingenious, so full of the new pride of fancied knowledge, there moved one of themselves, who was yet not of them. Socrates was the son of Sophroniscus, a sculptor in the city: a very honourable trade, the productions of which are still the admiration of the world; but he did not long follow his father's profession, though he is said to have been apprenticed to it in youth.

At what exact period of his life we are not informed, he betook himself to a profession which would have appeared even stranger to us than it did to his own countrymen.

But before we enter into this, let us describe the man. Amongst a people almost passionately fond of personal beauty, both in men and women, he stood

pre-eminent for his ugliness. His appearance was a standing joke with himself and his friends. His face used to be compared to a comic mask, something like those current amongst ourselves at Christmas. The items are given by himself as follows—I. The most marked feature (or what should have been so), was a regular snub-nose, with very wide nostrils. 2. Lips very thick, mouth wide and full ; but I warrant you it could smile sweetly upon occasion. 3. Brow prominent, wrinkled, and heavy. 4. Then his eyes—they must have been the keenest, the fullest, the most intelligent eyes ever seen ; they must have pierced through and through you without hurting you, and seemed to take you in, soul and body, at a glance ; but all he tells us about them is that they were so large and prominent, that they seemed to be starting out of his head, like those of a crab. A phrenologist would tell us that the head is magnificently developed. His figure was low and square. Snub-nosed, with staring eyes, out of which he would squint laughably sometimes,—there is no beauty there.

But the inner man was very differently furnished. Even an ordinary citizen, who had an opportunity of judging, would have acknowledged this.

We will first look at him as a soldier (for in those times, and in that free country, every good citizen was a soldier), and then in his public duty as a citizen.

(For of his private life we hear very little: indeed, the Greeks can hardly be said to have had any private, domestic life, in the sense in which we happily understand the word. One circumstance alone is told us, and that not on the very best authority. He is said to have been married to a shrew. And it is a singular proof of the avidity of mankind for such disagreeable details in the lives of great men, that, for one person who has heard of Socrates, ten at least have heard the name of Xantippe. He had three sons.)

On one occasion, when the army he belonged to was compelled to retreat (as even brave men have to do sometimes,—and it is such a crisis that tests what is in a man), when all the rest were running for their lives, some on horseback, some on foot, hotly pursued,—one quaint figure was seen walking steadily along, quietly surveying out of his large eyes now his friends, as they tumbled over one another in their headlong flight, and now the enemy as they came fiercely on, with an expression of quiet determination, which said, as plainly as words could speak, Touch me if you dare! In fact, no one interfered with him, and he came off unhurt, while some of his friends found the truth of the saying, “the more haste the worst speed.” On two occasions he showed the same presence of mind, in saving the life of a friend and comrade in the heat of battle; and on one of these, when he had

really won the prize which was offered to the bravest man, he allowed it to be given to his friend whom he had saved. Wonderful stories are told also about his power of enduring cold. It was one of his peculiarities that he never wore shoes nor sandals, but went bare-foot, and that he wore the same poor clothing summer and winter ; for which some persons thought him very wretched indeed. But he had the crow over them in one winter campaign, when ice and snow were on the ground, and everyone who could afford it wore comforters and extra clothing, and lambs-wool socks under their shoes, and could not then keep themselves warm. Socrates was seen paddling about just as usual, bare-foot and with a single garment, exhibiting no signs of discomfort. The common soldiers grew quite jealous of him, thinking that he wanted to outdo them in their forced endurance of the weather.

His courage in the national Assembly was not less exemplary on two occasions than that which he had shown on the battlefield. One of these was when nine public men had offended the people, and it was proposed that they should be acquitted or condemned all together, and without a hearing. This was as contrary to Athenian law as it was to justice, and the presidents of the Assembly, of whom Socrates was one, refused at first to put the question to the vote, but the tide of public opinion pressing in upon them was so strong, that only one of them all stood out

against it. That one was Socrates. The illegal measure, involving the lives of nine untried citizens, was passed without his concurrence and under his protest.

The other occasion was when Athens was under a frightful tyranny of thirty men, who put to death everyone opposed to them. They had fixed upon an innocent citizen for execution, and sent for five citizens to help them to their wish. Socrates was one of the five who received the order, and he alone refused to execute it.

So far men could at least understand him ; but there was another side of his character which was less intelligible to them, though it is more interesting to us. He would sometimes stand for hours, even for a day and night together, in the same position, apparently rapt in thought. One day during a campaign there was a rumour in the camp that Socrates had been seen standing in the same place since morning : and a parcel of young fellows determined that they would go and see how long he would remain there. It was now summer time, and they took feather beds with them to the field where he was standing and lay there unobserved all night. He stood there perfectly still till sunrise, when he just paid the customary religious greeting to the God of Day and turned and went about his daily business in the camp.

Probably connected with this power of abstraction and meditation, seeming at times to amount almost to catalepsy, and so different from the brisk lively air of the ordinary Greek, was another point equally strange to them and equally bound up with the idiosyncrasy of the man. He said that from early childhood he had been subject to the warnings of a voice within him more than human, which checked him when on the point of doing the most ordinary actions. It suppressed the word that was on his lips, it stopped his foot when crossing the threshold of a friend's house. We can partly see how the habit of deep and constant reflection might thus be a bar to action in a way of which he was only half-conscious, but this point in his mental history will always partake a little of the mysterious, and may be fairly taken as the symbol of that side of his character, which stood most widely contrasted with his age and country, and in virtue of which, indeed, he was almost a Christian.

And now what was it that he would stand thus studying, from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve? Was it, as many thought, and as others before him had done, the sun, moon, and stars, or the changes of the seasons, or the whole universe, or the nature of things? What grand result would come from all this cogitation, what new theory of the world and of the things in heaven and earth, to add to the many rival theories that already existed? He had given up all

that sort of thing long ago. He did not say nothing could be known about it, but he felt what was the fact that he had no clue to such knowledge. And truly, if Socrates had not studied something very different from all this, our age would not now be rejoicing in those revelations of natural science which by their application to the arts have changed the face of the world, and which fill the mind of any one who has the faintest perception of them with wonder, delight and awe. To Socrates and the men of his time, Nature was full indeed of beautiful forms, and excited a vague curiosity which in some minds knew no bounds, but as far as science was concerned it was a hopeless blank. Socrates therefore fixed the eye of his mind upon a subject more immediately interesting and far more fruitful. This subject was himself. He said, "I have no time to study the sun and the moon and the stars, nor the changes of the seasons, nor the causes of Nature, for I have not yet been able, with all my study, to know myself. This is then my only inquiry, what sort of a creature I myself am ; for it seems to me utterly irrational to attempt to study anything else, until I have made this out satisfactorily." This then was his study. It was for this that he never took a walk into the country to breathe the fresh pure air, and to refresh his sight with the green fields and to rest under the shady trees and to cool his bare feet in the running stream, but kept poking about the

market-place and other places of resort in the town. For the trees and the fields, he said, can teach me nothing of what I want to know, but the men in the city can, for as all men have a common nature, so the more I know of men, the more I learn of myself, and the more I know of myself, the more I learn from men. But what was the result of all this study? It was simply this. He knew that he knew nothing. Before he began to think, he had seemed to know a great deal, for in fact he knew all that any one had to teach him. But when he sat down, or rather stood, and began to ask himself what he really knew, so high a conception of knowledge began to flit before him, that the notions he had in his head, for which he could not give a reason, did not seem to him worthy of the name. He said to himself, I am quite sure that there is something to be known, but I know nothing of it yet as I ought to know it. I must begin at the beginning, and the beginning is to know myself. And all I know about myself yet is that I know nothing.

We are now approaching the crisis in the life of Socrates to which I have already alluded. At some period of his life, we know not exactly when, except that he was still comparatively a young man, he entered actively and consciously upon the Divine mission for which these singular habits of thought and life were the preparation. It is by this that he is

chiefly known to us. Had it not been for this he might have lived and died an acknowledged oddity : tolerated in the boundless freedom of the Athenian democracy ; but he would not have been the father of philosophy nor its first martyr. But it is an idle speculation to imagine the course of Providence other than it has been, or to conceive of great men apart from those critical points and eras in their lives, from which their greatness is inseparable.

He must always have been, except in his voluntary fits of abstraction, a great talker. He was one of a people and of a generation eminently talkative. In an age when there were very few books, and those few accessible only to very few persons, talking was the only mode of communicating ideas. And the Greek mind was literally swarming with ideas, fertile to a degree unparalleled before or since, as eager to communicate as to receive. While the soil was tilled and the mines were worked chiefly by slaves, talking was to most educated persons the chief business of the day.

But a circumstance which Socrates always regarded as a divine interposition, and which harmonized we may almost say miraculously with the tone of his thoughts, determined the conversation, that is the life of Socrates, into one channel. From that moment his life was entirely devoted, with religious pertinacity, to one aim. His own grand effort had

been to know himself, his mission was to make men know themselves ; the result in his own case was to know that he knew nothing : his aim in conversation was in the first place to prove to other men how little they knew. His method was a very simple one. It was by asking pertinent questions. Before describing this process further, let us call to mind again for a moment the intellectual state of those to whom it was applied. The most intelligent people in the world were living wholly without any certain test by which they could discern wisdom from folly, knowledge from ignorance, truth from falsehood. They were at the mercy of the caprice or the enthusiasm of their teachers. And these were of the most multifarious description. There were the poets, who kept alive the ancient fables, and linked men by association to the past : there were the orators, whose interest it was to rouse men's passions in favour of a particular faction or a particular course of policy. There were some who longed to know and to teach the truth of things (of which they had really an inkling), but thought to do so by some new dogma about the universe, the coinage of their own brain : there were others who taught that truth was a matter of indifference so long as you could speak plausibly and work cleverly to gain success in life. All these influences were brought to bear on minds already intoxicated by excess of political freedom : while there were

many still who recalled the good old times when their fathers who fought at Marathon had known nothing of such new-fangled notions, and who steadily and sulkily resisted all new ideas. The mind of Socrates was probably the only one that was roused, but not excited or unsettled ; he was, to use a figure of Aristotle, the one sober man in the company. But for the test which he applied to the theories which were current in that age, philosophy and science might have rested to this day on no better foundation than those strange Hindoo systems, which read like dreams.

But you are waiting to hear more distinctly what was the mission on which he entered, and what was the outward occasion that, as it were, lifted the flood-gate for this pent-up stream of wisdom to pour upon the world. This will be told best in his own words.

“Athenians!” he is reported to have said, when on his trial, “do not take it amiss if I seem to claim something extraordinary ; for the claim is not my own : it is asserted by the god Apollo, of Delphi. You know Chærephon. He is your friend as well as mine. You know his character, how earnest he is in everything. He went to Delphi and boldly asked the oracle this question, whether any one was wiser than I was. And the answer was, that no one was wiser.

“When I heard this, I thought thus within myself.

What does the god mean and to what does he refer? For I am not aware of having any wisdom, great or small, and yet he cannot tell a lie. For a long time I was at a loss; but at last I was led to this line of inquiry. I went to one of the men who are thought wise, and examined him. And I came to this result. It appeared to me that he was accounted wise by many other persons, and especially by himself, but was not really wise. I then attempted to prove this to him; and then I became odious to him and to many who were present. And then, returning into myself, I reasoned thus: I am wiser than this man, for it appears that neither of us knows what is right and good: but he thinks he does know; I, as I do not know, do not think that I know. I have this small advantage over him, that what I do not know, I do not think that I do know. This man was a statesman. And others reputed wiser than him I found still more deficient.

“ Thus I went on, seeing with grief and fear that I was making myself hated, but feeling bound to attend to the meaning of the oracle. And, Athenians! I seemed to find that those who had the highest reputation were in this way the most deficient, and others who were less thought of seemed to have more reasonable claims to some wisdom. Well, I went on with my series of labours; after the statesmen I went to the poets, and last of all to the artizans. And I

found that the poets could give no account of their own skill, and the artizans, because they were acquainted with their own particular craft, each thought that he was wise in other things of the greatest moment. So I asked myself whether I had rather be as I was, not possessing their knowledge and not having their ignorance, or to have both as they had. And I answered to myself and to the oracle, that it was better for me to be as I was.

“In this way I have incurred much and heavy odium, and have got the name of being wise. But the truth is, that the deity who gave the oracle is really wise ; and that the oracle means this : that human wisdom is worth little or nothing ; and he amongst men is most wise, who, like Socrates, knows that he has no wisdom that is worth the name.

“And so I still go on, asking questions of all persons who are thought to be wise. And I have had no time to attend to any business, and have remained very poor, as the consequence of this kind of divine service.”

This, then, was the work to which Socrates devoted his life,—for no reward—as a religious duty. No easy work in any age, it was perhaps especially difficult there and then. For to take away the reputation of wisdom from a Greek was to rob him of his greatest treasure. And to prove to statesmen that they knew nothing of the principles of government—

to cut away the ground from under professional men, by proving to them, before others, that they could not give a reason for anything they did,—to silence the eloquent orator or poet, and make him appear to himself and others no better than a child—was a course the most unpopular that could be conceived.

Our account of his mission, however, is not complete without considering by what sort of questions it was that Socrates thus silenced men. The subject of his own study had been himself as a man, and all his questions had reference to human nature. He went about inquiring, his friend Xenophon tells us:—what is society?—what is a knowledge of society?—what is justice?—what is injustice?—what is human government?—what are the qualities of a good ruler? Now these were the things with which men were most familiar, which were always in their mouths, about which they were always ready with an opinion, but which they had never studied. Socrates was the first who ever turned men's thoughts upon themselves. He is the founder of science, because all knowledge begins with inquiry and with the consciousness of our own ignorance. He is also the founder, in a more especial and peculiar sense, of the science of Human Nature.

But when he had convinced the world of ignorance, and of ignorance of themselves and their own nature and of the things which most engaged their thoughts,

he had still other work to do. Although, as was natural, the professors of learning, the statesmen, the professional men, whose whole interest depended on the assumption that they knew more than their neighbours, rejected and hated Socrates, there were a few who clung to him, chiefly from among the young men. For though it may seem a sad reflection it is still a true one, that few men are able to receive new truth, or to confess their ignorance, or to inquire honestly into the truth for its own sake, after an early age. But it is natural for youth to desire a guide and teacher. Among these young men who followed Socrates and consorted with him were some who became afterwards the ornaments of the world, and to whom we are indebted for all we know of their master. It is by descent through them that he is the father of Philosophy. The chief of them was Plato. These men came to him fully convinced of their own ignorance and delighting to receive new proofs of it. They looked back upon him all their life long as their greatest benefactor. And yet he scarcely professed to teach them anything, in the way in which other masters taught. He still continued asking them questions, and by this means put them in the way of thinking for themselves. We all know how the question even of a child, but still more of a thoughtful man, will put a subject into a new light for us, and make us to see it more clearly than we

have ever seen it before. Nothing new is thus put into our minds, but something new seems to be created out of them. It was in this way that Socrates taught, not by imparting opinions but by eliciting and drawing out the mind to think for itself. Every teacher now knows the advantage of (*viva voce*) questions and answers over every other mode of teaching. The teaching of Socrates was the first and greatest example of this. I will now try to illustrate it, as Socrates was in the habit of illustrating what he taught, by choosing a very simple and familiar example. I wish I could at the same time give you any idea of the more than modern urbanity of manners, the deep irony, the exhaustless humour, the unfettered yet most refined imagination, with which the conversations of Socrates are represented to us in the Dialogues of Plato.

Imagine then the following conversation between Socrates and a young man who meets him on the outskirts of the town, whom, for the sake of symmetry, we will call by a Greek name, Callicles.

S. Why, Callicles! whither away so fast? Did you not know me? C. Nay, Socrates, I shall forget myself sooner than your countenance. But I did not see you. And indeed I am glad to have met with you, for I want advice. S. All that I have, dear lad, is yours; for friends, they say, should have all things common. But nothing can be made out of nothing,

as the saying goes. *C.* Ah, Socrates, that is your way. But do pray tell me, what trade ought I to follow? Three different relatives have offered to apprentice me, and I know not which to choose. Shall I be a shoe-maker or a baker or a tallow-chandler, or is there some other trade better than all these which you would advise me to take up with, leaving these alone? *S.* My dear friend Callicles, I am not so wise and clever as you take me to be. For though I have conversed oftentimes with many tradesmen, I have not yet been able to hear from any of them nor to find out for myself, what is meant by this word, trade. Perhaps, however, as you have lately studied the subject, you will be able to enlighten me, for you have made up your mind, it seems, to be of some trade. *C.* Why, Socrates, you surely know what everybody knows. Why, shoe-making is a trade, and grocery is a trade, and bookselling is a trade, and tailoring is a trade, and—— *S.* Stay, not so fast, my friend! I am much obliged to you indeed, for you have already given me more than I asked for. And yet I am so unreasonable that I am not satisfied. But suppose you had asked me, “Socrates, what is a pencil?” If I had answered, “lead-pencil and slate-pencil, and chalk-pencil and camel-hair-pencil,” would you have been satisfied? *C.* I do not think I should. *S.* I am sure of it; and for this reason, that, first of all, you could not be certain

I had enumerated every kind of pencil; and then, even if I had, it would have been no answer, for when I say "camel-hair-pencil," it remains still unexplained what is meant by pencil. And in like manner, when you say tailoring or grocery, you mean (do you not?) the trade of the tailor or grocer; and I have again to ask you, What do you mean by trade? C. Well, Socrates, you make me quite ashamed of myself. I am struck dumb. I could not have believed you could have puzzled me on such a simple subject. It reminds me of a friend of mine who said you were like, both in features and in power, to that strange-looking electrical fish called the torpedo, which makes all it touches motionless. I thought it a barren jest of his, but now I find it true. For, indeed, I have not a word to say.

S. Take courage, dear lad; perhaps the matter is not so simple as you supposed at first. At all events, whether we discover it or not, you will thank me, hereafter, for having benumbed you, as you say I have, and made you know yourself, and saved you from fancying that you knew clearly what you did not know. But come, suppose I had answered about the pencil, that it was an instrument for writing and drawing without ink, would not that have seemed a simple and sufficient answer? C. It would have satisfied me. S. Come then, and make me the like answer about trade. Try your best, and do not

hesitate to speak your mind. *C.* Well, here goes. A man's trade is what he does to get a living. *S.* Capitally attempted, anyhow! But let us put it to the test. Look over the hedge for a moment. Do you see yonder team? *C.* Yes. *S.* And the man behind them? *C.* Yes. *S.* What are they doing? *C.* Ploughing. *S.* Well, and what do you call that man? *C.* A labourer. *S.* And his employment? *C.* Labour. *S.* Has he any other employment? *C.* No, he is constantly occupied in some kind of farm-labour. *S.* And by this he gets his living? *C.* Certainly by nothing else. *S.* And yet you do not call him a tradesman? *C.* No. *S.* Well, but his master, how is he employed? *C.* He rents land and farms it. *S.* For his living? *C.* Certainly. *S.* Is he a tradesman then? *C.* Assuredly not. *S.* Well, but I have heard of other noble youths and men, who have also to do with horses, but in a different way. Fine gentlemen they, who have nothing to do, save to run horses on the race-course and bet upon them. And I have heard that many get their living by this. Are they then tradesmen? *C.* I should be ashamed to call them so. *S.* And they would be ashamed to hear you. But does it not seem that we must cast about for some other answer to the answer to the question proposed? For it is abundantly clear, that it is possible to do something and to get a living by it,

which is still not a trade. Don't be discouraged, however, but try again. Athens was not built in a day. C. Well, after what has been said, it seems to me that the tradesman is he who gets his living by giving raw and manufactured articles of produce in exchange for money. S. See how you have improved already under my catechizing. An admirable answer. But you will think me very unconscionable. When you say money, are you quite sure that you understand what you mean? C. Socrates! S. Be patient, my dear fellow, indeed I won't hurt you. Only I have heard from men, whom I admire, certain deep sayings, which if they were true, would help to simplify your reply. They have said, if I remember rightly, that money is a commodity, like all other commodities representing so much labour, and that it differs from them only in this, that it is less liable to sudden alterations of value. But they say that while it is only a commonplace article of produce and exchange, we have, because of its extreme usefulness, foolishly exalted it into a God. If you had heard this, would it not have led you to modify your answer? C. Yes, Socrates, it would have led me to say instead, that the tradesman gets his living by sitting to exchange the articles which other men labour to produce. Trade is the exchange of commodities.

S. But you say that the tradesman gets his living

by his trade. Now a fair exchange is no robbery, but neither is it any gain to either party for what I can see. *C.* Why of course the tradesman takes his profit out of what he sells. *S.* Must you not then add this to your definition? *C.* I must. Trade is the exchange of commodities on condition of receiving profit.

Not to weary you with continuing the subject as Socrates would still have done, I will only observe that he leaves his young friend without settling his mind or giving him any particular advice, but he has in the mean time done him a much greater service by stirring him up to think for himself. For though he will probably not come to a speedier decision than he would have done without meeting Socrates, he will think and decide more sensibly, cautiously, and wisely, not only on this but on all other subjects for the future. After this illustration it will be partly understood, how in calling men's attention to the necessity of having a clear and definite conception of every subject of thought, and a conception, too, founded on experience and observation, Socrates laid the foundation stone of science.

We have seen how natural it was that Socrates should be hated by the orators, the public men, the poets and the professional teachers of the day. But there was another class whose opposition was still more formidable, especially in a democratic state like

Athens,—the quiet citizens, who had no immediate interest in philosophy, but who felt an undefined and not unnatural prejudice against everything that seemed likely to disturb the smooth current of their hereditary ideas and to break the even tenor of their way. It was impossible that these men should understand Socrates, and yet his life might depend upon their verdict. They unfortunately became prepossessed with an utterly false notion concerning him. They looked upon him as neither better nor worse than one of those professors of wisdom against whom they had the strongest antipathy, who taught for pay, who had strange theories about the sun and moon contradicting the popular opinion that they were gods, who could prove by their logic that black was white, and teach men so. They saw that the time was out of joint, and that men's ideas were unsettled, and they accused Socrates of being the cause of all this evil. Whereas really his teaching was the only cure the times admitted of. They saw too that he exercised a great influence upon the minds of their young men, and they liked him none the better for that. In accordance with this popular sentiment a play was written, by the great comic poet of the day, Aristophanes, in which Socrates was held up to ridicule and contempt. And by this means the vague feeling of dislike, having found a mouthpiece, perpetuated itself; and many, who had never spoken to Socrates,

grew up in the belief, imbibed in early childhood, that Socrates was a monster of wickedness and absurdity.

The old Greek Comedy consisted in great part of a commentary on the characters of public men and on the events of the day, something like what we now have in *Punch*, with this difference, that the exuberant humour and imagination of Aristophanes was utterly wild and free, and that the Greek language gave a man the power of saying anything. This play was called *The Clouds*, and in it the Clouds are made to speak a great deal of grandiloquent nonsense, and to patronize Socrates, who is said to get all his wisdom from them. As much as to say—he is always in the clouds, and his ideas are as shapeless and as changeable and as misty and as unsubstantial as the clouds. The plot of the play is this. An old rustic has got into great trouble by his son, who is a sporting character, and has run him over head and ears in debt. He has heard of Socrates that he can teach men to speak and argue, and to make black appear to be white in their own defence. And he thinks that if he could only learn this, or have his son taught it, he shall be able to repudiate his debts. So he comes and knocks with unphilosophic haste at the door of “the thinking shop,” and finds Socrates suspended in the air in a basket, removed from the dull earth, and irreverently

contemplating the sun. He has just invented a clever method for measuring the distance a flea can jump, in terms of its own feet, by taking the impression of them in wax. Well, he takes the old man in hand, but it soon appears that he is too old to learn, and he is on the point of being beaten for his stupidity, when he luckily thinks of his son, whom he with great difficulty persuades to come and learn instead of him. The son proves a very quick scholar, and soon becomes an adept in sophistry, but the poor old father has to repent his bargain, for his son no sooner comes home than he gives the old man a sound thrashing for his stupidity, and proves by the clearest arguments that he has a right to do so. Enraged at this, the old man takes his servants with him and sets fire to the thinking shop, where Socrates and his pupils are heard screaming with terror from within.

The young man's education chiefly consists in an altercation between Right and Wrong personified, which he is permitted to listen to, in which Wrong has by far the best of the argument, although Right enlists the sympathy of the spectators. Right recounts with pride the simple manners, the pure morals, and the bravery of former days, when he taught mankind, but is soon made to give way to Wrong, who laughs at him for an old fool and idiot, and parades the fancied progress and discoveries of these conceited though really (the poet would say)

degenerate times. Poor old decrepit Right owns himself beaten, and humbly asks Wrong to instruct him in the new way.

An idea of Socrates was thus formed in the public mind, which his enemies well knew how to turn to account. Yet it was long before their machinations came to maturity, and as he himself said, they might have waited a little longer and the event they wished for would have happened to them in the way of nature. Socrates was seventy years old, when suddenly one morning (in the portico before the office of the Minister of Public Worship and Instruction) there appeared, hung up on a tablet, the following indictment:—"Socrates is guilty of not believing in the gods in whom the city believes, and of setting forth other strange divinities ; moreover, he is guilty of corrupting the youth. Penalty : DEATH."

Although the spirit of inquiry which he advocated was undoubtedly dangerous to the traditions of Greek polytheism, yet the only colour which his life and conversation had given to the accusation of impiety was his constant reference to the Divine Monitor within him : a misunderstanding something similar to that of their descendants, on Mars' Hill, who imagined the "Resurrection" which the apostle preached to them to be some new divinity. As to corrupting the youth,—the only cause besides envy

for this charge, was the confusion that is often made, between seeking for some more solid basis on which to found our life than the traditions of men, and denying the obligations of morality.

A court of five hundred and fifty-six citizens was empanelled to try the cause. They had to determine, first, Is he guilty? Secondly, If guilty, what shall be the penalty? His bearing at the trial was not merely calm and dignified, it rose to a height of moral grandeur hardly equalled, and certainly never approached in heathen times. But both to his friends, who wished to see him acquitted, and to his judges, his contempt of court must have been provoking to the last degree. He does not condescend to adapt his tone to the court of justice, which he has now entered for the first time. He stands there with the penalty of death before his eyes, and lectures and cross-questions his accusers and the court with all his old politeness and self-possession, but with far greater earnestness, and throwing off the mask of irony. I have already quoted that part of his defence in which he describes and accounts for his manner of life. I will now read one or two more extracts from it.

“On the battle-field, Athenians, I never left the post which your generals assigned me, and shall I now quit the post which the god has assigned me, for fear of death? Then I might indeed be accused

of not believing in the gods: and of thinking myself wise, when I am not so. For no one knows what death is, nor whether it is not the greatest good for man; and yet they fear it as if it were the greatest of evils. But is not this the most shameful kind of ignorance, to think that we know this when we know it not? If I am wise in anything, it is in this, that as I know nothing of the state of departed souls, so I do not think that I know: but that to do wrong and to disobey good guidance, whether of god or man, is an evil and a disgrace, that I know. And so I will never fear nor shun things of which I know not but they may be good, in preference to evils of which I am sure that they are evils.

“And so now if you should say: ‘O Socrates, we dismiss you on this condition, that you shall not pursue your accustomed researches, nor go on seeking for wisdom: and if you are found still doing so, you shall die’: I should reply: ‘O Athenians, you I love and cherish, but I must obey the god rather than you: and so long as I breathe and have my faculties, I must still go on seeking for wisdom and arguing with each one of you in the accustomed way, saying, “O excellent friend, can you, being an Athenian, a citizen of the first and most famous of cities for wisdom and power, help being ashamed, while you make riches your highest aim, and reputation and distinction, and give no thought nor care to the

pursuit of truth and the improvement of your soul? ” ”
And if any one replies that he does care for these things, I shall not let him go till I have examined him: and if he proves not really to have virtue but only to say that he has, I shall reproach him, as thinking most of the smallest things and least of the greatest. This I must do to all of you, young and old, who come in my way: for this is the god's bidding to me, as ye know. And my doing so is of the greatest benefit to the state. For I make it my business to persuade you, both young and old, not to care for riches nor for anything else so earnestly as for your souls. I remind you that riches do not produce virtue, but virtue brings riches and all other goods, private and public. If to exhort men thus be to pervert the young, this must be bad advice: but if any one says that I say anything but this, he says what is not true. And so, I should go on to say, O men of Athens, do as my accuser bids you or otherwise: acquit me, or acquit me not, I shall go on doing this and nothing else, were I to die many times.

“Be well assured, that, if you put me to death, you will not do me so much harm as yourselves. My accusers cannot harm me. No: a worse man cannot harm a better. He may indeed put him to death, or involve him in exile or ignominy: and perhaps he thinks these are very great evils. I do not think so.

I think it a far greater evil to do what he is now doing—to try to kill a man wrongfully. And so, Athenians, I am very far from delivering a defence of myself; I am defending you; defending you from condemning me because I use the gift which God has given me. For if you put me to death, you will not readily find any one who will fasten himself upon the city (to use a comparison which may seem to you odd, but which is very just) like a rider upon a horse, powerful and of good blood, but heavy and sluggish, and needing to be roused by the spur. I seem to be appointed by the god such a rider to this city, sitting close to you, and exciting you by persuasion and reproach, all day long without ceasing. Such another you will not readily find; and if you take my advice you will not destroy me. Perhaps you may be like persons who are angry because one wakes them when they are sleepy, and may shake me off, as Anytus bids you, and kill me; and then you may go on sleeping for the rest of your lives, except God in his care for you sends you another like me.

“That I am such a person, so given by God to the city, you may gather from this:—it is not like common human conduct, that I should neglect my own private business for so many years, and attend to yours, appealing to each man individually, like a father or an elder brother, and exhorting him to aim at virtue.

"If indeed I had got anything by this, and received pay from those whom I exhorted, there might have been some reason for it ; but now you see yourselves that the accusers, who have brought their other accusations with so much audacity, were not audacious enough to say or to prove by witnesses that I ever asked or received pay for what I did. I can offer you a very decisive witness the other way, namely, my poverty." *

After this resolute defiance it is matter of surprise, as Socrates himself observes, not that he was condemned, but that he was condemned only by a majority of six. Had three of those who condemned him voted the other way, he would have been acquitted. He is then asked, in accordance with the law, to propose a penalty for himself in place of that mentioned in the indictment,—death.

He says,—“You call upon me to say what I deserve. I say that I deserve to have my dinner at the public expense every day of my natural life, like the victors at the Olympic Games. And why do I say this? Because I have done you a greater service than any other man has done: I have devoted my life, I have sacrificed my prospects in order to serve you, by going about amongst you and bringing first one and then another to know himself: and to feel how much he has to learn. It

* From Dr. Whewell's translation.

is for this that you would put me to death. It is for this that I say I deserve to be maintained publicly."

In the meantime Plato and some other friends had persuaded him to offer a penalty of thirty minæ, for which they stood security. But this was refused and the penalty of death confirmed.

Upon this Socrates speaks once more, with just severity, to those who condemned him, with friendly earnestness to those who voted the other way. His death he says will be a blot upon the name of the city: no evil to himself, but the greatest of evils to his accusers. For the great object, he says, is not to escape death, but to escape wickedness. Wickedness runs faster than Death, and is more difficult to escape. "I, old and slow, am overtaken by the slower of these two: my accusers, quick and clever as they are, are overtaken by the quicker, viz. Wickedness. And now I go hence, sentenced by you to receive the penalty of death. But they go sentenced by truth to receive the penalty of wickedness and injustice. All this is for the best."

He prophesies to them that many others will arise instead of him to torment them until they return to virtue. "The only way to get rid of such troublesome people as myself is not to stop our mouths, but to mend your own lives. I would willingly talk, did the occasion permit, with those who voted against my death, and show them that this death is not an

evil. But time presses. We go our ways. I go to die. You go to live. But which of us is going the better way, God only knows."

This is the face of Socrates which he turned towards the world, such as we saw it on the battle field, quietly surveying both friends and foes, with a look of careless determination, yet not without a touch of human pity for their ignorance—and a kind of prophetic earnestness at the last. Some of those who had condemned him must have felt some uncomfortable qualms of remorse already, when the old man was led away to prison.

We will now go with him to the condemned cell, and then perhaps we shall see the other face of the man, which he showed to his friends.

Some of them wished to contrive his escape, but he said that though the Athenians had wronged him, it was his duty to obey his country's law. So he remained quietly in prison and in chains. Some weeks elapsed between the sentence and its execution. For just then the sacred vessel, that was yearly sent to Delos, had started, and it was not customary to put any one to death till its return.

Some half-dozen of those most faithful to him came daily to the prison to spend the long hours with him. And he entertained them with conversation in the usual way. One morning they were assembled earlier than usual, for the vessel had returned. At the same

moment Socrates was being released from his fetters, and receiving the intimation that he must die that day. They found him cheerfully remarking on the relief he felt at being freed from the fetters. And when his wife, overcome by her feelings, began to lament loudly and vehemently, he had her gently removed. Then he resumed the conversation with his friends in the old humorous eager strain, smiling on them with the dear old snub-nosed face, and looking sideways at them with the great, wise, mirthful eyes.

And though they had known him so long, they could not help feeling surprised, and a little angry too, that he should look so unconcerned, and speak so cheerfully, when he knew that he was just going to die, and to leave them his friends behind him, and to go into the unknown country beyond the grave.

“For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e’er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?”

“On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires——”

It is our good fortune to live in the year since the birth of our Lord 1859, and yet it is not yet such an easy thing to die. But this good man lived 400 years before life and immortality were brought to light. People then, as you may well fancy, had very dark

notions as to what happened to a man after he was dead—whether the breath of life which we call the soul was blown away into the air when it left the body, especially if one died in a high wind, or whether the man himself were crumbled to dust or to ashes with the body, or whether a ghost or shadow of him remained and lived an uncomfortable sort of life somewhere underground, or far away beyond the light of the sun,—how could they know, for no one had come from heaven to tell them?

But this man, Socrates, knew better, because he knew himself. He knew that he was an immortal being.

And so he made answer to his friends.—“Be not surprised nor angry. If I did not believe that I am going away to a happy country, I might be afraid to die. But there is a Providence in the other world as well as in this, and I know that I shall find friends there, for I shall meet there with all the just and wise men who have been put to death unrighteously, and have gone to the other world before me. I am sure it is so, for the soul which contemplates Truth and Right, which are eternal, cannot be itself subject to death. Do you suppose that you will bury Socrates, or that it is Socrates whom you will see presently a corpse? Depend upon it, I shall escape your hands; and that thing, which remains behind, dispose of how you will.”

So they talked for the rest of that day, how that the soul of a man cannot die : and he tried to make his friends believe that of which he felt so confident, that for a wise man to be delivered from the burden of the flesh is a happy change, and that the only work worth doing upon earth is that a man should learn to know himself and so prepare for death.

They talked till the sun was low in the western heaven and shedding its last beams upon the cliffs and hills of Attica. Then he rose and bathed himself (to save the trouble he said to those who should lay out his corpse), and then came back and conversed a little longer with his friends. By this time the sun was setting, and the gaoler came to announce that the poison was ready. He wept as he did so, and bade Socrates an affectionate farewell : for this man he said was not like the others who had come thither. And Socrates thanked him for his courtesy and bade him also farewell. Then the poison was brought ; and he reached forth his hand and took it without changing colour, and after some pleasant words to the man who brought it, lifted it steadily to his lips and drank it off smoothly and cheerfully, as if it had been a glass of wine. At this moment his friends could not refrain from tears, but he said, " What are you doing ? I am amazed at you. It was for this I sent the women away, because they would make a fuss and noise : and death ought to be a quiet thing."

Soon after this he lay down, and covered his face.

His last words should not be passed over. They are very touching to us, who see how absolutely the mind of Socrates was emancipated from the cave of heathenism. They remind us how religious forms, even when virtually cast off, may exercise their fascination still, from the power of habit. "Crito," he said, "I have vowed to sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius : see that it be paid, and don't forget." We cannot help recalling who it was that had shorn his head at Cenchrea, for he had a vow.

He had uncovered his face to say this. Presently they looked—his eyes were fixed. And Crito stooped down, and closed his mouth and eyes.

So passed away from earth the strangest and the greatest being of the ancient heathen world. The strangest outwardly, the greatest and wisest inwardly and really. Most speculative and yet most practical. Most speculative, because he was always engaged in thought, and because his mind was absolutely free. Most practical, because the whole aim of his thoughts was to inquire : How ought man to live ? and because, at every step, he brought his inquiry to the test of fact. He was the first who pursued knowledge as a religious duty, and sacrificed his life to truth. He was the first to feel what Bacon has so well expressed—"Into Philosophy, as into the kingdom of

Heaven, none can enter but as a little child." He was accordingly the first who formed any adequate conception of what is meant by knowledge.

He is the greatest of human teachers, because he was the most persevering inquirer: because, as a sacred duty, he proved all things, determined to hold fast that which was true.

He laid the foundation-stone of science in Man, of which it was reserved for our own Bacon to place the corner-stone in Nature. He alone, of those in his age, saw clearly, that before we can reason accurately concerning anything, we must first know, by inquiry, WHAT IT IS.

With extraordinary physical powers, and, it is said, naturally strong passions, he was the bravest, the gentlest, the purest, as well as the wisest of heathen men. He practised and taught perfectly the highest heathen virtues, in which, though Christianity has given them a new lustre, he is an example to many Christians,—the love of truth and self-control.

The lesson which he was sent to teach the world is never to be despised, and perhaps it has a peculiar interest for us at the present day.

It can hardly be questioned that we are now witnessing an intellectual impulse, at least in some classes of our community, such as has hardly been known since the Reformation. There are always many who, like the steady-going citizens in Socrates' time,

regard such a movement with unmixed alarm. It cannot be resisted, but it undoubtedly has attendant evils, which may be remedied. It is absurd to ask : How shall the diffusion of knowledge be prevented ? but there are two questions which it is not absurd to ask. One of these is : How shall knowledge be leavened to Christianity ? It is not for us to answer this here and now. There is another question which may prepare the way for a solution of it : How shall the diffusion of knowledge be not imaginary but real ? This may be illustrated by a fable after the manner of Socrates. "Two Goddesses," he might say, "ever walk the earth unseen,—the one a true, the other a false divinity:—the one bringing health, the other mischief, to the sons of men. The name of the one is Knowledge. The other is shifting and has many names. She calls herself Wisdom, but those who know her call her Conceit of Knowledge, pretended or fancied knowledge. Knowledge has her head in the clouds, and walks the earth with slow and stately march. But whithersoever she turns herself the other flies several leagues before her, and perverts men's minds. Some men she fills with vain conceit, until they fancy they have no more need of learning, and so think lightly of True Knowledge when she comes ; while many others, and those of the better sort of men, are so disgusted with her pranks that they hate the very name of Knowledge. And few, alas, and far

between, are those children of wisdom, who having patiently waited for the advent of True Knowledge, embrace and worship her when at last she comes."

To frustrate the devices of fancied or pretended knowledge, and so to prepare the way for the true, was the labour of Socrates. Is not this labour needed now? It is become so easy to have a smattering of knowledge, and the magnificent results of science appear so much our own, that we are apt to forget that familiarity with these results does not imply acquaintance with their principles. We are still more apt to forget that it is much easier to imbibe opinions than to think truly for ourselves. The highest result of education is the habit of constantly asking ourselves: Do I know this, or do I only seem to know it? Inquiry itself, indeed, must always be the business of a few; but the many, whose business is to act, should at least be so far imbued with its spirit as to refrain from ignorant assertion, and to know the real teacher when he comes.

Perhaps the most useful lesson taught by the death of Socrates is the fallaciousness of popular opinion, when not enlightened so far as this. The teacher we want, now and at all times, is not, first of all, the man who has most to tell us, and makes us think ourselves very wise, but rather the man who, like Socrates, has most thoroughly sifted his own

thoughts, and who therefore can make us feel our ignorance ; who by questioning us can make us conscious of an unexplored world within ; who is the most unsparing critic of our rude attempts at wisdom ; and who sets us reading, and thinking, and learning, and studying for ourselves.

Five Short Articles Contributed to the National Home-Reading Union.

EURIPIDES, POET, THINKER AND DRAMATIST.

(December, 1907.)

IN my volume on "Tragic Drama in Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Shakespeare," * I left out Euripides, because he appeared to me to present fewer affinities than his predecessors had done, to the great masterpieces of Shakespearean tragedy. His plays seemed more akin to *Cymbeline* and *Winter's Tale*, which belong rather to the category of romantic drama.

1. But he is confessedly a magnificent poet. When he is considered in this respect how many "beauties" at once recur to the mind ! Ion, the little Samuel of Greek religious story ; the virgin manhood of Hippolytus, that Adonis of Troezen ; the self-sacrifice (or martyrdom) of Polyxena, Macaria, Iphigenia ; the death of Pentheus, the Conservative

* Smith, Elder, 1904.

King; and, to mention only one of many lyric strains, the Ode in praise of Athens, which Professor Young, of Glasgow, encouraged the boy Tom Campbell to translate, and which has now been perfectly rendered, in a different manner, by Mr. Gilbert Murray.* What truth and richness of description; what vividness of narrative, what variety and picturesqueness of imagery! The language has not the naïve grandeur of Aeschylus, nor the terseness and studied parsimony of Sophocles, but flows equably in an abundant stream, with limpid clearness—or to borrow an expression from Plato, “with the quiet rapidity and smoothness of a river of oil.”

Euripides is the beloved of other poets. To Milton he is “Sad Electra’s poet,”† to Mrs. Browning:

“Our Euripides the human,
With his droppings of warm tears
And his touches of things common
Till they rise to touch the spheres.”‡

He is imitated by Racine and Goethe; and Robert Browning has built for him an enduring monument in his *Balaustion* and *Aristophanes’ Apology*.

2. The poet was also a philosophic thinker,—one whose thought was kindled with emotion and intimately related to the dominant tendencies of his age.

* *Medea*, lines 824 to 845; p. 48 of Mr. Murray’s translation.

† *Sonnet VIII*. Compare Browning, *Ar. Apology*, pp. 356–8.

‡ *Wine of Cyprus*, stanza xii.

Almost any epoch of human history may be characterized as a "moment of transition." But that well-worn phrase is peculiarly applicable to the condition of Hellas after the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War. Such experiences as those summed up by Thucydides in his chapter on the Plague of Athens and the Corcyrean sedition could not fail to produce confusion and disturbance of thought and to suggest deep problems to reflecting minds. And the "Sophists," who had visited Athens in the time of Pericles, had prepared the way for restless questionings. Is it wonderful that in such a time the heart of this poet and emotional thinker should have been oppressed with sadness, or that, in contemplating the lives surrounding him, his philosophy should have been deeply tinged with pessimism?

Sophocles also lived to the end of the war, but his mind had long since taken its bent. He remembered Aeschylus, and without sharing all the joyous confidence of that prophet of good, he retained throughout the unclouded serenity of an eye that, as Matthew Arnold said of him :

"Saw life steadily, and saw it whole."

Euripides was of the younger generation, who were immersed in the passions and the controversies, the cross-currents of feeling and opinion, belonging to a strange-disposed time. Fifteen years counted for much when events moved so rapidly.

He was addressing a divided audience ; and had to satisfy at once the mass of spectators to whom legend, myth, and ritual were intensely real, and the *élite* who, like himself, partook of the enlightenment, the doubtful disputations and the daring speculations of the later fifth century B.C.

He has been called "Euripides the Rationalist" ; and it is true that in embodying, as his art demanded, with modifications of his own, the traditions of his countrymen, he often betrays a profoundly sceptical mood. The Olympian gods are employed by him as a sort of "celestial machinery," to symbolize aspects of life and hidden springs of action. They are also accused as cruel and deceitful,—ashamed, as sometimes in Homer, of feeling a touch of compassion even for their worshippers ; or as Tacitus phrases it, "caring little for the peace of mortals, much for their punishment." At other times their very existence is called in question. Ion criticizes the conduct of his Divine Father, and Dionysus on the Stage betrays a doubt as to his own personality.*

It does not follow that the poet consciously sought to undermine the religion of his countrymen, or that we have a right to say with Balaustion—

"There are no gods,—no gods !
Glory to God, who saves Euripides." †

Great men in other ages, while clinging to ancient

* *Bacchae*, 629.

† *Ar. Apology*, *sub finem*.

usages, have questioned their foundations. No mode of thought is more familiar than that of sceptical conservatism. It is worth remembering that Plutarch, while casting about for some rational significance underlying Egyptian ceremonies, still writes as one convinced that the worship of the crocodile and other "bestial gods" would always continue.

But there are places where Euripides, while true to his mission, soars far beyond it, and reveals glimpses of things both human and divine, which mankind in subsequent ages have but slowly realized—

"O Earth's upholder, who on Earth dost dwell,
Whate'er thy name, hard to be guessed or known,
God, Law, Necessity, Nature or Mind,
I bow before thee ; since with noiseless tread
All mortal things thou guid'st the righteous way."

The religious conceptions of the time are fused in a sort of *Orphic Pantheism*. And when religion fails, Friendship consoles.† The captive or the slave shall not always be regarded as a human chattel. Honesty will rank before nobility.‡ The Sanctuary of Mercy will be raised above the blood-stained Altar of Revenge. Sympathy is claimed for the alien and the barbarian.§ Beyond this life there is reserved another stage of being. What it is

* *Troades*, 884.

† *Heracles*, *sub finem*.

‡ *Electra*.

§ *Medea*, *Iph. Taur.*

we know not, for it is veiled in clouds. But death is not the end,—only a transition.

Many passages, indeed, are strikingly “modern,” and it is not surprising that poets have sometimes been tempted to “read into” Euripides thoughts and sentiments which are really foreign to the Greek.*

3. Euripides as a dramatic artist, if not the greatest of “the Three,” † has certainly always been the most popular. The gibe of Aristophanes, that “his art died with him,” ‡ was signally falsified. The comic poet’s criticisms, however acute, need not detain us here. They refer partly to the choice of subjects, and partly to musical and other innovations in the form of production, but the verdict of Aristotle § deserves to be seriously considered. In defending Euripides from the charge of dwelling too much on the sadness of life, he says that, although his management of the fable (or dramatic economy) leaves much to be desired, he is certainly the “most tragic of poets.” The word “tragic” might possibly be rendered “sensational,” but Aristotle evidently employs it in a good sense. This weighty judgment may suggest the remark, that after reading a play of Euripides, what most remains in the mind is not

* See “Religion in Greek Literature,” by the present author (Longmans, 1898), pp. 303-313.

† R. Browning, *Ar. Apology*.

‡ *Frogs*, 869.

§ *Poet.*, 13, 10.

so much the impression made by the drama as a whole, as the beauty, or suggestiveness, or poignancy of particular scenes. He has a keen eye for exceptional *situations*, and these sometimes weigh more with him than the building up of characters or the gradual development of the main action. But he is, perhaps, unequalled in the calling forth of pity. Of this one example must suffice. It is told by Plutarch, in his "Life of Pelopidas," that Alexander, the wicked tyrant of Pherae, whose cruelty to his own kindred was proverbial, on witnessing a performance of the *Trojan Woman*, was struck so to the soul that he rushed out of the theatre, because he could not bear that the populace should behold him weeping. It has been thought that Shakespeare had this in mind when he made the King in *Hamlet* call for "lights." Be this as it may, Hamlet's demand of the actor to "come to Hecuba" is a wonderful tribute after twenty centuries to the poignant pathos of Euripides.

The pessimistic thinker was a realist in dramatic art. Hence much of the censure of Aristophanes;—much also of the general popularity. And hence the saying attributed to Sophocles that "Euripides represented men as they were and not as they ought to be." As Socrates "brought down philosophy from Heaven to Earth," so Euripides came down from the ampler Ether of the Ideal to the ordinary

atmosphere of everyday humanity. Old-fashioned spectators were shocked to see the heroes and heroines of legendary Hellas made subject to the petty cares, the light vanities, the mean craft and low-born malice of the actual world. But these "touches of things common" delighted the average Athenian; and he also revelled in the long-drawn rhetorical altercations which leave the modern reader or spectator cold. Those "two ways of reasoning about anything and everything," of which Protagoras spoke, had still the charm of novelty, as in the speeches of Thucydides.

In point of construction, many dramas of Euripides have several turns which, according to John Dryden (in agreement with Aristotle, *l.c.*), is a characteristic of the weaker sort of tragedy. Instead of the rise and fall of one great central theme we have sometimes, as in the *Orestes*, a succession of more or less external incidents, until the final issue for good or evil is arrived at.

Or, when the main crisis is past, and the catastrophe seems to be at hand, a god or demigod appears from above and brings about an unexpected solution. This expedient, employed by Sophocles only in the *Philoctetes* amongst extant plays, has sometimes the effect of a happy ending, in compliance with a growing "weakness of the theatre." And generally it serves to bring back the imaginary

action within the framework of the traditional legend.

The legends, which formed the staple of the Attic drama, had already been largely exploited by previous dramatists, and had been variously altered and embroidered by the lyric poets. Hence, in aiming at originality and self-expression, the learned Euripides often selected an unfamiliar type, to which he added variations of his own. This was probably one reason for his method of exposition by means of a prologue addressed to the audience by a single personage, divine or human. The speech of Aphrodite, in opening the *Hippolytus*, is a familiar example.

Of the lost plays, to judge from fragments and allusions, none are more to be regretted than the *Erechtheus*, the *Antiopa*, the *Phaëthon* and the *Andromeda*. In the last-named drama, the first love of the pure maiden for her deliverer seems to have resembled that of Shakespeare's Miranda for Ferdinand.

Here are some lines from a fragment of the *Phaëthon*. The daughters of the Sun are preparing for their brother's wedding, and describe—

“Those dulcet sounds at break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage” :—

“Philomela trills her love
At grey dawn in leafy grove :
'Itys, Itys!' hear her cry
Sadly, yet most tunefully.

Reed-pipes under mountain firs
Cheer the flock that nimbly stirs.
Colt and filly side by side
Hie them to the pasture wide.
Huntsmen, eager for the chase,
Bent on slaughter, boldly race ;
And the swan, on Ocean's springs
Gaily floating, sweetly sings :
While trim barks with stalwart oar
Loose them from the sunlit shore,
And before the favouring gale
With taut ropes and bellying sail
Gliding o'er the snow-white foam,
Scorning thoughts of rest and home,
Ever onward gladly roam."

Lewis Campbell.

Euripides has his place amongst the immortals. Let us leave him there, without inquiring too curiously what precise rank he holds in Dante's Eternal Rose. His remains afford ample opportunity for appreciation, criticism and discussion.

ON THE GROWTH OF THE DRAMATIC ELEMENT IN AESCHYLUS.

(January, 1908.)

GREEK Tragedy grew out of choral song, with reminiscences of epic narrative. But the spirit of drama was there from the first, representing an imagined action through eye as well as ear. For the dancers moved in harmony with what they chanted,

and the narrator, catching the same inspiration, spoke with a liveliness of tone and gesture that would not have suited with the dignity of epic recitation. His words were addressed to the Chorus, and gave the motive for a renewal of their songs. And with the introduction of a second speaker the elements of dramatic dialogue were complete.

As the art developed, dramatic interchange gained on the lyric outpourings: the Chorus were no longer the chief performers, and the action was presented mainly through the persons on the stage, who now really acted, and did not merely recite. The function of the Chorus was to express the emotions awakened by the action, to idealize them, and to give them a religious sanction.

The final stages of this growth or evolution may be seen in the remaining works of Aeschylus, of which the chronological order of production is approximately known.

The *Suppliant Women*, a charming composition, has rather the effect of a cantata than of a drama proper. A slender thread of dialogue serves merely to support long outbursts of choral song. And for the most part the dialogue takes place between one actor and the chorus of maidens.

The same is true to some extent of the *Persians* although here the person of Atossa is more distinct than that of Danaus or Pelasgus, and the Messenger's

splendid description of the battle of Salamis has an epic ring, transfused with lyrical emotion. The apparition of Darius also forms an impressive episode, and is essentially dramatic.

In the *Seven against Thebes*, the choral element begins to be subdued, and epic narrative and description to prevail. The Messenger's account of the seven hostile chiefs is comparatively undramatic in tone. But at the culminating point, where Eteocles declares his resolution to go forth in defence of Thebes and of his throne, to meet his brother in combat and to dare the issue with impending doom, the sympathy of the spectator is roused to the height. A more dramatic moment can hardly be conceived.*

We now come to the great Orestean trilogy and are reminded that each of the plays which we have so far considered is only a fragment of a greater whole. We cannot tell what may have been the proportion of lyric to dialogue in the parts which are lost. Taking the extant trilogy as a whole we perceive, on a merely external view, that through

* Compare the fatal quarrel of the two brothers in Tennyson's *Elaine* :—

“A horror lived about the glen, and clave
Like its own mists to all the mountain side :
For here two brothers, one a king, had met
And fought together ; but their names were lost.
And each had slain his brother at a blow,
And down they fell and made the glen abhorred.”

the greater part of the first piece (or act) the lyric element prevails, while the speeches, especially those of the Herald, retain something of the characteristically epic manner: that, as the action approaches the main crisis of the *Agamemnon*, the dramatic note is intensified, and is maintained throughout the second piece, the *Choëphoroe*, in which the whole action culminates; while in the third and final portion, the *Eumenides*, the Chorus again hold a principal rôle, and the performance ends with a sort of pageant, in which lyric and dramatic elements are interwoven.

But when, after reading the three plays consecutively, we review the whole long drama, we become aware how marvellously the poet's tragic art has deepened and developed. How profoundly he has felt, how powerfully he makes us feel, the accumulated horrors that were heaped on "Pelops' line"! From the opening of the *Agamemnon* to the catastrophe, the scene is overhung with a dense atmosphere of gloom. If a "dreary gleam" appears for a moment, it is immediately swallowed up. The Watchman's loyal anticipation of his lord's return is crossed by his knowledge of a dark secret which he will not reveal. The elders in their opening chant strive hard to make the note of good prevail, but they cannot shake off the remembrance of Iphigenia's sacrifice.

Through Clytemnestra's triumphant description of the beacon-fires there penetrates a sinister defiant

forecast of her purposes, and she proceeds to dwell on the reverse of the medal in a speech that is replete with evil auguries. The fall of Troy reminds the Elders of the sin of Paris. There are other sins which may bring like retribution. There is a curse on king-made wars. The heavens frown upon the man of blood.

Then comes the Herald, joying in his safe return, and glorying in his people's victory. But all athwart his glorying he is forced to tell of the storm which broke the fleet, and parted Menelaus from his brother king. The Elders look back to Helen and the Fall of Troy, and moralize on Divine Nemesis, and the power that visits man for wrong.

The King arrives with the captive Princess Cassandra in his car. He is welcomed by the Elders with ambiguous words, and by the Queen in a speech where it is hard to tell whether hypocrisy or covert irony prevails. She persuades him to signalize his triumph by treading over embroidered carpets to his expectant home. That is felt by the Greek spectator as the presumptuous act which will precipitate his doom, and by the Queen as her "crowning mercy." Her exultation vents itself in an apostrophe to Zeus.

The gloom thickens and becomes oppressive. There is a darkness that may be felt, and the Chorus utter dim forebodings unrelieved by hope. The

storm-cloud is at the blackest, but before it bursts Cassandra prophesies. In her second-sighted trance she summons up remembrance of past horrors and then intimates, not obscurely, the crime that is immediately to be. But her well-known destiny is to foretell and not to be believed, and the Elders remain blind until with lightning suddenness there pierces forth the death-shriek of the King.

No scene in all dramatic literature is more tragic, none more pregnant at once with awe and pity, none more perfectly adapted to its position and to the furtherance of the main purpose of the drama. The horrific pause of awe-struck expectation, the contrast between the pathetic victim and the "man-souled" Queen; the last appeal of Cassandra as she leaves the stage—could any preparation for the violent shock which makes the turning-point be more admirably designed? Clytemnestra's bold avowal, her defiance of the weak old men, the entrance of Aegisthus with his guards, and a faint anticipation of the sequel, form the fitting conclusion of a magnificent play. But the conclusion only prepares for a new beginning. To stop here would be like ending the tragedy of Macbeth with the murder of Duncan. The *Choëphoræ* answers to the third act of a five-act tragedy. The business of the trilogy culminates at the point where the mother is confronted with the divinely-ordained matricide. An interval of several

years is pre-supposed, during which Orestes has grown up in exile under the protection of Apollo. He returns with Pylades and offers the sacred lock of hair at his father's tomb. Electra, followed by a train of Trojan captives, who are devoted to the memory of Agamemnon, comes bearing the libation which Clytemnestra, warned by a terrific dream, has sent in the vain hope of propitiating the dead. Electra finds the lock,* and the famous recognition follows. Then the brother and sister, supported in their dire purpose by the Barbarian women, make a long-drawn invocation to the spirit of Agamemnon. When the audience have been sufficiently impressed, both with the dreadfulness and the necessity of the pre-destined deed, the drama proceeds with rapidity and directness to the stupendous issue. Orestes has avenged his father and obeyed Apollo. The Chorus imagine that now all is well. "The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth." But his mother's Furies, unseen by others, appear to Orestes and pursue him forth. Thus the catastrophe of this central play again forms only the transition towards the final consummation—

"Whither will the sway
Of Fate lead forth the issue? Where shall cease
Fell Atè's fury? When be lulled to peace?"

* Dr. Verrall has ingeniously suggested that the Pelopidae, being of foreign origin, had hair of a different colour from the natives of Mycenae.

Orestes flies to Delphi, where the third and concluding drama, the *Eumenides*, begins. After a short prelude, in which the Furies, now in visible form, are checked by Apollo, another interval of months or years elapses, and the scene is changed to the Acropolis of Athens.

The discord is now apparent, which in the course of this great drama is to be resolved and harmonized through the revelation of a higher law.

Archaeologists may find here some traces of a primeval conflict of the patriarchal with the matriarchal principle. But in the mind of Aeschylus the struggle involved was far higher and more spiritual, between Athenian Equity and the old tradition of Revenge. The opposite claims of justice and mercy are reconciled through the wisdom of Athena embodied in her solemn Court of the Areopagus. The blind Fury, the hereditary Curse, is transformed into the gentle and far-sighted guardian of civic and domestic rights, a perpetual source of blessing to the home and commonwealth. She has a sacred place allotted to her beside the Parthenon.

This closing portion of the great trilogy contains political and temporary allusions, which, when we throw ourselves back into the time, detract nothing from the ideal grandeur of the work, which combines religious wisdom with exultant patriotism. It appears, then, that the conflict, so full of awe and pity, which

is the theme of tragedy, results not merely from the clashing of human volitions, but from the contrasted working of superhuman powers, and is the outcome of divine antinomies which are ultimately harmonized.

Such was Aeschylean art in its maturity. And it has yet another aspect, in which the scene is removed entirely from the mortal world, and occupied exclusively by immortals. Of this kind was the Promethean trilogy, of which we possess what was probably the second piece. No work of antiquity has made a more profound and lasting impression than the *Prometheus Bound*. I shall hope in a future article to have something to say about this grand and simple creation, and to direct attention to some of the cardinal ideas which underlay Greek tragedy, with special reference to the mode in which they were conceived by Aeschylus.

LEADING IDEAS IN AESCHYLEAN TRAGEDY.

(February, 1908.)

THE legends which formed the basis of Greek Tragedy by supplying the fable were instinct with an early phase of religious thought and feeling. The rise and fall of powerful personalities, the change of

dynasties, the "fury of the oppressor" continuing for a while and passing away—had impressed the popular imagination with awe and wonder; and a primitive philosophy inferred the operation of superhuman powers, either subordinate to, or co-ordinate with, the sovereign will of Zeus.

1. FATE, conceived as singular or plural, presided over the issues of life and death. No human foresight could prevail against the decrees of Destiny. Or if foretold by some Oracular voice, her decisions were no less inevitable.

2. Calamities were due to Divine anger for disobedience, or the breach of ordinances, ceremonial or moral; and the ERINYES or Furies were the appointed executants of such Retribution.

3. The power of the CURSE, uttered perhaps by an ancestor for some unnatural deed, pursued the descendants, however innocent, from generation to generation.

4. This heredity of evil was the work of a Spirit or Demon—the ALASTOR.

5. He worked through ATE, infatuation, precipitating disaster: "*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*"

6. Divine malignity. God looks with ENVY on the prosperity of mortals, and when it passes a certain limit, will not allow it to continue, but casts them down.

7. A slightly less superstitious form of this idea,

sometimes worshipped as a Deity, was NEMESIS, the Spirit or principle of equal distribution.

Such were the crude fancies which Aeschylus found informing the traditional *Saga*, and enhancing the horror and the pity of tragic themes.

But already amongst his contemporaries conceptions of a higher order had supervened. Above all, the supremacy of JUSTICE, on which Solon had insisted, was largely realized by the better Athenian mind; and the poet could make use of this to enlighten and uplift the thoughts of his countrymen. Calamity is now regarded as due to the excess, not of prosperity merely, but of impious pride. God will not forsake the righteous.

The mind of Aeschylus, however, had risen far beyond the horizon of his age; and in dwelling on those "old, unhappy far-off things" that were the materials of his art, he dealt with problems of eternal significance. What, in the last resort, is the worthiest conception of the Divine? Shall there be no end to

"Action and reaction,
The miserable see-saw of our child-world?"*

Shall not righteousness at last prevail?

Aeschylus was no pessimist, though no man ever realized more vividly the power of evil. With prophetic glance he saw a light beyond;† and the recent

* Tennyson's *Queen Mary*, iv. 3.

† Compare Jowett on the character of St. Paul:—"The prophet . . . does not see clearly into the laws of this world,

experience of the Hellenes who, under the protection of their gods and heroes, had rolled back the tide of barbarism, and of Athens in particular, who had won her way to national and political freedom, supported the proud confidence of his faith and hope.

That which is most characteristic of him is an idea of Progress, not conceived as moving towards a distant future, but in actual course of realization under the guidance of God. This progress, like the Fire of Heraclitus, is evolved through conflict and debate, and leads from Chaos to Cosmos—from moral confusion in the distant past towards the triumph of Order, Wisdom and Equity, in the all-but present.

And in the seven extant plays, viewed chronologically, it is not fanciful to trace a corresponding progress in the mind of Aeschylus himself.

In the *Suppliant Women*, through the veil of a weird mythology, there penetrates a sublime apprehension of Eternal Power. Zeus is "lord of inexhaustible years." He is "King of Kings—of blessed ones most blessed; most absolute in might." He "hasteth not, as one who labours at another's bidding, or worships at a superior's shrine"—

"With Him alone, thought, word and deed are one.

Whate'er he thinks, he saith, and when he saith, 'tis done."

But although protection of the suppliant is enforced or the affairs of this world, but has a light beyond, which reveals them partially in their relation to another."

under tremendous sanctions, although it is felt that Zeus cannot forsake the work of His hands, there does not as yet appear any clear or adequate vision of Divine Righteousness.*

Again, the Theban trilogy, of which the *Seven against Thebes* was the concluding portion, seems to have been in the strictest sense a "tragedy of Doom." True, the doom is retributive. The dark destiny, which haunts the house of Laius, is the consequence of his disobedience, and of his unnatural crime; and the Curse of Oedipus, so terribly fulfilled, was provoked by the unfilial conduct of his sons. But the mysterious law, by which the sins of the fathers are visited on the children and an inherited Atè persecutes the race, remains unmodified. The knot is unresolved: the horror is unrelieved. The splendid patriotism of Eteocles in defiance of Fate, is grand, but leaves us unconsolated.

It is otherwise with the two trilogies in which the mature mind of the poet was expressed—the Oresteian and the Promethean Series. In the former, which we can study as a whole, there is a manifest progress through the war of opposites from Chaos to Cosmos in the human sphere—from "the wild justice of Revenge" to the Reign of Equity. And although

* This drama is singular in reflecting some primeval contention between Aryan "exogamy," and the "endogamy" which is supposed to have prevailed in Egypt.

the *Prometheus Unbound* is lost to us, yet from anticipations in the extant play and fragments of the sequel we learn that this grand creation was inspired by the still loftier conception of a progress in the region of the Divine, from a Universe where Power and Goodness, Will and Wisdom, Authority and Beneficence, were violently opposed, to the World over which Zeus now reigns in righteousness, where religion is one with human freedom, and Power is put forth in harmony with justice, mercy and truth.

The horrors that haunted Pelops' house were not inferior to those of the Cadmean race. And the Powers that worked for evil there were of a kindred stamp: the primal Atè, the beginning of sorrows, the curse of the wronged ones, and generally the spirit of Revenge, besides the outrage on maternal feeling in the sacrifice of Iphigenia. This last gives the immediate motive for Clytemnestra's act. Yet in her contention with the Elders, when they give her the cue, she accepts the position which their words suggest, that in her passionate crime she is the incarnation of the demon of the race (*Alastor*). The keynote of the Choral strains has been Retributive Justice: "The doer shall suffer; blood will have blood." But in the end they are seriously perplexed: "Robber is robbed; slayer slain." Are the torrents of the blood-storm never to abate?

Then follows in the *Choëphori* the supreme crisis, the crowning antinomy, in which matricide is at once a religious duty and an unnatural crime. Orestes now becomes the central figure, round whose head there rages the fierce conflict between the Furies and Apollo, between the powers of darkness and the Lord of light. The spirit of vengeance carries in its breast the seeds of Righteous Order, which blooms and fructifies beneath the fostering tendance of Athena. By her persuasive eloquence the Furies are transformed to Gentle Beings, still awful and a terror to the evil-doer, but fraught with countless blessings for those who observe the laws of the family and the State.

The *Prometheus* answers most nearly to the Aristotelian definition of a "*simple*" tragedy, and yet of all Aeschylean creations it is the most sublime. The sufferings of the great Culture-Deity, oppressed and tormented because of his goodwill to men, have made an ineffaceable impression on the European mind. But from the accident which has isolated this, the second drama of a trilogy, from the other component parts, the intention of the poet has been imperfectly understood. In the *Prometheus Bound*, the Divine Attributes of Power and Wisdom, Sovereignty and Benevolence, are seen as in conflict. Yet we know that they were reconciled. So Prometheus himself foretells:—

"Then shall the settled frown
 Be smoothed upon his brow to gentle peace :
 Then shall his anger cease,
 And both our hearts, that after vengeance yearned,
 To love and loyal friendship shall be turned."

In Christian theology there have been phases of dogma in which the Divine Sovereignty has been asserted in terms that seemed irreconcilable with the no less Divine Attribute of Mercy ; while the exercise of human reason in free inquiry has been condemned as irreverence and impiety. In the reaction against such obscurantism, the image of the rebellious Titan has been welcomed as a type of emancipation. For Goethe, he symbolized the supremacy of the human intellect. To Shelley, the born rebel, he appeared prophetic of a time when all constraints of law and custom should be removed.

"The loathsome veil has fallen. The man remains,—
 Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man ;
 Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
 Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
 Over himself ; just, gentle, wise, but man."

They misconstrued Aeschylus ; who, in presenting this imaginary conflict "in the dark backward and abysm of time," intends to glorify the justice and beneficence of the Divine Order, the reign of Law and Equity, in which he heartily believed.

The *Prometheus* shows a great advance not only in thought but in dramatic art beyond the *Suppliant*

Women, which from touching on the same myth of Io, has sometimes been treated as a companion drama. The parallel and contrast between the sufferings of Prometheus and those of the wandering maid, the undaunted faithfulness of the tender and delicate Ocean-nymphs, the compassion of Hephaestus for a kindred god, all admirably serve to heighten the main impression.

The drama of the *Persians* stands alone in having a subject not drawn from legend or mythology, but from recent history, which the poet himself had helped to make. There is still a contrast of human conditions, but it is a contrast not of past and present, but of barbarian and hellenic life, the antithesis of arbitrary rule to the ordered liberty of a law-abiding people. The idea of Destiny is also present ; but it is characteristic of the poet that the doom which has been foretold is hastened by the impiety of Xerxes and his overweening pride. The *Persae* is a Paean-song of victory ; but the note of triumph is subdued with awestruck pity for the vanquished and reverence for the sacred principles through which under Divine guidance success has been achieved.

To return once more to the question of dramatic art. It is a common observation that the persons in Aeschylean drama are rather typical than individual. The forms are colossal, but the lines, though clearly drawn and deeply incised, are few. Minute touches

are wanting. To this rule there is at least one signal exception.

Clytemnestra is a finished portrait. Her motherly affection turned to gall ; her proud exultation when the opportunity arrives for her revenge ; her power of dissimulation, supported by the strength of her resolve, and flavoured with irony ; her firm reliance on the man who stands by her ; and lastly the surviving strain of womanhood which bids her pause (like Lady Macbeth) when there has been enough of bloodshed, are characteristics that form a rounded and convincing whole, and give assurance of an art that is mature. And the dramatic contrasts just noticed in the *Prometheus*, no less than that between Clytemnestra and Cassandra in the *Agamemnon*, or in a less degree between Orestes and Electra in the *Choëphori*, have the firmness as well as the strength and certainty belonging to a master hand.

THE "MIND AND ART" OF SOPHOCLES.

(March, 1908.)

I.

SOPHOCLES' fame as a consummate artist has sometimes obscured his merit as a thinker and teacher. Beauty and truth are so blended in his work that it is difficult to view them separately. He is not, indeed, to be compared with Aeschylus as a prophet and

religious genius ; but the thoughts which animate his creations are highly significant, and of enduring value. He has a clear untroubled vision of the facts of human life, and a deep sense of a Divine Power controlling them. Professor Jowett's words in speaking of Plato's *Phaedrus* are peculiarly applicable to him : "Underneath the marble exterior of Greek literature was concealed a soul thrilling with spiritual emotion." The smoothness of the composition and the fineness of the successive steps through which an effective climax is produced, are due not merely to calculated arrangement, but much more to the intensity—"reason concentrated in feeling," as Professor Jowett says—with which the dramatic situation is conceived.

Adhering more closely than his predecessor to epic tradition, and assuming the same cardinal motives of Destiny, Retributive Justice, *Atè*, Nemesis, and the rest, he modifies these conceptions through the direct contemplation of human experience. *Fate*, for example, becomes (as in Shakespeare) an equivalent for the incalculable element,—“the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world” ; while *Atè* represents the influence of passion precipitating misfortune. All is humanized, and at the same time all is acknowledged as divine.

1. The work of Sophocles, no less than that of Aeschylus, is dominated by an ideal ; but the ideal

of either poet is distinct. To employ a convenient mode of expression, which recent writers on philosophy have made familiar, the idea of Sophocles is not progressive towards an "Ultimate," but related to an "Absolute." It is "static" rather than "dynamic." The thought of Aeschylus was compared in a former article to Heraclitus' Law of Change. The mind of Sophocles has more affinity with Parmenides, who believed in a reality behind appearances, eternal, timeless, and unchangeable. One aspect of such belief in Sophocles, most prominent in the *Antigone* and the *King Oedipus*, is the conception of the Unwritten Laws. This idea, in common with that of Human Nature, was a possession of the Periclean Age. By Thucydides* and by the accuser of Andocides, it is said to have been enforced by Pericles himself. But in the latter case it is referred to the teaching of the Eumolpidae, the authorized exponents of Eleusinian Religion.†

"The infallible, unwritten laws of Heaven,
Not now or yesterday they have their being,
But everlastingly, and none can tell
The hour that saw their birth." ‡

"Children of Heaven, of Ether born,
No mortal knew their natal morn,
Nor may Oblivion's waters deep
E'er lull their wakeful spirit asleep,
Nor creeping Age o'erpower the mighty God
Who far within them makes His unprofaned abode." §

* Thuc. II., 37.

† Ant., 454-7.

‡ [Lys.] c. Andocidem, p. 10.

§ O. T., 865-71.

2. Another aspect of the Sophoclean ideal, anticipated in the *Ajax*, and more clearly embodied in the *Philoctetes* and the *Oedipus at Colonus*, is the conviction that the noble human spirit cannot be altogether forsaken by God. In the inscrutable wisdom of Providence, through its own passionate errors (Aj., O.C.), or from the wrongdoing of others, it may suffer for a while, or even meet with irremediable disaster ; but it is none the less assured of the Divine favour.

Sophocles does not share in the buoyant optimism which pulses through the *Prometheus* and the *Eumenides* : he does not preach peace in this world even to the righteous ; but (like Shakespeare in *King Lear*) he makes it clearly felt that, in spite of error and wrong, generosity and nobleness, innocence and purity of heart, the faithfulness of affection, devotion to public duty, have an inestimable and eternal value.

3. More generally, in all his plays there is a pervading contrast between the Apparent and the Real. The Will of Zeus or the Decree of Destiny is certain and irrefragable. But it is hidden from the persons of the drama. Ajax is ruined and disgraced, but vindicated. Oedipus is flourishing and successful ; but all the while a worm is at the root of his prosperity. Electra despairs, but triumphs. Dêanira's forebodings are for the moment falsified and she rejoices ; but her joy is quickly turned to sorrow.

Philoctetes is rejected, but is destined to a glorious victory. The ruined Oedipus is banished as accursed ; but his end is peace.

II.

I. To turn from the spirit to the form : this opposition of Appearance to Reality is expressed and emphasized through what has been called "The Irony of Sophocles," which is perhaps better described as "pathetic contrast," accentuating as it does, the two-fold effects of pity and awe. This motive (which is present in all tragedy) is most conspicuous in *Oedipus the King*, where the whole action turns on the solution of a complex mystery. The elaborate skill which the poet has here employed, extending to minute touches, is certainly most remarkable. Oedipus proudly undertakes the search and denounces the criminal in terms which in the sequel prove exactly applicable to himself. Ignorant of his real position, unaware of his own mental blindness, he describes the prophet as blind in eyes and mind. Jocasta is welcomed as a reconciler who will restore tranquillity, but in trying to reassure Oedipus, she unconsciously discloses the crucial fact which horrifies him, but proves to be only the beginning of horrors.

The Corinthian messenger brings news, for which he hopes reward, but he drives Jocasta to despair,

and when he is confronted with the Theban shepherd, the whole dreadful truth is revealed to Oedipus.

It would be a mistake, however, to dwell exclusively on this, which is, after all, only an incidental feature, and is not equally present everywhere. In the *Trachiniae*, for instance, while D  anira's unconsciousness is touchingly apparent in her reception of Iole, in the following scene it is not her unconsciousness, but her presentiment, that produces the tragic effect. And this may remind us of Coleridge's remark in commenting on Lear's ejaculation, "Oh let me not be mad!" "The deepest tragic notes are often struck by a half-sense of an impending blow." . . . "As the feeling with which we startle at a shooting star, compared with that of watching the sunrise at the pre-established moment, such and so low is surprise compared with expectation." Job's complaint also returns to mind: "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me. I was not at ease, neither was I quiet, yet trouble came."

2. In the construction of a Sophoclean drama that which most demands our notice is the increase of concentration. Sophocles is said to have abandoned the Aeschylean method of connecting three plays in a series on a continuous theme.* Thus the action

* On this subject see Jebb's "Essays and Addresses," pp. 446-478, especially p. 477: "It is only when the single tragedy has become the measure of dramatic art that drama reigns in its own right."

becomes more complex and more unified. And certainly, in respect of most of his extant plays, each drama seems to form a complete whole. Perhaps, however, the *Electra* and *Trachiniae* may leave something to be desired at the close. For those who remembered the *Choëphoroe* and *Eumenides* could hardly acquiesce in the satisfaction of the Argive women with the accomplished matricide. And the remonstrance of Hyllus against the cruelty of Zeus to his own son must have sounded strangely in the ears of those who knew of the hero's apotheosis. Some Euripidean *deus ex machinâ* or a second messenger seems to be required. And since the *Trachiniae* as it stands is by far the shortest of the seven, there is room for something of the kind.

3. Although the presence and working of super-human powers is throughout acknowledged, they are not, as in Aeschylus, brought actually on the stage. The Gods are withdrawn into an Unseen Heaven. Athena at the opening of the *Ajax* appears to Odysseus, but from afar off, and is recognized by the voice only. She is invisible to Tecmessa, and is heard by Ajax in a delirious dream. And at one decisive moment the glorified Heracles appears to Philoctetes and Neoptolemus from above. But these are marked exceptions. As a rule, the will of Zeus is brought out entirely through human character and circumstance. The light is focussed on the little

group of passionate mortals, cajoled by hope and blinded by desire, whose fortunes are the business of the scene. And the poet's art is employed in the delineation of the great primary emotions of humanity.

4. Sophocles' mode of characterization is a subject for special treatment and I hope to return to it in some future article. What is most to be observed is the careful adaptation of the chief characters to the situation, and of all the characters to one another, so that each may contribute in due proportion to the entire complex effect. Thus the relation of Teucer and Tecmessa to Ajax, the contrast between Antigone and Ismene, the person of Jocasta making the spectator shudder and accentuating the central horror, that of Hyllus the reconciler, of Neoptolemus the ingenuous, alternately wrought upon by Odysseus and Philoctetes, and that of Theseus the magnanimous, have each their well-considered function.

And it deserves the consideration of those critics who imagine Shakespeare to have exhausted all passionate human experiences, that one who in his own person was chiefly noted for equability and serenity has represented with masterly insight not only the illusiveness of desire and hope, but in several instances (El., Phil., O.C.) the tyranny of a fixed idea.*

* On this and other points here touched upon I may refer the reader to my little monograph on "Sophocles" in "Green's Classical Writers." Macmillan and Co.

5. The Chorus, though still taking part in the action, now holds a subordinate position. In their lyrical measures they reflect partly the way in which the action appears to the immediately surrounding world, and partly the universal emotion which it is calculated to call forth. Thus they represent at once the average and the "ideal" spectator.

The entrance or *parodos* of the Chorus is preceded by an opening scene (*prologos*).

III.

Attempts have sometimes been made to connect the subjects of Sophoclean drama with political events. Thus the *Antigone*, produced in the time of Pericles, has been imagined to refer to the "rule of the first citizen," the *King Oedipus* to the plague of Athens and the "accursed" Alcmaeonidae, the *Philoctetes* to the recall of Alcibiades, and the like.

Whatever may be the value of such conjectures, they do not in any way detract from the perfection of the dramas named. Sophocles' treatment of his theme once chosen is independent of temporary associations.

I have myself made two suggestions of this nature, and though they have not met with much acceptance, they still seem to me not improbable.

1. I think that the *Trachiniae* must have been produced about the time of the Peace of Nicias. The

sad fate of the mother of the Heracleids was a subject fitted to please the friends of Sparta, and her prayer on seeing the captive Iole, that her seed might never know captivity, was calculated to evoke compassion for the men of Pylos, some of whom might well claim to be her descendants.

2. And I believe that the second Oedipus, in which the local sanctities of Colonus take the place of the corresponding shrine on the Acropolis, must have been in some way associated with the oligarchical revolution of 411 B.C., which was constituted in an assembly held on that very spot. This conjecture was thrown out in my edition of 1879, and developed somewhat more at length in the *Classical Review* for February, 1906.

THE PERSONS IN THE "KING OEDIPUS" AND THE "AJAX."

(April, 1908.)

II.

I SAID in a previous paper that the chief point to observe in Sophoclean characterization was the adaptation of character to situation. I now propose to illustrate this from the *King Oedipus* and the *Ajax*, reserving the remaining plays for future treatment.

1. Oedipus was predestined to be guilty, without knowing it, of parricide and incest—the fatal breach of the most sacred of the Eternal Laws, whose violation involved irreparable ruin. That was the *datum* of the fable. How shall the horror and the pity of such a theme be made most evident? That was the problem for the tragic poet.

Sophocles had, then, two things principally in view,—to evoke as powerfully as possible the sympathetic emotions of terror and compassion, and to impress on the audience the tremendous sanctions attending on the primeval principles of domestic purity and peace. And, in accordance with his general method, the decree of fate must be worked out through human agency. Oedipus is himself to make the discovery, and he must experience the effect of it to the full. His nature must in some way render him liable to the misfortunes prepared for him, and also make him more than ordinarily susceptible to the bitterness of their result.

His character is conceived accordingly. He is noble and generous, public-spirited, profoundly affectionate and pure in heart, but passionate and impulsive to a degree unsuspected by himself. While borne on the tide of apparent prosperity, surrounded by the well-earned gratitude and loyalty of the people who have adopted him, he is energetic, prompt in action, self-possessed. And in the new

emergency he goes forth fearlessly to solve the mystery which the oracle has set forth. When denounced by Teiresias, he is roused to righteous indignation, and only for a moment, when the prophet hints at his birth, a long-slumbering mis-giving is re-kindled in him. This doubt, however, is overborne by his public zeal. But when Jocasta's mention of the homicide at the cross-road has recalled to his mind the fatal scene, and he surmises that the stranger who there encountered him was the King of Thebes, his soul is stirred to its depths, and in the recital to his wife which follows, while the antecedent circumstances are made known, the man's inmost nature is laid bare. The ingenuous youth whose comfort in his Corinthian home was poisoned by what seemed an idle word, until persistent rumour made uncertainty intolerable and drove him to Delphi ; the chance encounter while his heart was hot within him, followed by the impulsive blow ; his frank confession to her who now is partner of his joys and sorrows,—every touch in the narration reveals some leading characteristic ; until, most pathetic of all, the thought that he may have killed the man whose throne and queen have become his, appears to him the acmè of abomination,—though the spectator knows how far short this is of the dreadful truth.

Thus we are placed in a position to estimate the effect that will be produced on such a nature, when

in the impetuous pursuit of his self-imposed quest he discovers the full extent of his unconscious guilt.

It is needless to dwell on other personal aspects, such as the brilliant reputation for discernment in the man who is so blind to his real position ; or the generous zeal for the common good on the part of one whose involuntary crimes have brought disaster on the community.

The great French dramatic critic, M. Francisque Sarcey, in commenting on M. Mounet Sully's impersonation of Oedipus, gives especial praise to the skill with which, after our emotions have been so long held "as in a vice," the fountain of tears is opened in the final scene, where the discrowned and self-blinded monarch is allowed to embrace his children and say farewell to them. The daughters only are brought, for the boys are older. But any mention or anticipation of the father's curse, so prominent in the traditional story, would have marred the pathos which is the prime motive here ; while, on the other hand, any expression of tenderness towards the sons would have been glaringly at variance with the tradition. The dilemma is met by the words addressed to Creon—

"As for my sons,
I pray thee, burden not thyself with them ;
They ne'er will lack subsistence,—they are men."

The horror of the piece really centres in Jocasta,

whose sudden despair is none the less effective because of the callousness which she has previously shown in telling of the exposure of her child.

The Chorus in this play are in sympathy with the chief person. They are grateful for his benefits to the State; they support him even when denounced by the prophet, and they lament his fall. But in their character of "ideal spectator," they extol the majesty of the Eternal Laws.

2. In the eleventh *Odyssey*, where Odysseus meets the shades of the heroes who have gone before him to the under world, the ghost of Ajax stands sullenly aloof, remembering the judgment of the arms. Whereat Odysseus is moved to compassion, and even to compunction—

"Would that I had not been winner in such a contest! Since because thereof the Earth covers one so noble, who in beauty and in prowess surpassed all the Greeks, save only the incomparable Achilles."

This passage may well have suggested to Sophocles, the "Homer-lover," the relation between the two heroes as he has conceived it in his drama of *Ajax with the Scourge*.

The Sophoclean *Ajax*, as I have often said, is the tragedy of wounded honour;—wounded first by impulse, and afterwards irrecoverably through the soul's own passionate reaction.

The person of Ajax is so imagined as to give the

utmost impressiveness to this main motive. He is of course the young, broad-shouldered giant, "Ajax of the shield," fierce and unmanageable when his passions are roused. "Jealous in anger, sudden and quick in quarrel," but not, as Hector calls him in the *Iliad*, the "big, blundering braggart."* In the judgment of Athena and Odysseus combined, were it not for the one rash outbreak, he is distinguished for prudent forecast and practical good sense. And this quality appears in all his speeches when once recovered from the hallucination. His one fault is overweening pride, relying on his descent from Zeus, but otherwise ignoring any dependence on Divine aid. Hence his fall. But he is too essentially a noble spirit to be finally cast away. Athena's anger was only for a day, and through the defence of Teucer and the intercession of Odysseus he has an honoured funeral. This essential nobleness is shown by many indications. His ambition to be worthy of the father whom he reveres ; his love for his mother, which almost breaks him down at the last ; his cry, on awaking from his madness, for the younger brother, on whom he knows that he may rely ; his pride in his first-born and only son ; his unalterable affection for Salamis, his home ;—all these are traits of native nobility. But the hero shines mostly by reflected light, through the manner in which he is regarded by the persons nearest to

* l. 13, 824 ; see, however, 7, 289.

him. He is their only tower of defence, their sheltering rock. There must have been a core of tenderness in the haughty and impetuous youth to whom his captive bride is so fondly attached. This very tenderness is the secret of his rough speech to her when he first perceives her presence in his misery. Both she and the Salaminian mariners find all their happiness and safety alone in him. He is the comfort of his brother's eye. But in Teucer's absence the others are helpless. For, with their narrower outlook, they cannot realize the depth of his wound, nor share the clearness of vision with which he perceives that only one course is possible for the soldier who is lost to honour. Hence when in a calmer mood, but with unchanged purpose, he eludes their vigilance in a veiled farewell, he succeeds in dissembling his real intention, and fills them with a short-lived joy. It is a fine dramatic touch, when they are at last roused by Teucer's messenger to the anxious search, that the discovery is made, not by those who have ranged up and down the shore, but by Tecmessa's instinct of affection.

And another circumstance was doubtless welcome to the poet. The honour of the dead chieftain is defended by two persons whose worldly position is despised, a captive and the son of a captive; and he is finally vindicated by his rival and supposed arch-enemy.

The calm wisdom and considerateness of Odysseus inspired by Athena forms an effective contrast to the passionateness of the hero, resembling that of Creon to Oedipus, and approaching Shakespeare's master-stroke in contrasting the person of Kent with that of Lear.

Epic tradition admitted of two different views of the character of Odysseus. There was the Odysseus of the *Odyssey*, the true son of Laertes, husband of Penelope and father of Telemachus, enduring hardship, faithful to home and country, equally just and wise. But there was also the bastard son of Sisypus, —the crafty schemer, intriguing for his own hand, and capable of any meanness if he could gain his end. Sophocles has availed himself of this ambiguity. He himself adopts the former view, but heightens what is best in it; while he allows the Salaminian mariners (like Philoctetes afterwards) to believe in the scandalous birth of that "dark-featured soul"; and Ajax himself, while regarding him as Laertes' son, expresses the vilest estimate of his personality: "A wit-proud knave," "the accursed fox," "that crafty plague, that still contrives all shapes of monstrous ill," "winding in foulest ways through the army's sinful maze"; and the same opinion is shared by Tecmessa and by Teucer until he is undeceived in the concluding scene.

A word must be said also about the part of

Tecmessa, to which the play owes much of its pathetic force. Her appeal to Ajax in his despair, with what follows it, of course recalls the scene between Hector and Andromache in the sixth *Iliad*, though the tone of reproach in the lines—

“Shall men have joy,
And not remember? Or shall kindness fade?
Say, can the mind be noble, where the stream
Of gratitude is withered from the spring?”

is more subtle and dramatic; but there are other touches not less worthy of note.

The boldness of her remonstrance (compare *Volumnia*)—

“Alas, what now?
Why thus uncalled for salliest thou? No voice
Of herald summoned thee; no trumpet blew,”

betokens the closeness of the intimacy which has become established between the young hero and the mother of his boy. And after his death we find that she has caught something of his manner of defying the gods—

“Yet such the mischief Zeus’ resistless maid,
Pallas, hath planned to make Odysseus glad.”

Compare *Cleopatra* after the death of Antony—

“It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stolen our jewel.”

In a future number I hope to continue the subject with reference to the characters of other women in *Sophocles*: *Antigone*, *Electra*, *Dèianira*.

THE AESCHYLEAN TREATMENT OF MYTH AND LEGEND.

A SKETCH IN OUTLINE.

IT is the part of sound criticism to beware of rashly assuming tendencies of any kind in dramatic poetry. The imaginative act of realizing situation and character requires no end beyond itself. The faculty is satisfied with its own mere exercise ; which may be as widely varied as the fables on which it works, or as human experience itself. If in single dramatists we find certain limitations, or an apparent preference for a particular class of subjects, we must not rush to hasty conclusions, but should distinguish as far as possible between accidental and essential differences, the former depending on the subject-matter which either chance or popularity threw in the artist's way, as jealousy for example in the Spanish drama, the latter resulting from the colour of his own thoughts, and his individual attitude (as an artist) towards the universe and towards mankind.

The power of Aeschylus as a mere dramatist is so great, that the neglect of such precautions is, if possible, more than usually disastrous to the study of him ; while on the other hand, they are more than ever necessary in his case, because certain important

tendencies, both of the man and of the age, are so apparent in him. In attempting, therefore, to characterize some of these underlying motives, it is necessary to warn the reader at the outset against expecting anything like a complete description or survey. Such motives are very far from accounting for that complex phenomenon, the Aeschylean drama. At most they do but constitute one of several factors that have worked together with the supreme dramatic instinct in the creation of it. Nor shall we be tempted by any theory into the error of supposing that the same motives are to be traced everywhere. Variety is the chief note of the highest invention, and though few chords remain to us of the Aeschylean lyre, they are suggestive of a widely ranging plectrum.—Readers of the *Eumenides* or of the *Prometheus*, however, cannot help surmising an intention of the poet standing behind his creation. And although such a mode of regarding these two masterpieces has often been pressed too far, and has sometimes landed the student in barren enough fancies, yet it is an aspect of them which cannot be ignored, and when reasonably investigated may throw some light even on the poet's other dramas.

Some obvious facts about Aeschylus may be further premised.

That the victory at Marathon in which his youth

took part, and that of Salamis, which he has celebrated, had a deep and inspiring influence upon his genius, is abundantly clear. Nor is it less manifest that the idea which these triumphs represented for him was the glory of Hellas, and of Athens as the eye of Hellas.

Another fact relating to his mental history is sufficiently attested by the line of Aristophanes (*Ran.* 886), *Δήμητερ, ἡ θρέψασα τὴν ἐμὴν φρένα.*

The Marathonian soldier, the Hellenic and Athenian patriot, the Eleusinian devotee—here are three notes of Aeschylean inspiration which in general terms we may confidently affirm, and from which we may hope for guidance in looking deeper.

Nor is there any doubt about the soldierly and patriotic notes ;—above all, in the play which Aristophanes justly describes as “full of the spirit of Ares,”* the *Ἑπτά ἐπὶ Θήβας*. The character and situation of Eteocles in that drama, moving onward to his foredestined doom, yet heroically caring for the good of his country ; the successive pictures of the seven warriors and the chiefs opposed to them, the splendid eulogy on Amphiaras—all this is calculated, as hardly anything could be, to make “honour’s thought reign solely in the breast of every man.” It is where the patriot and the devotee are mingled that the difficulty of understanding Aeschylus begins.

* *δράμα . . . Ἀρέως μεστόν*,—*Ar. Ran.* 1022,

I. Let us turn, then, to the *Eumenides* where the combined presence of these two motives is most evident. The religious and political significance of the drama has already been amply drawn out by K. O. Müller. Without resuming his observations, it will be enough to state simply the leading thought which is suggested by the drama itself, or rather by the Orestean trilogy (which it concludes) when taken as a whole.

All great poetry idealizes something, and imagination, especially the tragic imagination, ever delights in contrast. Now in most periods the contrasted ideal has been imagined as remote either in time or place, or both, and the poet has been either visionary or reactionary (according as he placed his good either in the future or the past), or, thirdly, pessimistic, as in the poetry of regret or of despair. Hesiod sings of a lost golden age, and in this he represents the most pervading sentiment of ancient culture. Dante, on the other hand, had fixed his gaze on "one far off divine event, towards which the whole Creation moves." But there have been two moments, and perhaps only two, when the highest imagination found its ideal in the actual present, as seen in the light of wonder, joy, and love; the opening of the fifth century B.C. in Hellas, and the earlier years of Elizabeth in England. In this respect there is an affinity between poets otherwise so different as Aeschylus

and Spenser. And for other expressions of this feeling in the England of that day, it is enough to allude in passing to the Prologue of *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, especially the lines (Gorlois' ghost is speaking)—

“ For you there rests
A happier age, a thousand years to come ;
An age for peace, religion, wealth and ease,
When all the world shall wonder at your bliss,
That, that is yours ” ;

and to Shakespeare's description of “ this most balmy time ” in his one hundred and seventh sonnet—

“ The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage ;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.”

But that to which the Elizabethans was a romantic sentiment, had for Aeschylus all the depth and force of a religion, and of a religion resting on eternal principles of righteousness and truth. His fervour is even of a nobler kind than that which the Pericles of Thucydides seeks to inculcate. (See especially the words τὴν τῆς πόλεως δύναμιν ἔργῳ θεωμένους καὶ ἐράστας γιγνομένους αὐτῆς, καὶ ὅταν ὑμῖν μεγάλη δόξη εἶναι, ἐνθυμουμένους, κ.τ.λ., Thuc. ii. 435.) For the essential glory of Athens symbolizes for him the secret of all happiness for Hellas, and for mankind.

Where then, it may be asked, is the opportunity for contrast, if the present is your ideal? It lies in

holding up to view the confusions of a remote or of a former world : a world not yet reduced to order, in which righteousness is only inchoate and often overborne by wrong, in which wisdom is oppressed and not triumphant, in which mercy and reverence are still debatable ; or again a realm in which the many are enslaved, and the latent energies of a great people have not been developed by freedom. Hence the scenes of Aeschylus are laid in remote ages and remote lands, or even in a pre-Olympian heaven.

And that which most fascinates his imagination in dwelling on mythology and legend is the contrast between past evil and present good. What gave to Hellas the assurance of strength, of blessedness, of the continuance of national well-being and of individual life? The glory of free and law-abiding Athens. What gave to Athens her true glory? The principles of reasonableness, equity and mercy, which lay at the foundation of her special institutions, and were associated with the worship of Zeus, Athena, and Apollo.

Now it is on this contrast between the glorious present and the legendary horrors of a remote past, that much of the interest of the great trilogy is made to turn. But Aeschylus is not contented with the imagined antithesis : the poet, who is also a religious *ἐξηννητής*, points further to a positive relation between the contrasted terms. For in his philosophy, as in

that of Heraclitus, order comes out of disorder, peace is fathered by war, and equity is preluded by the "wild justice" of revenge. And of course this primaeval moral chaos, in which elemental passions clash and rave, gives to the tragic muse her proper opportunity, the same of which Shakespeare availed himself in *Lear* and *Macbeth*.

I trust I may not be understood as ignoring or extenuating the magnificent dramatic power which constitutes the eternal charm of the *Oresteia*, if I trace in it the inspiration of this ground idea. It is because Aeschylus is himself and not another, because he is poet, prophet, citizen and soldier in one, that I maintain as partially applicable to him, a method which has often proved fatal to dramatic criticism.

The accumulated horrors of the house of Pelops, from the *πρώταρχος ἄτη* of Atreus or of Thyestes onwards, have their culmination and coping-stone in the matricide of Orestes. Hitherto the law of retribution has prevailed—the *τριγέρων μῦθος, δράσαντι παθεῖν*. All has been "action and reaction." And over this law the *Ἐρινύες* have presided. So Clytemnestra and Aegisthus justified the murder of Agamemnon. So Orestes and Electra justify that of Clytemnestra, And in the vista of human memory there is a long train of similar acts, each accompanied by a similar plea: the sin of Paris visited on Troy, the sin of Atreus horribly avenged by Thyestes, the sin of

Pelops against Myrtilus atoned by all that followed. But now it begins to be revealed that the Erinyes themselves may be convicted of transgressing the bound. A vision of equity, of regulated and reasoned justice, at length appears, and is embodied in Athenian institutions by the act of Athena. The Erinyes are transformed to the Eumenides, and remain for blessing not for cursing, as guardians of Athenian weal. All acts both private and public, so long as they are done in truth and equity, are henceforth under the protection of the Gentle Powers.

I do not pause here upon the question whether or not the *Eumenides* was written at a time when the privileges of the Areopagus were threatened. For it appears to me that in any case the poet's eye was fixed on a far simpler and far nobler theme, viz. on equity as the corner-stone of civilization, and therefore as the secret of Athenian glory, and the security of all in Hellenic life that made it worth living. Thus it is not only the contrast between past and present, about which the poet's imagination plays, but the illustration, and in some sense the explanation of the present by the imagined past on which his speculative genius broods. Nor is the present when so illustrated, the present merely, but exemplifies the true condition of all nations through all time.

In the *Persae* also there is an illustrative contrast,

not now between past and present, but between East and West. The *Persae* is no doubt a paean of victory, but it is also more. For the highest Greek genius of that age could not look upon events with mere selfish personal reference, although the self were co-extensive with all Hellas, nor without a comprehensive glance over all time and all existence. With the same disinterested objectivity which is so striking in Herodotus, but with more of sympathetic insight, Aeschylus enters within the heart of the great empire: so realising the pride of Atossa, incredulous of defeat, the devotion of the elders to their Emperor, the holy reverence of the faithful for Darius "of blessed memory," the personal dependence of the whole state upon Xerxes.

But while thus feasting the Athenian imagination with the moving panorama of a world so alien from the Hellenic mind, he is all the while pointing to the lesson which Herodotus also draws from the triumph of Athens: ἡ ἰσηγορίη ὥς ἐστι χρῆμα σπουδαῖον.* The magnificent image of paternal despotism was sure to endear to his Athenian audience those free institutions and that respect for "King Law," under which they had conquered the Mede and saved Hellas—while it also enlarged their thoughts through the genial and sympathetic contemplation of an alien and a hostile world.

* Hdt. v. 78.

Hitherto, although in the *Eumenides* we have dwelt on mysteries, and in the *Persae* a visitant from Hades comes upon the scene, the subjects of the plays considered have belonged to the human sphere. But in the *Prometheus* we are carried altogether away from man: except that it is for befriending the whole human race that the suffering god is bound with that chain.

And excepting Io, who is the ancestress of Heracles, and is no longer altogether human, the persons in the *Prometheus* are all of the celestial mould. This circumstance of itself makes it excusable to look for a "tendency" behind the action. Abstractions such as Strength and Force are not brought upon the stage except to read some lesson. And after what has been said, it will be easily understood that Aeschylus is not merely the dramatist here, but also the prophet. The lesson may now be read in the light of the preceding observations.*

* See a letter from the present writer to the editor of the *Academy*, printed July 14, 1877. The following sentences, in which the gist of the *Prometheus* is paraphrased, may be quoted here:—

"There was a time when the power of Zeus, which, as all know, is now established in righteousness, was not yet finally secure. In accordance with the presage of Themis, Goddess of Eternal Right, the son of Cronos had been victorious over the Anarchs of the former time, not by brute violence, but by the help of forethought, which the Titans had despised. But, having won the heavenly throne, he was liable to the disease which all experience shows to be incident to an irresponsible

There is again a contrast between that consummate reign of right and wisdom in which Aeschylus believes as the actual source of all existing good, and a far distant past, which is figured as a time of spiritual chaos, in which not only the elemental passions of humanity, but the very elements of deity, were not yet harmonized, but conflicting and opposed. Rumours of change and succession, even in that supreme region, seemed to come down in the cosmogonies and

ruler, and began to exercise his power without regard to the Wisdom by whose aid he had gained it, or the dictates of Primeval Right ; and towards mortals in particular (as ancient legends show us), he manifested an excessive harshness. But to these courses the irrepressible spirit of Wisdom was opposed, and succeeded in obtaining gifts for men and rescuing them from the destruction which the new Sovereign of Olympus had designed for them.

“So long as this opposition and divorce between power, or authority, and wisdom was continued, the sovereignty of Zeus was imperilled. For blind force breeds blind force, and is destined to sink beneath the violence to which itself gives birth. So the Fates were heard to whisper.

“On the other hand, had the contrariety remained, Wisdom must have been held in lasting bonds. For Thought unseconded by Energy is ineffectual.

“But wisdom knew the secret word which solitary Power had failed to apprehend, and Necessity at last made Power submit to learn the truth from Wisdom. Thus Zeus was saved from fatal error (Cf. *Eum.* 640-651).

“Then the long feud was reconciled, and an indissoluble league concluded between Wisdom and Power, and they went forth conquering and to conquer. Thenceforth the reign of Zeus became identical with that growth of Justice which is destined ultimately to subdue all moral discords throughout the Universe.’ —The *Academy* of April 14, 1877.

theogonies of early mythology, embodied, for example, in the works of Hesiod and Pherecydes; and the story of Prometheus was felt to convey the echoes of a time when Zeus himself was not a beneficent but a malignant ruler. It was indeed the outcome of an age when men's conception of the Highest was a creature of their fear. We know from the story of Mycerinus,* and from the words attributed to Solon† (*τὸ θεῖον—πάν φθονερὸν καὶ παραχῶδες*), that such conceptions had been powerful in former ages, and had been revived and accentuated afresh by Ionian pessimism. The myth of Prometheus, in particular, presented a special aspect of this mode of thought, expressing the superstitious dread with which a rude conservatism regards the inventor, as one who by sheer force of mind transcends the limits appointed to the human lot, and makes the divine powers of nature subservient to human need; who is ready in his arrogance to give a charge to the lightnings, and expect them to say to him, "Here we are." Possibly, but this point I leave to professed mythologists, the special form of the myth may have been occasioned by the horror of some fire-worshipper at seeing his god put to menial use. In any case the myth belonged to a mode of thinking which the Athenian imagination had outgrown.‡ Now the mind has

* Hdt. ii. 129, ff.

† *Ib.* i. 32.

‡ See for example, Soph. *Ant.* 332, ff., *πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ, κ.τ.λ.*

various modes of dealing with such survivals of an outworn creed. Abstract philosophy would have said, "the story is not true." A new lawgiver might have exclaimed, "Ye shall no longer use this proverb in your land." But that is not the method of Aeschylus, the imaginative seer. He says, in effect, "This happened under an earlier dispensation. But it involved an opposition which could not last. For power ejecting wisdom must come to nought, and wisdom rebelling against power is fettered and manacled. Omnipotence, to be eternal, must be at one with wisdom and beneficence, in a word, must be just. And because power, alone and unaccompanied, is brittle and transient, wisdom and beneficence are co-eternal with almighty power."

We should inquire too cautiously if we thought it necessary to trace this motive (supposing it assumed) in every feature of the extant play, or if we supposed that it must have been explicitly set forth even in the *Prometheus Unbound*. Indeed, it may never have been consciously formulated by the poet himself. But it may be maintained nevertheless to have been imminent in the part-dramatic, part-mythological creation, through which the sublime thought of Aeschylus was communicated to the child-like imagination of his contemporaries from a height that was very far above them. We do trace a consciousness of the truth that Zeus himself could not rule for

ever without conforming to the eternal law, which is one with the decree of fate ; * and at the height of the conflict between the untameable spirit of the Titan and his oppressor, we are made to know that a reconciliation is to be, that the words of Prometheus, †

εἰς ἄρθρον ἐμοὶ καὶ φιλότῃτα
σπεύδων σπεύδοντι ποθ' ἦξει,

are not an empty vaunt.

The absolute fearlessness with which the poet, when the conception has once been formed, throws himself into a situation so abhorrent to the religious associations of the Hellenes, is not only characteristic of Aeschylus, but also marks an interesting aspect of Greek religion generally. ‡ The same people who went mad about the mutilation of the Hermae could revel in such free handling of mythology as that of the comic poets.

This is strange until we reflect that while religious custom lay upon them with a weight as deep as life, and was inseparably associated with their national well-being, the changing clouds of mythology lay lightly on their minds, and were, in their very nature, to some extent, the sport of fancy and imagination.

(Themis, in the *Prometheus*, line 209, is identical with Gaia ; in the *Eumenides*, line 3, she is her daughter, who at Delphi, took her mother's seat, etc.)

* *Prom.* v. 516.

† *Ib.* 191, 192.

‡ See Mr. E. Myers in *Hellenica*, p. 21 ff.

Nor would the faith in the everlasting reign of Zeus in righteousness be shaken by the imagination of a time when he ruled harshly, being young in power. Rather it was the childlike certitude of the popular faith, that made it possible for the poet thus to inculcate a higher truth. It would be extremely interesting, but the fragments of the Lycurgean trilogy do not supply materials for the purpose, to inquire whether Aeschylus had conceived of a change in the spirit of Dionysus analogous to that here attributed to Zeus. It may be imagined, for example, that the magnificent fragment of the *Edonians* (55 Dind.), descriptive of a superhuman revelry in which were heard the ταυρόφθογγοι ποθὲν ἐξ ἀφανοῦς φοβεροὶ μῆμοι, may have been part of a representation of an earlier and cruder phase of the life of Bacchus, to be succeeded by a σώφρων βακχεία, a subdued and temperate enthusiasm.

II. To pass on now from mythology to legend.

History, no less than mythology, was to some extent the sport of imagination. At least the tradition of events which through lapse of ages had reached up into the fabulous, as Thucydides says, offered much plastic material to the poet's hand. Versions of the same event as different as those of the Arthurian romance in T. Hughes' * tragedy, Sir

* *The Misfortunes of Arthur* (in Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. iv.).

T. Mallory's prose, and Tennyson's *Idylls*, co-existed and afforded opportunity for choice—and also gave an excuse for invention, for if two or three ways were permissible, another yet might be equally near the truth. In the sphere of history, as elsewhere, invention was not yet separated from discovery.

From the fragmentariness of our knowledge it is impossible to say with perfect confidence in particular instances, "the poet invented this or that." Leaving the question doubtful between invention and selection, we must be contented with ascertaining the poet's own version of his fable, and divining, if we can, his motive for preferring it to others.

An obvious example of the free imaginative handling of historical tradition is presented in the *Supplikes*. We learn from that play, in which, as the first of a trilogy, it is unsafe to speculate on the existence of a main underlying motive, that there was a time when the whole region, from the northern parts of Thessaly and Epirus to Cape Taenarus, was under one king, who had his throne at Argos, and was eponymus and ruler of the Pelasgi, the Hellenes being as yet unheard of. And there it fell to his hard lot to decide between protecting the suppliant Danaïdes, to the imminent danger of his own people, and delivering them, at the risk of some great pollution, into the hands of their cousins, the fifty sons of

Aegyptus. All this, no doubt, led up to the tragedy of *Hypermnestra*. But in the fable itself, so far, there are two points especially worthy of notice.

1. Can this notion of a Pan-Pelasgic kingdom (alluded to later in the *Prometheus*) be much older than Aeschylus? Must it not at least be regarded as the creation of a time, when, in consequence of the united efforts against the Mede, Pan-Hellenism had made way in advanced minds? In adopting it, Aeschylus in so far follows the tendency which I have traced in him elsewhere, as by going back to pre-Hellenic times he can, without offence, imagine an age when respect for the suppliant was an open question only to be decided after long debate.

2. Thus, in a period imagined as far back, the plain of Argos is the seat of sovereign rule for what was afterwards called Hellas. We have now further to observe that the centre of this "nurse of royal kings," as conceived by the poet, was in the earliest ages the city of Argos itself, and not Mycenae. This is an assumption which we know to have been false in fact, but which for some reason seems to have been consistently held by Aeschylus. It would also appear that the city was imagined by him as unfortified.

The presumable date of the *Suppliants*, as one of the earliest plays, in so far corroborates the doubt which has lately been thrown on the connection

which some had suggested between the suppression of the name of Mycenæ in the dramas of Aeschylus, and its alleged actual suppression by the Argives in 454 B.C. The fact remains that of this time-honoured city, so prominently mentioned in the *Iliad*, and in the plays of Sophocles, a city whose ancient supremacy was known to Thucydides, no trace remains on the Aeschylean page.

In repeating this assertion we do not rely on the often fallacious argument from silence. The occasions for mentioning Mycenæ in the *Oresteia*, if the city were supposed to exist, especially if it were the seat of government, are too frequent and too obvious to admit of any other explanation. The Herald in returning salutes Argos and his country's gods—whose temples are manifestly there—and not Μυκήνας τὰς πολυχρύσους, to which the Paedagogus points in the *Electra*. This is only one of many similar proofs. The late Bishop of Lincoln was, so far as I know, the first to call attention to this blotting out of Mycenæ, and it has been adverted to by subsequent writers. It has been less observed, however, that in the pre-historic imaginings of Aeschylus, Sparta is equally non-existent with Mycenæ.

That the legend of Menelaus and Helen should have undergone such an important modification may be a surprising fact, but so it is.

Menelaus is the dear (joint) sovereign of *this* (Argive) land τῆσδε γῆς φίλον κράτος.* Not from Sparta but from Argos do Paris and Helen steal away.† It is in *this* house—the palace of the Pelopidae, that Helen's remembered beauty flits amongst other phantoms less beautiful but not more sad. For a fuller statement of this point I may refer to an article ("Notes on the Agamemnon") which I contributed to an early number of the *American Journal of Philology*.

The fact, if admitted, affords a very strong illustration, both of the unfixed condition of Greek heroic legend, and of the boldness with which Aeschylus took advantage of it. I wonder that it should have escaped the notice of Mr. F. A. Paley—for it must count for much amongst the indications on which he relies that "our *Iliad* and *Odyssey*" had not yet the position of a "Greek bible," which Plato seems to assign to them. That in the imaginative flights in which the poet thinks to get behind the Dorian conquest into the pre-Dorian and even the pre-Hellenic world, he should have used this liberty of prophesying, need not surprise us greatly. At all events to have observed the fact, is, I think, of some moment, in connection with the task of interpreting him.

Two other points in the trilogy are often miscon-

* *Ag.* 619.

† *Ib.* 402, 427.

ceived: the position of Aegisthus, and the instrument of Agamemnon's murder. That Aegisthus is not installed in the palace at the opening, is, I think, clearly shown by l. 1608 of the *Agamemnon*, καὶ τοῦδε τὰνδρὸς ἡψάμην θυραῖος ὄν. I imagine him to have returned from exile during the absence of the king, and to have lived obscurely in the borders of Argolis, while Clytemnestra in the great solitary palace was studiously nursing her revenge. The two hatreds coalesce into an adulterous union—but this is not avowed until l. 1436 of the *Agamemnon*. And the reproach of the Chorus in l. 1625, γύναι, σὺ τοὺς ἤκοντας ἐκ μάχης νέον, κ.τ.λ., is the first outbreak of public indignation on this score.*

Lastly, it has been the common view, derived from the *Electra* of Sophocles, that Clytemnestra kills Agamemnon with an axe. But how can this be reconciled with *Choëph.* 1011, ὥς ἔβαψεν Αἰγίσθου ξίφος? Aegisthus, in the Aeschylean fable, took no part in the actual murder. But it appears, from this crucial passage, that it was done with his sword. And the incident which is thus suggested, viz. that the dastardly assassin should have purposely left his sword with Clytemnestra at their last secret meeting, is a lurid touch which is admirably in keeping, while it accounts for the abnormal circumstance that the princess, who affects to be too dainty to know aught of

* See also *Choëph.* 132, ff.

such matters (any more than of the craft of the smith), is found to be, after all, possessed of a lethal weapon.

The limited scope of this article forbids my touching on many tempting themes—the attitude of Aeschylus towards women (that aspect of the *Ewigweibliche* that was revealed to him); his estimate of domestic life; his manner of combining strength and tenderness; his power of reconciling individuality of treatment with pervading dignity and sonorousness; his strong conviction of the latent forces of democracy, and of the powerlessness of government to crush lastingly the popular will. All such points, however, are secondary to that which it has been my chief object to bring into prominence in the present paper, the faith of Aeschylus in the ideal which his own age had realized. Something kindred to this was at the core of all Hellenic art of the greatest period; but nowhere does it assume such depth of religious and ethical conviction, as in the Father of Tragedy. And, by imaginative contrast it accounts for much of what is gloomiest in him as well as for some things that are obscure. For as Keats has sung—

“In the very temple of Delight
Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy’s grape against his palate fine :
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.”

And the joy of Aeschylus is a prophet's rejoicing in the triumph of good. One remark of a somewhat practical nature may be offered in conclusion. When Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides are found to differ in respect of the details of a fable, it by no means follows that the earliest version is that adopted by the earliest poet. Each had his own manner of innovating, and his own special motives. While Aeschylus seems, occasionally at least, to have profoundly modified the whole spirit and intention of a myth or legend, and Euripides would often adopt the more fantastic in preference to the accredited version, the novel features either invented or preferred by Sophocles, had immediate reference to the harmonious structure of the drama, and to the most effective realization of the leading human motive.

THE RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN PLATO.

DR. EDWARD CAIRD, in his work on "The Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophers," has traced the development of Plato's thought in its religious aspect with a completeness which, as he truly says, has been made "easier since the order of the Platonic dialogues has been approximately determined by linguistic

considerations irrespective even of the doctrines taught in them." The same approximate solution of the problem set by Schleiermacher has been accepted by Dr. Theodor Gomperz in his "Griechische Denker" * and previously by W. Lutoslawski in his volume entitled "Plato's Logic." The order so determined partly coincides with that adopted on different grounds by Professor Henry Jackson, and is followed to some extent by Jowett in his later editions.

It is important that the successive stages in Plato's mental attitude which this order manifests should be generally recognized. For it is still too much the habit of writers on the philosophy of religion to credit Plato with a barren intellectualism or an equally fruitless mysticism. Plato's Platonism, if I may be pardoned the expression, is not a system deduced from one great principle, but a gradually developing theory, setting out from the conversations of Socrates and his search for ethical universals : thence proceeding to the reality of universals, conceived as separable from particulars, of which they are the causes and the prototypes ; and again from this crude ontology, enveloped in a haze of imagination, towards a clearly reasoned logic and psychology, in which the ideas, while still objective, are seen as forms of thought, in

* See his notes to vol. ii. (vol. iii. of English translation), *passim*.

regular subordination to the supremacy of Mind:—from which point of view a fresh effort is made to realize ultimate truths, and not merely, as Jowett said, to “connect,” but to *apply* them.

From the inspiration of the *Symposium*, the mystical exaltation of the *Phaedo*, and the more comprehensive visions of the *Phaedrus*, we are led, through the dry light of the *Parmenides*, towards a more sober but still enthusiastic view,—first in the finely balanced theories of perception and knowledge propounded in the *Theætetus*, and afterwards, with the help of the Eleatic Stranger, through a critical examination of earlier and contemporary philosophies, to a new and more distinct manner of contemplating the nature of Being, and of the ideas in their mutual relations to one another and to the actual world.

Thus Plato's philosophy, while rising to greater heights of idealism, becomes at the same time more practical. “Becoming” is no longer despised, but as dominated by Being acquires reality in the form of Production. Sensations are not discarded, but analyzed and explained. Opinion is not disregarded, but right Opinion, tested and directed by Reason, is seen to be fruitful in results. Even oratory with a right motive (not *ρήτορικὴ* but *ρήτορεία*) has a place assigned to it.* Such, in rough outline, is the

* *Polit.* 304 A ; cp. *Legg.* iv. 711 DE.

upward and downward path *—upward to the abstract, and then downward to the true concrete—which shapes the curve of Platonic evolution.

Now at every stage in this progress there are two factors present, correlated but not formally connected: the factor of experience and simple reflection and the factor of abstract reasoning. Each varies as the other varies, but the former is not to be strictly interpreted by the latter. Some of Plato's noblest anticipations of truth arise directly from simple reflection on experience.

The purpose of the present paper is to indicate in outline the elements of ethical emotion concomitant with the dialectic process, the moral and religious atmosphere which accompanies and, as it were, invests each successive phase of Plato's philosophic thought. For in Plato, as I have tried to show in my volume on "Religion in Greek Literature," † morality and religion coincide.

In the short time at my disposal I shall say nothing of Orphic or Pythagorean elements, or of possible echoes of Zoroastrianism; but confine attention to what I conceive to be the original and independent movements of Plato's mind.

I. Even in the small dialogues, where Socrates in

* Compare Heraclitus's *ὁδὸς ἄνω καὶ ὁδὸς κάτω μία*.

† Longmans, 1898.

pursuance of his Divine mission is searching for ethical principles determined by knowledge, there are flashes of Platonic insight, as in the question: "Is a thing right because God wills it?" or, "Does He will it because it is right?" * And again, "If evils were done away, what would happen then?" †

In the vivid dramatic portraiture of the *Protagoras*, Socrates maintains the unity of virtue, ‡ and insists that it must have a scientific basis, which for the time is made to depend on a calculation of the amount of pleasure. § Protagoras distinguishes between the parts of Virtue and upholds the reality of ordinary civic virtue, depending on habit. In this he supplies the factor of experience, and that Plato attaches importance to his view appears from the statement that an Athenian who found himself amongst savages could not but be aware that he was a civilized human being. The dialogue raises a problem to be partially solved afterwards in the *Meno*, and more successfully in the *Republic*.

Meanwhile philosophic inquiry has risen from single aspects, such as courage or temperance, to

* *Euthyphro*, 10 D.

† *Lysis*, 220 E.

‡ Opposition between parts of virtue is admitted in *Polit.* 306 C, *Legg.* xii. 964, cp. vi. 773 C. The guardians of the Laws must have learnt in what sense Virtue is at once one and many (*Legg.* xii. 965 f.).

§ The comparison of present with past and future (*Theaet.* 186) is already implied.

the consideration of Virtue as a whole ; and from the bare assertion that Virtue is knowledge to the demand for a science of measurement by which all ethical values may be determined.

Towards the end of the *Meno* there is a distinct allusion to the death of Socrates. But, apart from the *Apologia*, it is in the *Gorgias* that we feel for the first time the full effect of his master's martyrdom on Plato's mind. The idealized Socrates is seen in irreconcilable controversy with the man of the day. The power of goodness is set over against the mere lust of power.

Not knowledge now, but Righteousness, is the keynote ; and Pleasure is left out of sight. Justice at all costs is alone the secret of success. And this ethical theme is ratified by the religious thought of future Judgment. It follows that

"Because Right is Right, to follow Right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

Mr. John Stuart Mill, while criticizing the "paralogisms" of the *Gorgias* was thrilled by its moral eloquence.

The fact that Greek Philosophy was mainly evolved in terms of thought, while the *nomenclature* of the active elements in human nature was immature, is apt to disguise the large place which the will-power occupies in Plato. Such a word as "volitional" would have been alien to his vocabulary. Yet in the

Gorgias, for example, what better has the naked soul to present before her judge than an uncorrupted Will—a life in which that desire of good, which according to the Platonic Socrates is always there, has not been crossed by erring and perverse determinations? In this connection I may refer to a passage from T. H. Green's "Prolegomena," quoted in Prof. Muirhead's "Service of the State," p. 33:—

"The great Greek thinkers' account of the highest form of human good: 'It is the will to know what is true, to make what is beautiful, to endure pain and fear, to resist the allurements of pleasure (*i.e.* to be brave and temperate), if not, as the Greek would have said, in the service of the State, yet in the interest of some form of human society; to take for oneself, and give to others, of those things which admit of being given and taken, not what one is inclined to, but what is due.'" ("Prolegomena to Ethics," p. 276.)

We pass from philosophy militant to philosophy in retreat; from Socrates against the world to Socrates among his friends. In the *Symposium* we already breathe the atmosphere of the Academy. That "birth in beauty" of which Diotima speaks, is the fruit of intercourse of mind with mind. The goal of aspiration is now the height of contemplation; and it might seem as if this consummation of the intellectual life were barren of practical effect.

But (1) not only noble thoughts, but noble endeavours, actions, institutions, laws, form a cardinal stage in the progress towards perfection; (2) the "ocean of beauty," where the soul finally expatiates, is not felt to be a mere abstraction, but as the immanence of a Divine and immortal nature in all noble and beautiful things; and (3) whatever is vague in Diotima's scheme is rendered definite through the personality of Socrates in the prime of life, whose courage, fortitude, endurance, faithfulness, and absolute purity are set forth in concrete reality side by side with his inexhaustible and unequalled power of contemplation.

Yet another aspect of the idealized Socrates, neither in conflict nor in fruition, but in withdrawal from the world, is presented in the *Phaedo*. For the fulness of life we have now the meditation of death. Divinity is seen not as immanent, but as transcendent; the soul not merely partakes of immortality, but is herself immortal. As a proof of continued personal existence the *Phaedo* is acknowledged to be incomplete. It could hardly be otherwise while Plato was still struggling with the half-mythical form of his ideal theory.* The sharp opposition between thought and sensible perception is not afterwards

* There is an anticipation of the subjective aspect of the ideas in the phraseology of p. 103 B, οὔτε τὸ ἐν ἡμῖν οὔτε τὸ ἐν τῇ φύσει, and in 75 D, οἷς ἐπισφραγίζόμεθα αὐτὸ δ' ἔστι.

maintained. But that the assertion of personal immortality is the outcome of profound conviction is evident from the reply of Socrates to Crito's question, "How shall we bury you?"* "How you will, if you can find me." And the conception of the Good as the supreme cause,† together with the whole tone of the dialogue, and the final reflection, "What sort of persons, then, ought we to be?"‡ give assurance of an entire interpenetration of religion with morality. The soul that rises to the gods§ has been purified by philosophy not only from the illusions of sense and opinion, but from a sensual and unspiritual life.

II. The *Republic* marks the first step in the descent from these heights of abstract speculation towards a concrete embodiment of the ideal, from retired contemplation to active endeavour. The theme of the *Gorgias* is resumed, but in a more genial spirit and with a wider scope. Plato's faith in his ideal inspires fresh hopes for the improvability of mankind. Human life as it is abounds with evils,|| but if Philosophy were but worthily represented, men would accept her guidance.¶

It would be out of place in this short paper to enlarge on what is so familiar. I must content myself with a few scattered observations:—

* *Phaed.* 115 C.

† *Phaed.* 99 C, not now τὸ καλόν.

‡ *Phaed.* 114 DE.

§ *Phaed.* 82 BC.

|| *Rep.* ii. 379 C.

¶ *Rep.* vi. 499 DF.

1. Justice in the *Gorgias* was individual—the health of the soul. The aloofness of Socrates, there ironically described as the only true course in politics, is the position of the philosopher taking shelter behind a wall while the storm rages.* It is now seen that justice is a social principle and can only be realized in a community.

2. The difficulty raised in the *Protagoras* and partially solved in the *Meno*, about ordinary civic virtue, is met through the division of labour between the legislative, administrative, and industrial classes in the state. Thus a place is found for a subordinate excellence, depending not on a self-conscious principle, nor on a divinely implanted instinct, but on willing obedience to the philosophic ruler.

3. The factor of experience and simple reflection of which I spoke at first is especially prominent in the *Republic*. The remark that a good man cannot harm an enemy† is not deduced from the ideas, nor is the fine observation about the difference of the judge from the physician,‡ nor many other such *obiter dicta*. Even the “types of theology,” § “God is good” and “God is true,” belong rather to the strain of simple reflection which accompanies than to the dialectical movement which determines Plato’s progress towards systematic thought.

* *Rep.* vi. 496 D; cf. *Gorg.* 521 D.

† *Rep.* i. 335 B.

‡ *Rep.* iv.

§ *Rep.* ii. 379 sq.

4. As already observed,* Plato's ideal is at once theoretical and practical, combining volition with reason. The Form of Good is the meeting-point of "Will and Idea." The philosophic nature is courageous, enduring, generous, as well as indefatigable in the pursuit of truth. Nor is the "father of idealism" indifferent to the "Pragmatic Test." What else is implied in the twice-repeated maxim, "The beneficial is the admirable and the holy" ? †

5. The theory of ideas, as expounded in *Rep.* v.-vii., has advanced beyond the position of the *Phaedo*, and is nearly parallel to the teaching of the *Phaedrus*.‡ The ascent to the "unconditioned" and descent from it through a chain of concepts is closely parallel to the account of generalization and division in the *Phaedrus* (*Rep.* vi. 511, *Phaedr.* 265-6). (1) There is a gradation from the lower to the higher, reaching upwards to the Idea of Good: (2) it is once implied that there is a participation of the ideas in one another:§ and (3) there is a downward as well as an upward pathway. But, on the other hand, the line of

* *Supra*, p. 263.

† *Rep.* v. 457 B, 458 E.

‡ It has sometimes occurred to me—without yielding to those who would dismember the *Republic*—to suppose that the *Phaedrus* may have been composed during some interval in the preparation of the larger work; when Plato was weary for the time of written dialogue and turned for refreshment to the Academy—the enthusiasm of the teacher having eclipsed the ambition of the writer.

§ *Rep.* v. 476 A.

separation between universal and particular, between knowledge and sensible perception, is still sharply drawn, and the "downward pathway" ends not in actuality but in ideas.* Astronomy and Harmony are to be studied independently of any observation of phenomena.†

6. Thus in the *Republic* and the *Phaedrus* Plato anticipates, but is not yet prepared to formulate, that clearer view of the ideas and of dialectic, which he afterwards elaborately wrought out in the *Sophist*, *Politicus*, and *Philebus*. For, as Matthew Arnold sings—

"Tasks in hours of insight willed
May be through hours of gloom fulfilled."

7. Meanwhile the depth of moral and religious emotion which is associated with Plato's intellectual ideal breaks forth in many passages, of which the most significant are the vision of Judgment and the Choice of Lives in bk. x.‡ and the concluding sentences of bk. ix§—the Pattern in the Heavens. And we may note in passing the concession to Hellenic tradition implied in the reference to Delphi,|| and in the prayer to Pan and the nymphs with which the *Phaedrus* ends.

* *Rep.* vi. 511 C.

† *Rep.* 527 D, 529 B, 531 A *sq.*

‡ *Rep.* x. 614-21.

§ *Rep.* ix. 592 B.

|| *Rep.* iv. 427 B.

III. A crisis in Plato's mental history is revealed in the *Parmenides*. He has become aware that until certain speculative difficulties raised by the earlier philosophies have been removed, and until his own theory of ideas has been developed on purely dialectical lines, his efforts towards the attainment of truth and the improvement of mankind must be unavailing.

Only when the problems treated in the *Parmenides*, centreing in the One and many, had been fairly and squarely met, could such a reasoned and well-balanced view as that in the *Theaetetus* become possible.

Let any one read consecutively (1) the *locus classicus* in the *Phaedo*,* and the corresponding sentences in the *Cratylus*, (2) *Rep.* vi., vii., and the *Phaedrus* side by side; and then turn to the following passage of the *Theaetetus* † :—

“What you perceive through one faculty you cannot perceive through another; the objects of hearing, for example, cannot be perceived through sight, or the objects of sight through hearing . . . If you have any thought about both of them, this common perception cannot come to you either through the one or the other organ . . . How about sound and colour? In the first place you would admit that

* *Phaed.* 100 sq.; *Cratylus*, 440.

† *Theaet.* 185 A-187 B (Jowett's translation).

they both exist . . . and that either of them is different from the other and the same with itself . . . and that both are two and each of them one. . . . You can further observe whether they are like or unlike one another. . . . But through what do you perceive all this about them? For neither through hearing nor yet through seeing can you apprehend that which they have in common. . . . What power or instrument will determine the general notions which are common not only to the senses but to all things, and which you call being and not-being, and the rest of them, about which I was just now asking—what organ will you assign for the perception of these? *Theaet.* You are speaking of being and not-being, likeness and unlikeness, sameness and difference, and also of unity and other numbers which are applied to objects of sense ; and you mean to ask through what bodily organ the soul perceives odd and even number and other arithmetical notions. *Socrates.* You follow me excellently : . . . that is precisely what I am asking. *Theaet.* Indeed, Socrates, I cannot answer ; my only notion is that they have no separate organs, but that the soul, by a power of her own, contemplates the universal in all things. *Socrates.* You have done well in releasing me from a very long discussion, if you are clear that the soul views some things by herself and others through bodily organs. . . . To which class would you refer being

or essence? For this, of all our notions, is the most universal. *Theæt.* I should say, to that class which the soul aspires to know of herself. *Socrates.* And would you say this also of like and unlike, same and other? *Theæt.* Yes. *Socrates.* And would you say the same of the noble and base, and of good and evil? *Theæt.* These I conceive to be notions which are essentially relative, and which the soul also perceives by comparing things past and present with the future. *Socrates.* And does she not perceive the hardness of that which is hard by the touch, and the softness of that which is soft equally by the touch? . . . But their essence and what they are, and their opposition to one another, and the essential nature of this opposition, the soul herself endeavours to decide for us by the review and comparison of them. . . . The simple sensations which reach the soul through the body are given at birth to men and animals by nature, but their reflections on these and on their relations to being and use are slowly and hardly gained, if they are ever gained, by education and long experience."

Here it is evident—

1. That ideas are no longer "hypostatized," but seem in true relation to particulars and to the mind itself and in subordination to one another.

2. While still objective, they are no longer regarded as separable entities, but as notions or forms of

thought to which the soul attains, not now through reminiscence, but through her inherent logical activity working on the *data* of experience given in perception. They are a sort of "predicables," under which particular objects are conceived.

3. Whilst ethical universals, "noble and base," "good and evil," still rank amongst the highest ideas, they no longer form the main constituents of the ideal world—other objects of knowledge, not less important, are being, sameness, difference, unity, and number; which form a class of *summa genera*, or categories. This notion reappears in the image of the aviary (*Theaet.* 197 D). We are evidently on our way towards the dialectical elaboration which is afterwards assigned to the Eleatic Stranger.*

4. The senses are no longer held in contempt. Their objects are perceived *through* the bodily senses indeed, but *by* the mind. The analysis of sensible perception here attributed to Protagoras as a theory of knowledge is Plato's own theory of sensation as such. For it recurs with little change in the *Timaeus*.†

5. In place of the old difficulty of unconscious virtue, we have now the puzzle, "How is false opinion

* Thus the arguments of Ueberweg, who saw clearly the difference between the earlier and later theories, and therefore condemned the *Sophist*, fall to the ground.

† *Tim.* 64 sq.

possible?" Right opinion has a higher value than before. Not vice so much as ignorance is now regarded as involuntary.

6. To return to the immediate subject of this paper; the dialectical movement in the *Theaetetus* is accompanied with a deep moral and religious vein. No passage even of the *Phaedo* or *Republic* is more impressive than the solemn digression which Theodorus welcomes as a relief from the strain of abstract thought; where the process of growing like to God, which is the one thing needful, turns, not on the contemplation of the beautiful, but on righteousness with holiness and wisdom combined.

From the *Theaetetus* onwards the figurative and semi-mythical language is to a great extent disused. "Communion," "participation," etc., now express the relation, not of particular to universal, but of the lower ideas to the higher. There is also a new name for such participation, "to be affected by"—*πεπονθέναι* or *πάθος ἔχειν*.* The *ἰδέα* is a unity at once perceived and stamped by the mind on the particulars composing a genus.†

IV. At this point there is evidence of a further "crisis," or rather of a break in Plato's career both as a thinker and as a man. Although the *Sophist* and *Politicus* form a continuation of the *Theaetetus*,

* *Parm.* 148 A; *Soph.* 245 A.

† *Polit.* 258 C, *ἰδέαν αὐτῇ μίαν ἐπισφραγίσασθαι* ("to stamp upon it one ideal form").

there is a palpable change of style, implying an interval, and an interval in which much has happened. For one thing, the gentle, unforced humour, which still played around the talk of Socrates to Theaetetus has vanished, never to return. The person of Socrates himself is partly withdrawn; and in the *Politicus* especially there is a strain of sadness and even of bitterness that is personal to the writer. Whatever may be the truth about Sicily, the author of this dialogue has evidently, as I said in my edition,* some ground of quarrel with mankind.

Plato resumes the dialectical process with a greatly enlarged horizon, and at the same time his thought

“Takes a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o’er man’s mortality.”

I. Already in the *Theaetetus* we find allusions to philosophical schools which had not emerged when the *Protagoras* was composed. But in the *Sophist* both earlier and contemporary philosophies, his own included, are examined from a wider and more comprehensive point of view, resulting in a new synthesis and constructive theory of knowing and being; while in the *Politicus* the city-states of Hellas far and wide are surveyed with a penetrative glance, condemning the actual statesmen as impostors, and the so-called constitutions, democratic, oligarchic, and monarchical,

* “The Sophistes and Politicus of Plato,” with Introduction and notes, Oxford, 1867.

as hollow frauds, destined to founder in some world-storm (*Polit.* 302 *sq.*; cp. *Legg.* iv. 715 B, 717 B, viii. 332 B).

2. The speculative reasoning of the *Sophist* attained a point of view from which an idealist might be expected to infer the unreality of evil. Very different is Plato's mode of contemplating the actual world. If we compare the calm statement in the *Theaetetus* (176 A) that there must always be something to oppose the good, with the dereliction of the Universe by its Creator till it threatens to fall into the abyss of dissolution (*Polit.* 273 D): or the humorous suggestion that a pig or a baboon may be the "measure of things" (*Theaet.* 161 C), with the grave classification in which swine and monkeys are congeners of man (*Polit.* 266), and with the description of the actual statesmen as lions, foxes, centaurs, satyrs, and the like (*Polit.* 291), the profound disillusionment implied in the later dialogue (especially if we compare *Rep.* iv. 499 D) becomes apparent.

Plato is sick at heart; but he abates nothing of his endeavour in the cause of human improvement and the advancement of truth. The distance between the Divine and human is increasingly felt, but there is a firm determination to meet existing evils with practical remedies. Plato does not relinquish his ideal; but is determined to bring it to bear upon the

actual, if not immediately, yet more and more effectively.

3. Theocracy—*i.e.* the rule of perfect wisdom over willing subjects—is found to be inapplicable to such a creature as man in such a world as the present: the scientific statesman can only imitate the Divine monarch from afar. And as he cannot always be present with his people, the second-best course, which is ordinarily the best available, is that they should be *made* to live in obedience to law. Government through law is a necessary compromise between first principles and circumstances. Philosophy cannot dispense with tradition. Thus the ground is laid for the *Laws*, Plato's final legacy to the Hellenic race.

4. Meanwhile, through the reasoning in the *Sophist*, metaphysical theory has undergone an important change. The relativity or intercommunion of ideas, uniting Same and Other, One and Many, Motion and Rest, has bridged the chasm between being and becoming, and justifies an increasing interest, both theoretical and practical, in processes of all kinds and in production. This descent towards the concrete is signalized by some novelties of expression: (1) the use of $\gammaένος$ = $\epsilonἶδος$, marking the comprehensiveness of the idea (*Phil.* 26 D, etc.; cp. $\phiῦλον$ in *Polit.* 264 E); (2) the increasing frequency of $\gammaένεσις$, especially in the plural (*Theaet.* 155 E; *Soph.* 232 C, 234 E; *Polit.* 266 B, 283 D; *Phil.* 28 D, 54 C);

(3) the use of *πρᾶγμα* for an actual fact or thing (*Soph.* 257 C, 262 D; *Polit.* 278 D). This interest in *γένεσις* culminates theoretically in the *Timaeus* and practically in the *Laws*.

5. Two passages of the *Politicus* are peculiarly significant in this connection, one (272 C) in which scientific inquiry is described as the interrogation of every nature, in order to discover what each has to contribute from its peculiar experience towards the knowledge of the whole; the other (278 D), where the Eleatic Stranger dwells on the difficulty of recognizing universal truths when they are taken out of their abstraction and transferred to the long and complicated "syllabary" of facts. And it may be noted in passing that in the *Philebus* (64 B), by a concession which readers of the *Republic* could not have foreseen, empirical knowledge is included in that "bodiless harmony" or spiritual order which is the habitation of the Good. Else how is a man to find his way home? * But that there is no abatement of Plato's soaring idealism is clear from several passages which anticipate the subject of the *Philosopher* dialogue (*Soph.* 234, 235, 253 sq.; *Polit.* 284 C).

V. In approaching the subject of Natural Philosophy, from which Socrates had turned away, and in

* Cp. *Legg.* xii. 961 E, *νοῦς μετ' αἰσθήσεων κραθεῖς*, where sensation is not depreciated, as in *Rep.* viii. 546 B.

which Plato himself thought it impossible to arrive at certitude (*Tim.* 29 C ; cp. *Phil.* 59 A), he again has recourse to a figurative and semi-mythical mode of exposition. This has led interpreters to treat the *Timaeus* as the basis of Plato's so-called "system." * But such procedure is erroneous and misleading.

1. The *Timaeus* is one of the latest in a series of writings covering half a century, in which the author's views have been subject to continuous change. See, for example, the opinion about diet in *Tim.* 89 C contrasted with *Rep.* iii. 406 A.

2. Some of the chief positions are only intelligible with reference to arguments of which most of the dialogues present no trace. The difficulty of combining Same and Other (35 A) recalls the reasoning of the *Sophist* (258 E), and the concrete or composite substance (*οὐσία*, *ibid.*) is a conception only reached in the *Philebus* (28 D, 27 B).

3. The religious tenor of the dialogue is evident, and need not be drawn out here. Two leading thoughts—the motive of the Creator and the notion of Eternity, as distinguished from Time, have left a deep and lasting impress on the European mind.

Plato's religious conceptions have now attained a fixedness which has exposed him to the charge of

* In earlier times this was partly due to this dialogue having been translated by Cicero.

intolerance. He attaches profound importance to correctness of belief. And the "pivot articles" of that belief, referred to with solemn earnestness also in the *Sophist* (265 D) and the *Philebus* (22 C), are (1) the priority of Mind and (2) the supremacy of Divine Reason, commanding even the Idea of Good. To which may be added (3) the Divine nature of the Stars. But there is no relaxation of the bond between Religion and Morality, which is enforced with extreme severity in the tenth book of the *Laws*.

VI. 1. It is sometimes asserted that the Theory of Ideas is entirely absent from the *Laws*. And it is true that Plato has deliberately descended from the ideal height (*ἀντὶ τὰκριβές*, *Polit.* 284 C) in order to provide a compromise which he still hopes may find acceptance in the Hellenic world. But it is right to observe (1) that, like the *Philosopher* dialogue and the completion of the *Critias*, the education of the Nocturnal Council, which should have answered to the higher education in the Republic, is an intention which remains unfulfilled; and (2) that the importance almost pedantically attached to accurate differentiation is a reflection of the dialectical method, recalling the dichotomies of the *Politicus* and *Sophist*. See also the striking remark on generalization (or integration) in *Legg.* xii. 965 C (recalling the language of the *Phaedrus*)—τὸ πρὸς μίαν ἰδέαν

ἐκ τῶν πολλῶν καὶ διαφερόντων δυνατόν εἶναι βλέπειν,
 " Out of the multiplicity of differing objects, to be able
 to fix the mind on one idea comprehending them all " (also x. 895 D). (3) Ever since the acknowledgment in *Soph.* 248 E that the highest Being cannot be devoid of life and movement, but must involve a vital principle, the "theory of ideas" has been gradually resolving itself into a conviction of the priority of Mind to Matter and of the Sovereignty of Reason. And these, as already said, are the cardinal doctrines of the *Laws*.

2. The *Laws* at many points recall the earlier dialogues. Thus in speaking of soul or mind as immortal, and the eldest of created things, the argument of the *Phaedrus* where the soul is defined as self-moving or self-determining reappears. And, as in the *Phaedo*, the belief in immortality, however supported, includes the continuation of personal existence. The soul is the self, and departs to another state of being (xii. 959 B, 967 D).^{*} And it is observable that in asserting the priority of mind, not intellect alone, but active powers are expressly mentioned (ἥθη, βουλήσεις, ἐπιμέλειαι, "characters," "volitions," "beneficent cares," x. 896 C). Even in the *Timaeus* (81 D), in describing natural death, where

* The view of the *Symposium*, in which participation of immortality is involved in the continuation of the race, also reappears in *Legg.* v. 721 C.

the soul delightedly escapes from the burden of the flesh, it seems to be forgotten that, according to another passage (65 A), *delight* belongs to the mortal part of the soul.

3. Modern idealists complain that Plato never wholly gets rid of dualism. The evil soul in bk. x. (896 E) is an offence to them. But when the reality of evil is once accepted as a fact of experience and adopted as a working hypothesis, is there after all much difference between the Universe being left for an aeonian cycle to the guidance of "inborn desire," till it runs on the verge of ruin, as in *Polit.* 273, and the temporary existence of a spirit of evil, to be ultimately overborne by the good? On this subject I may give myself the pleasure of quoting from the the late Dr. Adam's work on "The Religious Teachers of Greece" (p. 466):—

"Plato was too profoundly convinced of the effects of evil, both physical and moral, in the world as it now is, to acquiesce in a pantheistic denial of its existence. He tells us more than once that there is more evil than good in human life: and no one can read the extraordinarily powerful description in the *Republic* of the tyrannical man, the living embodiment of active maleficence and vice, without feeling that moral evil at all events was something more to Plato than merely the absence or privation of good."

There are passages in the *Laws* which recall the

"pessimism" of the *Politicus*. But it has mellowed into a regretful, half-pitying, half-tolerant consideration for the feebleness of humanity.

It is true that Plato cannot be accused of Pantheism. The Supreme Being, that is one with Divine Reason, is at once immanent and transcendent. (See esp. *Legg.* xii. 957.)

4. But he has travelled a good way from "Socratism." This appears especially in the discussion of the voluntary and involuntary in ix. 860. And that last stage of "ignorance" in which a man says, "Evil, be thou my good" (*Legg.* iii. 689 A), is a condition of which Socrates would have denied the possibility. The place assigned to pleasure in the *Laws* is a sort of compromise between the extreme views of the *Protagoras* and the *Philebus*.

5. In these last efforts for the promotion of truth and the improvement of mankind, Plato, in a spirit of accommodation, makes large concessions to Hellenic tradition. In this there is here and there a trace of irony, as where he speaks of the gods who exist by custom (*Legg.* xii. 889), or of the heroes who declared themselves sons of God and must surely have known their own parentage (*Tim.* 40 D). But there is a more serious intention in the institution of local and departmental sanctities (*Legg.* v. 738 D), and in the special functions assigned to Ares (viii. 833, xi. 930), Artemis (viii. 833), Demeter and Core

(vi. 782), Dionysus (vii. 812), Eileithyia (vi. 784), Hephaestus (xi. 920), Hera (vi. 774), Hestia (viii. 848), and above all to Apollo, whose worship is associated with that of the Sun (xii. 945, 947; also viii. 833).

These matters, however, are not on a par with the worship of the Heavenly Bodies; still less with the Sovereignty of Divine Reason as forming an element in Plato's personal religion.

6. That Plato, who in the *Republic* left the details of legislation to his philosopher-kings, should in his book of the *Laws* attempt to provide for every conceivable circumstance, and that the author of the scheme of Communism should so impressively dilate upon the dues of domestic piety, need surprise no one who has fully considered the argument of the *Politicus*.

7. It is a fact full of pathetic significance, that in extreme old age, with the consciousness of failing powers (*Legg.* vi. 752 A,* 770 A†), the author of the *Republic* turned aside from the *Philosopher* dialogue, which should have crowned the metaphysical edifice, and from completing the *Critias*, that was to exhibit the ideal Commonwealth in act, —to transfer the rich outcome of his ripe experience

* ἂν . . . γήρως ἐπικρατῶμεν τό γε τοσοῦτον, "if we can so far overcome the infirmity of age."

† ἡμεῖς δ' ἐν δυσμαῖς τοῦ βίου, "while our life is at its setting."

into a body of precepts for the benefit of posterity. Great as was the dialectical movement—immense, and as yet unexhausted, as has been its influence on succeeding philosophies, beginning with Aristotle—it is evident that the ethical and religious impulse, derived primarily from Socrates, lay really at the root of Plato's lifelong endeavour.

Lastly, that, while more than once evincing an esteem for Hippocrates (*Protag.* 311 B; *Phaedrus*, 270 C), he should have failed adequately to realize the value of the Coan's method of observation, and that he probably despised Democritus, are facts only too much in accordance with what has happened to great thinkers in other times. The account of Sir Isaac Newton in Hegel's "History of Philosophy" betrays a corresponding blindness.

SHAKESPEARE'S *TEMPEST*.

ROSALIND'S "magician, profound in his art, but not damnable," was a character hardly known to the vulgar of Shakespeare's time. Their simple view of the matter is best reflected in that wonderful 5th Act of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, which for direct intensity of spiritual agony is hardly equalled even by Shakespeare's Clarence or Claudio. But the more enlightened

seem to have formed the conception of a sort of white magic, akin to astrology and alchemy,* which, as in Paracelsus and Roger Bacon, combined the dignity of science with the glamour and mystery of the supernatural. And in this notion Shakespeare at forty-five saw his opportunity for embodying a more distant and ideal survey of the life in which his art had hitherto been plunged. The feeling of the work resembles that of Goethe's dedication of his *Faust*.

“Ye bring with you the former days of glory ;
 Many dear shadows start to life again ;
 They waken, like an old half-buried story,
 First love and friendship, and renew the pain.

“Then seizes me a long unwonted yearning
 To join the grave and peaceful spirit's choir ;
 My lisping songs as some new language learning,
 Wavers and trembles like the Æolian lyre—
 Ye bring with you the former days of glory ;
 Many dear shadows rise to light again.
 They waken, like a scarce-remembered story,
 First love and friendship, and revive the pain.

“I am seized with a long-since unwonted yearning,
 Toward yonder grave untroubled spirit's choirs,
 My stammering song, as some new language learning,
 Trembles and quavers, like the Æolian lyre.

“What I possess, I see afar remote,
 And what has vanished,—that is real, I wot.”

This deeper motive, and the growing influence of

* Both favourite subjects of aphorism with W. S.

traveller's tales (especially since the discovery of Bermuda), together with the altered versification, distinguish the *Tempest* from the comedy, which a kindred subject-matter tempts one to couple with it, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. And it is obviously no less widely separated from the *Tragedies* and *History-plays*. Those milder and more harmonious views of life, which grow as contemplation succeeds to action,—those ideas of restoration, restitution, reconciliation,—and also of the harmony of man with nature, and of the external charm of infancy and early youth,—which push their way amidst alien elements in the *Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline*—and in the Shakespearean scenes of *Pericles*—are here expressed with consummate purity. And, as was natural in an ideal writing, they are confronted with their extreme opposites, but so that the evil is finally overcome by the good—and that not conventionally, but in a manner profoundly real. In one case, indeed, the dramatic contrast is so vivid as to betray the superficial reader into a disproportionate estimate.

As Portia and Shylock are contrasted in the drama of human friendship, so here the beneficent and the mischievous agencies which were combined in Puck, are parted between Ariel and Caliban. And just as Shylock, from vividness of portraiture, is apt to absorb undue attention, so Caliban, that wonderful creation, is often dwelt upon more than he deserves. I will

only notice here that his ideal nature is cunningly indicated by his speaking always in verse, so that Jaques would have said Good-bye to him.

In the *Tempest*, Shakespeare is for once consciously refining upon Nature. But he is still true to his great principle that

"Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean,"

and his most sovereign alchemy consists in drawing forth the most intimate and familiar secrets of the heart.

Except in sinning and repenting, Miranda is much more akin to us than Milton's Eve. Even in Caliban there are features of the real savage marvellously divined, but which, as the Archbishop says of Prince Hal's theology, "is a marvel how his grace should glean them." I believe that Prof. Huxley could confirm this from observation.*

In closing this brief paper on a fascinating and inexhaustible theme, let me call attention to a very few of these "touches of nature," by which that which seems fantastic at first sight vindicates the right to be recognized and loved as human. (1) Prospero, whom the other persons regard with awe, as a necromancer, has all the partiality of a father, and is

* The contrasts between Caliban and Trinculo, *mutatis mutandis*, recalls his preference of the Papuan to the East Londoner.

so absorbed in the happiness of his child that he forgets not only the enemies whom he has overthrown, but his present imminent danger from the attempt of Caliban. What can be more human than the confession? "A turn or two I'll walk to still my beating mind." (2) When reminded of it, he is horror-stricken—but that which works him to such unwonted passion is less the peril to himself than the obstinate ingratitude of the demi-devil whom he has taught so much. (3) Note also that from his past experience of the world he under-rates the reverential chivalry of first and passionate love in its first stage, and is over-anxious where Ferdinand is possibly over-confident. (4) Miranda for the first time breaks her father's hest in telling her name, and says to Ferdinand, "He's safe for these three hours." These are the blenches "at which love laughs," and without which the passion which leads to the forsaking of father and mother would not be itself. How much she learns of herself and of life and conduct in that short interview! (5) Even Ariel, the "airy spirit" of Titania's imagination, who has no human feeling (none, but the longing to be free), "conceives" that lovers would be alone, and tells Prospero that if he now beheld his enemies, his affections would become tender. "Mine would, sir, were I human." (6) And even Caliban is not without pathetic traits. Unacquainted with man, he is familiar, after his fashion,

with the spirit-world, at least with its noises and other less agreeable operations, and also with the blind but quick-eared mole, the nimble marmozet, and "scamels of the rock"—herein being more learned than Shakespearean commentators.

His perceptions within their narrow range (even he can premise) are true. He knows where the quick freshets are, "the barren place and fertile," and is not insensible to kindness, though ignorant how it should be repaid. He has lost his savage liberty by the advent of civilized man, and though he conceives of the moral ascendancy of Prospero merely as a stronger witchcraft wrapt up in his books, without which "he is but a sot as I am," yet in the end he too learns his lesson, "to be wise and seek for grace." Nay, Caliban, too, has his idealisms and in his dreams sees riches ready to drop on him from the clouds, and his intellectual pride is hurt at the idea of being transformed into an ape, "with forehead villainous low." (7) Lastly, the blessedness of retribution, "delaying, not forgetting," and the griping sense of guilt, "Like poison given to work a great time after," are not less profoundly true than the noble exercise of power in clemency, which, the moment faults are acknowledged, will push the advantage "not a frown further."

The personal application of all this to Shakespeare himself, who in retiring to New Place is supposed to

have broken his magic wand, a fancy which Thomas Campbell first made popular, must, I fear, be classed with other fancies which are more attractive than substantial. Yet it is not unnatural to feel that here more than in any other play we are brought near to the man Shakespeare, and even hear his thoughts—

“ Word-wafted to wise Prosper’s magic isle
 (Once ‘ the wild winds ’ his art calls forth are ‘ whist ’)
 We gaze enraptured, pondering as we list
The forms that, mirrored yonder, frown or smile.
Far off the spell-doomed world withdrawn the while
 Looms like a dimseen land through dazzling mist,
 And lips like those our childhood fancy kissed
With air-bred harmonies the spirit beguile.

“ The charm dissolves ; we linger,—till a breeze,
 No ‘ Tempest ’ now, a peace-attempered gale,
Risen all unwist, bears us on bright smooth seas
 Back to the world, with steadied course to sail,
Freighted with wisdom, patience, and heart’s ease,
 A treasure that, with years, shall more prevail.”

December 19, 1883.

SHAKESPEARE AND HOLY SCRIPTURE,
WITH THE VERSION HE USED, *by Thomas
Carter, D.Theol., Author of "Shakespeare, Puritan
and Recusant."* 1905.

SHAKESPEARE'S KNOWLEDGE AND USE
OF THE BIBLE, *by Charles Wordsworth,
D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of St. Andrews. Fourth
Edition, revised.* 1892.

READERS of Shakespeare who are deeply versed in any one department of human knowledge are perpetually reminded by "the myriad-minded man" of their own favourite study. Lord Campbell proved him a trained lawyer; naval experts find him accurate in the use of nautical terms; Professor Churton Collins imagines him to have been intimately familiar with Attic tragedy, and the two Doctors of Divinity whom I have ventured to name together—for Bishop Wordsworth does not deserve to be forgotten—quote numberless instances in which he appears to them to betray his minute acquaintance with Holy Scripture. Through the working of the same law of association, while the Bishop regards him not unreasonably as the upholder of "Christianity alike Scriptural, Catholic, and Reformed," Dr. Carter traces in him "a decided leaning towards

Puritanism." Mr. Furnivall, in his "Shakespeare and Holy Writ," while acknowledging that the poet's mind was saturated with the Bible story, is unwilling to admit the fact as any evidence of the dramatist's personal belief. Father Sebastian Bowden, on the other hand, declares that Shakespeare proves himself to be a Romanist.

Dr. Carter has supplied one obvious deficiency in the Bishop's work. By a collation of passages, which is on the whole convincing, he has shown what will surprise no one who has read the history of the English Bible, that the Bible known to Shakespeare was the Genevan Version, which, from 1570 onwards, "became the household Bible of the people." This disposes of Mr. Sidney Lee's suggestion that the poet's knowledge of the Bible may have come from hearing it read in church, where the Great Bible is known to have been in use, and the fact throws a pleasing light on the circumstances of John Shakespeare's home.

In the *Merchant of Venice*, I. iii. 89, where Shylock is describing Jacob's craft in deceiving Laban, the expression "parti-coloured lambs" (not "ring-straked") agrees with the Genevan Version. So does the same person's use of "Nazarite" for "Nazarene." Also in *1 Henry IV.*, I. ii. 106, and elsewhere, "amendment of life" instead of "repentance" points to the same origin.

But to come immediately to the book before us. Dr. Carter says in his "Foreword": "A careful study of the poet reveals a wide knowledge and use of Scripture, and one is therefore justified in assuming that more remote parallels may have arisen from the same source." That is surely a much larger inference than the premises allow. For, first of all, the Genevan Version had been circulating for a generation, and popular language was already largely coloured with it. Hence many coincidences of phraseology are at once accounted for,* not to mention the antecedent probability that writings of the same period would equally employ the vocabulary current at the time.† When the passages adduced are calmly examined only a fraction of them can be taken as proved.

Instead of classifying his examples, as Bishop Wordsworth did, under carefully chosen headings, Dr. Carter has followed the easier plan of examining the plays in what is now generally accepted as the chronological order. One result of this arrangement is not uninteresting. In the three parts of *Henry VI.* the greater number of the examples are such as to justify Dr. Carter's theory; while in the unquestion-

* "The blood of Abel," "the curse of Shimei," "ministering spirits," "legions of angels," "pitch that defiles."

† "Prisonhouse," "earnest," "surfeit," "room" = place, "let" = hinder, "the sum of all," "not a whit," "taken with the manner," "teeth set on edge," "upon my head."

ably Shakespearean plays, including *Richard III.*, the preponderance is decidedly the other way, the great majority of the supposed allusions being of a kind which Dr. Carter would himself acknowledge to be "remote parallels." Either, then, the original author of *Henry VI.* was more familiar with the Bible, or the poet of *Richard III.*, etc., used more subtlety and freedom in his adaptation of the sacred text. In either case the doubts long since expressed as to Shakespeare's sole authorship of *Henry VI.* are confirmed.

Another consequence of the simpler method is that the same scriptural quotations do service many times. They pass before us like a stage army, over and over again. It would be tedious to count the instances in which the sixth commandment, the "Book of Life," the witness of conscience (Rom. ii. 15), and Pilate's washing of his hands, are brought to bear. When it is further considered that customs, such as the English Sunday, or the anointing of a king, though based on Scripture, are older than any English version, the number of relevant quotations is greatly reduced. The effect is like that of hunting out the marginal references in one of Bagster's Bibles—edifying, no doubt, but only moderately instructive. And Dr. Carter's argument is certainly not strengthened by his habit of multiplying instances in illustration of a single passage,

The whole question of literary parallels is one requiring much niceness of discrimination. The assumption of them is pressed much too far in the present work, and also, as I venture to think, by Professor Churton Collins with regard to classical allusions in Shakespeare. When Milton in the sonnet on his birthday repeats almost verbatim a sentiment which occurs in Pindar (Nem. iv. 41-43), it is hardly a forced conclusion if we suppose him to have read that poet at the age of twenty-two. But when Laertes tells Ophelia (*Hamlet*, I. iii. 11-14) that

“Nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk : but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal,”

it would be rash to infer that Shakespeare had in his mind the words of Atossa to Darius in *Herodotus* (Bk. iii. 124), “As the body grows, the mind expands withal.”

In traversing Dr. Carter's inference from “direct references” to “remote parallels,” I have ventured to impugn the soundness of his logic. “The illicit process” becomes still more manifest when he imputes “distinct Puritan leanings” to Shakespeare. No doubt the reasoning of Brandes on the other side was provokingly wide of the mark ; but Dr. Carter argues as if the Puritans in the age of Elizabeth were the only upholders of reformation in England. But

surely "justification by faith and not by works" (p. 25) was not an exclusively Puritan doctrine. It was derived rather from Wittenberg than from Geneva. Nor were the Puritans singular in objecting to the sacrifice of the mass. The precisians come in for occasional good-humoured raillery, but Shakespeare is no more a Puritan than he is a Brownist (*Twelfth Night*, III. ii. 36).

Common and profane swearing had been always an offence against the Canon Law, and Prince Hal in personating his father is within his rights when he says to Falstaff as the young Prince—

"Swear'st thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me."

But in the reign of Elizabeth the uncanonical practice had become "a privilege of the upper classes" (Traill's "Social England"). And the Puritans could not rest until the offence had been made actionable in a court of law. Legislation on this subject—familiar to King James in his Scotch Parliament—was frequently attempted in the earlier years of his English reign, but did not fully succeed till 1623, when he had been twenty years on the throne. In 1606, however, the special attack of the Puritans upon performances of a dramatic nature had resulted in a kindred piece of legislation especially affecting the stage (see Sharman's "Cursory History of Swearing," 1884). Ben Jonson is said to have been brought by the fault of his actors within the danger of this Act, and to have

been threatened with slitting of his nose and *ears*. It is tempting to connect this circumstance with the complaint of Cloten in *Cymbeline*, II. i., and the punning answer of the Second Lord ; but it would not be justifiable to quote the passage either as a veiled attack on Puritans, or as evincing a leaning towards Puritanism. As Dr. Carter wisely admits, "a thinker like Shakespeare was lifted above the arena of partisan strife." *

Alassio.

May, 1906.

FREDERICK TEMPLE: MEMOIRS OF ARCH-BISHOP TEMPLE, BY SEVEN FRIENDS, *edited by E. G. Sandford, Archdeacon of Exeter. Macmillan, 1906. Vol. I., xvi., 611 pp.; vol. II., xi., 743 pp. 36s. nett.*

THIS is the worthy record of a great career. Each of the seven writers—the editor conspicuously—has set down the facts best known to him with true sympathy and without exaggeration. There is a refreshing absence of the unctuousness too often met with in religious biographies. If on the part

* It is noticeable in this connection, though the fact may be otherwise accounted for, that the name of God (with a capital G) is absent from *Cymbeline*, *Winter's Tale* and *Tempest*.

of old Rugbeians there is some tendency to hero-worship, that is easily discounted, or rather may be placed to the credit of the school and of its former headmaster.

The whole book gives the world assurance of a man, and reflects with evident truthfulness the impression that he made on those who knew him—an impression of herculean strength, of Titanic energy, and at the same time of profound tenderness and stainless purity; of one who through sheer force of mind and character rose steadily to the highest position, and maintained throughout his native rugged simplicity—a face of rock with hidden fountains that occasionally gushed forth unbidden—not altogether flawless, but firmly planted on an immovable foundation.

Some marked characteristics are perceptible all through: great vividness of impulse, controlled by the purpose which for the time was dominant; a nature not highly self-conscious, but keenly sensitive to the immediate practical environment, whence came some variations of opinion and attitude, while on the whole there was remarkable tenacity. Affections once called forth were never recalled. He always retained the impress of his Cornish mother and his Devonian home. Alive to every call of duty, he was not always aware of the effect which his acts or words produced on others. Personal independence,

combined with dutifulness, freedom, with due respect for others' freedom, and held firmly under the rule of law—these principles abode with him from first to last. And withal there was a buoyant elasticity of nature which no labours seemed to weaken, no discouragements to depress for long.

The experience gained at each stage of his career was carried forward to enrich what followed. School lessons, Oxford culture, educational administration, the life of a public school remained with him through his Episcopates, and added to their fulness of effect. As Archbishop he could find amusement in a mathematical problem, and guide his son in charming letters, fragrant with reminiscences of youth, through the intricacies of Kantian metaphysics.

Canon Wilson gives a terse and vivid description of the earlier years. The boy was father to the man—affectionate, eager, indefatigable, earnest, and joyous. To him, as to other thoughtful youths who then came to Oxford, the early forties were a time of mental disturbance, but also of mental expansion. Like Jowett, he had much intercourse with W. G. Ward, and, unlike him, was impressed by the personality of J. H. Newman. Oddly enough, they both received their first lessons in Biblical Criticism from A. C. Tait. Temple's grateful affection for Scott of the Greek Lexicon—afterwards Master of Balliol and Dean of Rochester—in spite of divergent

opinions, was lifelong and unwavering. Other influences were at work. A first instalment of Kant, in the shape of J. W. Semple's translation of the *Metaphysic of Ethic*, came to Balliol (I believe) from Glasgow with John Campbell Shairp. Temple's habitual sense of duty was reinforced by the Categorical Imperative; and this conviction remained with him through life. Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection* was also much in vogue. Mathematics had a special fascination for the Oxford student, and he was rather impatient of the *minutiae* of scholarship; yet he always gave to literature and language the higher place in the training of the mind.

As a graduate and fellow of Balliol, he seems to have made some study of Comte, as he certainly did of Hegel; but neither formed part of his mental furniture equally with Kant. In theology, without swerving in essentials from his early faith, he shared the reaction from Tractarian mediaevalism: "I am content to be called a soul-destroyer, if so it must be, however much pain it gives me to hear it, rather than run the smallest risk, now that we have lost the scholastic metaphysic, of binding ourselves with scholastic fetters. The fetters were barely endurable with the metaphysic; without it they would choke us. . . . A dogmatic theology is yet to be looked for. . . . Much of that will consist in distinct refusal to define" (1850). He had already begun to see

that "We are in need of, and we are gradually forced into a theology based on psychology" (1857). From 1844-1848 he was in close intimacy with Jowett, of which more presently.

The experience of Oxford and ideas gathered there shed a lasting light upon his after course. But his true bent was towards an active, far more than a contemplative life, as the sequel proved. He was a born administrator. And although his first endeavours as head of Kneller Hall were predestined to failure, his extraordinary powers were already recognized by those who had eyes to see them. "A spoiled Cabinet Minister," Lord John Russell called him. The importance of his work in connection with the Education Office, then in its infancy, is clearly shown in Mr. Roby's plain unvarnished narrative. To have worked for thirty-six hours continuously in producing against time a masterly report is one of those feats—like that of walking eighteen miles in three hours before breakfast—which marked Temple off from ordinary men. His sympathy with the poor sustained his enthusiasm in the cause of elementary education, as afterwards in the Temperance crusade. And it was the same impulse which led eventually to the institution of University Local Examinations, in which he took so prominent a part.

Kneller Hall was a training-college for work-house teachers, and few young teachers were found

to be ambitious of teaching in workhouses. But the practical questions to be solved were not the less essential, and were seriously met. Temple's remarks on the "comprehensive" method of religious education are well worth pondering: "The State will by-and-by be called upon to vote a million a year for education; do you think it will do this and then say to each sect, Do what you please with it? Can you not see that the immediate result of such a system always is to throw all the power into the hands of the ultras of each sect (for the ultras are the enthusiasts), and will the State give up so important a thing to the ultras? Why, one of the chief instincts of that organization which we call the State is to bring the power of the moderates to repress the ultras, and never, except at times of revolution, does this instinct cease to work. The Denominational taken bare will not do" (ii. 563 f.).

The force of the above reasoning is not diminished by the fact that the writer's views were modified in later years.

The most striking characteristic of Dr. Temple's work at Rugby was the successful combination of authority with freedom, especially in dealing with the masters there, who have always been jealous of their independence. Things went as he would have them go, not through vexatious interference, but by simple ascendancy of character. Mr. Kitchener's

chapters are full of instruction for educationists ; but we must hasten on.

The momentous move from Rugby to Exeter was attended with "no small stir," and with an act on Temple's part which demands some comment. Archdeacon Sandford truly observes that "Dr. Temple had gained the reputation, even more than he merited, of being an advanced liberal in politics and theology. . . . The real fact was that he did not part from the old in adopting the new, and that much of the Conservative view kept its place in him alongside of the Liberal." And, it may be added, the old never lost its influence on the emotional nature, which was little suspected because severely kept under control, but when released, as sometimes in preaching, would burst forth so powerfully, that, as we are repeatedly told, "the tears rolled down his cheeks." It was through that emotional nature that the strange outcry about "Essays and Reviews" affected him. And it must be borne in mind that, as already said, while keenly alive to the immediate practical environment, he was often unaware of the more remote effect of his words and actions upon others. He was not the man to yield to pressure or to popular clamour. Nor is it for a moment to be supposed that he had any thought of further preferment. So long as the position was threatened, he presented a firm front. But when

his legal rights were vindicated and the bishopric was secured, then it appeared how "the tender heart within the granite" had been touched, how it had responded to Bishop Christopher Wordsworth's plea for the weaker brethren, and the affectionate urgency of his friend and former subordinate, Benson, the future archbishop, at that time head-master of Wellington College.

Temple thought of the clergy in Devon and Cornwall, whose minds were being poisoned against him ; of the bitter prejudices which blocked the way to their sympathy and to his immediate usefulness. Their claims weighed more with him than any reluctance to "disavow his brethren in distress" ("Letters of Benjamin Jowett," p. 172). Temple was not the only one who thought that the volume was ephemeral and had done its work. Jowett had said, "We have had enough of this ; let us go on to something else." But the prosecutions had made that impossible, and had given historical importance to what is now regarded as colourless and commonplace. At the height of the contention Temple had written to John Duke Coleridge : * "To break through the mischievous reticence which was crust-
ing over the clergy, and damaging the very life of the Church, was worth purchasing at a high price. . . . Much mischief may perhaps be done meanwhile.

* The late Lord Coleridge.

But I know what I can do, and what I cannot. I cannot prevent it, but I can repair it"; and to Canon Cook: "Whatever you may think of it now, you may depend upon it, it (to make a public statement) would distinctly weaken me for my work. I should become a bishop indeed, but a damaged bishop."

That tune went manly. And if he had held to that, great as he is acknowledged to have been, he would have been a greater man. He would have had a sounder influence not merely on the Church of yesterday, but on the Church of to-morrow. He might have justified the words of Matthew Arnold to him, strangely as they may sound from the future author of "Literature and Dogma": "The times, in spite of all people say, are good and will be better; in the seventeenth century I should have certainly been in orders, and I think, if I were a younger man now, I would take them. The future of the Church of England entirely depends upon itself; I do believe, instead of passing away into a voluntary sect, it may become far greater and more national than it has ever yet been" (ii. 278). Temple seems, however, all the while to have been contemplating a *quiet* withdrawal and severance from the other essayists. That could not be. Such things are not done in a corner. And, as it happened, through a momentary inadvertence his

hand was forced, and he was compelled to make the avowal openly in Convocation: "I did feel certainly that the publication of one essay amongst others was a thing which might be allowed to Frederick Temple, but which was not therefore to be allowed to the Bishop of Exeter." Other passages in the speech have a more liberal sound, *e.g.*: "It is quite impossible that this great discussion should really come to a worthy end unless it is conducted with real freedom on the part of those who take any real share in it."

"Prave 'ords at the pridge!"

But the enemy had gained a footing. And the words, for the time at least, passed by them like the idle wind. For one purpose, not of least importance, he was a "damaged bishop."

It appears that Mr. Gladstone had given Temple the choice between several vacant sees, and that he chose Exeter, because of his love for Devon and Cornwall. If he had chosen Oxford, could Bishop Wilberforce have failed to "recall to mind" that Dr. Temple's essay was included in any censure of Convocation (ii. 238)?

A few words must here be said about Jowett's friendship with Temple, which, like that with A. C. Tait, was strained but never broken. All letters received by Jowett were burned after his death, and Dr. Temple, when asked by Jowett's biographers,

had nothing to give. Hence the correspondence with R. Scott, which bulks so largely in these volumes, may give rise to a disproportionate estimate. Is it conceivable, for example, that Rugbeians going to Balliol were recommended to Scott as Master, and not also to Jowett? Before Temple left Oxford in 1848 the intimacy was very close indeed. Some traces of it may be found in later letters; compare, *e.g.*, what is said of Gal. iii. 20 in 1852 (ii. 494) with Jowett's note on the passage. But from that time onward their paths insensibly diverged. In dwelling with delight on their former intercourse (ii. 654), Jowett evidently remained under some illusion. He had not reckoned with the force of earlier associations and the strength of rival friendships and affections. They had agreed on the necessity for breaking through the prevailing reticence; and Jowett, when attacked, looked round for a support which he did not find. That he felt this keenly I know, for he told me so: "He seemed to me as free as air; how hard it is to find a perfectly firm will!" He refers to this in a letter of 1869: "There was a time, ten or twelve years ago, when I was out of health and overworked, and had only lukewarm help from friends. Then life did seem dark and miserable. But that has long passed away" ("Life of Benjamin Jowett," i. 438). Nor will his disappointment seem wonderful to any

one who reads two letters from Temple to Scott, which appear on the same page (ii. 515).

1. "I hope he will hold his peace, and let his friends fight his battle for him" (October, 1856). The advice was needless, but how did his friends fight for him?

2. "The sort of uneasy feeling which Jowett's book is causing . . . is neither unnatural nor unfair. . . . He has not worked out his own view, and it is concluded (not unjustly) that he means to deny even the doctrine which they mean to express. I dare say I shall suffer a little in his company" (January, 1856).

Call you this backing of your friends? In the following year he partly sympathises with Scott on the unsettlement caused by Jowett's lectures on divinity. But soon afterwards the friends must have come together again. Temple was reminded of their agreement about the evils of reticence, and he contributed an essay founded on Lessing's "Education of the Human Race," to the volume known as "Essays and Reviews." But in 1869 came the "regrettable incident" above referred to. Jowett then said, "Dr. Temple has fallen from the top to the bottom of a very high hill. I knew from his speeches at Rugby that he was going to desert us, but I did not think he would have done it so clumsily." When Jowett was Master of Balliol the weakened friendship was repaired. Temple preached in Balliol chapel, and was

persuaded by his friend, who was then Vice-chancellor, to take the Bampton Lectures for 1884 (On Religion and Science). And after Jowett's death in 1893, as Canon Wilson truly says: "No one who was present at the meeting held in London for a Jowett memorial . . . could misconstrue the tone of affection in which Temple proposed a statue that should recall to us the very lineaments of our friend" (i. 79). So let us leave them, in Jowett's own words, "resting together in the communion of the same Lord."

The Exeter memoir is by far the most interesting of these records. In the accounts of the other Episcopates and of the Primacy, there is inevitably some repetition; and the subject of the biography, though full of vigour, is no longer in the prime of life. But in the Exeter period there is all the freshness of a first experience, and the way which the vessel makes so bravely is against the wind. For the Bishop's anticipation (i. 286) was fulfilled. His statement had not disarmed opposition. But he lived it down. His unmistakable, ardent piety, his manly directness, and his abundant labours won by degrees the hearts of all but all. His curt and peremptory replies repelled men less in the West country than in London. In the remoter parts of his diocese he was on the track of John Wesley, and his treatment of Nonconformists is especially noteworthy. His view

on "Apostolical Succession" was the same which he had held at Kneller Hall (ii. 564). It is most clearly expressed at the commencement of his work in London. "If it is understood to imply this continuity of the spiritual life, it is in its right place; but if it is taught as a means of separating the clergy from the laity, and giving them a position of their own, it will become a hard, unspiritual thing, which will repel many noble minds" (ii. 10; but *cf. ib.* 166). Accordingly no superstitious scruple withheld him from acknowledging what was excellent in Wesleyan or Bible-Christian, any more than from afterwards, when Primate of all England, appearing as an advocate of Temperance before the Scottish Presbyterian Assembly. His power of organization was more effective in the Exeter diocese than even at Rugby. Archdeacon Sandford draws an instructive contrast between his methods and those of his famous predecessor, Bishop Phillpotts (i. 270). The difference was that between impressing a mould from without and developing organic life from within. Bishop Temple's wide and varied experience was ungrudgingly applied, both in schemes for educational improvement and in his dealings with candidates for Ordination. His heartfelt tenderness was shown in his Confirmation addresses. Assuming that theological colleges must exist apart from the universities, he insisted that they should be as large as possible

(i. 412) ; and he foresaw the danger that a seminarist clergy, absorbed more and more in minor ministrations, would neglect their studies to the detriment of preaching, and become Levites instead of "sons of the prophets." Long afterwards he urged on his clergy the necessity of study (ii. 517), and when told that the immense work of the clergy prevented them from reading enough, he said, "Then let them give up some of that work" (ii. 709). He felt towards the Church of England (this is very characteristic) "what a grown-up son feels for a mother—not submission of judgment, but affection of heart." And he feared that a consequence of disestablishment might be ecclesiastical tyranny: "Until toleration is felt as a principle, the freedom of the body is the slavery of the members." This may partly explain what some have thought his slackness in the later Episcopates with regard to irregularities of which he cannot have approved. He himself held firmly to the Reformation. But in his zeal for the comprehensiveness of a National Church, he carried toleration to the furthest limit.

Instead of venturing upon thorny ground I will only ask two questions. (1) In drawing a broad distinction between ritual and doctrine, did he not make a dangerous admission? Can the rite be dissociated from the idea which it represents? In the reason which he gave for his own stout adherence to the

Northern position, was there not implied a doctrinal principle?

(2) There are frequent references to the Gorham and the Bennett judgments in defence of opposite extremes. Why then is there no reference at all to the at least equally important judgment of Lord Westbury in 1864—the charter of free inquiry for the clergy?

As this biography sinks into men's minds, Frederick Temple after death, as in his lifetime, may do something, perhaps much, towards "the salvation of the Church of England."

Alassio.

THE HIGHER HUMANISM.

NOTHING I have now to say is to detract a hair's breadth from the supremacy of that Universal Religion, which Christ promulgated in revealing the Love of God and the brotherhood of men, so awakening a new consciousness of dependence on the Father of Spirits, and a new and indefeasible hope of immortality. That remains the one absolutely redeeming Power, coming from above, yet

world-pervading, too expansive to be confined in definitions, too essentially vital to be seized in a formula.

But in pervading the world the spirit must take form and substance ; the light as it falls makes more or less of shadow and gives birth to varied hues, and we, who only know it from beneath, can but apprehend it fragmentarily through distinctions and oppositions of thought. Hence, if we would avoid more barren mysticism, the power of intellect must be joined with that of emotion in order that we may understand our true position towards nature, mankind, and God, in such a way that our work in life may be fruitful in wholesome and beneficent result.

My present object is to define in part a general tendency, which seems to me especially rich in promise for our age and generation. To express this I want a word less hackneyed and conveying more of heartiness than Culture, of a fuller and more substantial content than the Enthusiasm of Humanity. The "big H" of the Comtist and the "big U" of the Agnostic are both too vague for this. They do not satisfy the requirements of my ideal. I want to describe a spirit "as broad and general as the casing air," yet as strongly based as the everlasting hills ; overflowing with emotion and tenderness, yet resolute and clear ; ready and willing to immerse itself in practical details, yet never losing

hold of principles ; too aspiring to be infested with ambitious aims ; too dignified for pride ; too bent on service to waste a thought on gain or on the race for power.

Now, in selecting the word Humanism for this purpose, I have to separate the term to some extent from its historical meaning.

The new birth of time which culminated in the Reformation, was an uprising of the Spirit of Man against Ecclesiasticism and against Scholasticism ; that is to say, against a twofold bondage which resulted from the stiffening and petrifying of forms of thought themselves once full of life. One chief agency of this uprising had been the Revival of Learning, the immense stimulus afforded by the fresh contact of the human mind with Greek and Roman Literature. And because that Revival was thus associated with the emancipation of the Human Spirit from dogmatism and blind obedience, that Ancient Literature came to be known as *Literae Humaniores*, and the proficient in it was called Humanist, or Humanitian, to distinguish him from the old-fashioned Divine, whose special learning was more exclusively in the direction of Scholasticism or of the Canon Law. Thus Humanism, if the term had then been employed, would have signified the scholarly and literary aspect of the new movement ; and in this at once it would fall short of my present

purpose. For what I mean is by no means a mere literary, still less a merely learned spirit, nor could I be content with a term, which, as it was then applied, would have set Shakespeare on a lower level than Ben Jonson.

The Humanism of the sixteenth century was inadequate in another respect. It was a turbid stream that much needed cleansing and purifying. There are enthusiastic readers of Rabelais, I believe, who have found the molten ore beneath the dross and scum that mantle over the surface of his books. That blend is characteristic of the early Humanism. But the spirit of which I now speak has purged away the dross, has taken off the scum. The worship of antiquity was in the earlier phase unscientific and indiscriminate. A change has gradually supervened, which may be not inaptly compared to the alteration in people's views of ancient statuary which has taken place in less than a century. To read Winkelmann, one would suppose that the *morbidezza* of the Hermaphrodite, or the exact contour of a "belly of Bacchus" were as important and as interesting as the grand pose of Apollo or Jove. Read *Childe Harold*, or *Prometheus Unbound*, and you find inklings of a nobler conception, yet one in which, as even in Lessing's "Laocoon," there is still too much of a rhetorical or theatrical element. Recent discoveries have made students more fastidious. What

was once the top of admiration is discounted as belonging to the decadence of Greco-Roman art, and attention is concentrated on the few undoubted remains of the Great Period ; and thus the wisdom of Flaxman is justified, who drew his inspiration from two sources only, from the Elgin marbles and from nature.

Even so the Humanist of the earlier type found an equal interest in the vile gossip of Athenaeus or of Petronius Arbiter, and in a play of Aeschylus or an ode of Horace or Pindar. We have changed all that. Or, at least, only in so far as we have changed it, can we be said to have entered upon the phase which I am describing, that of the *Higher* Humanism. It is because the Classics present types of nobleness that are imperishable, images of goodness and ideals of wisdom that can never lose their value or their charm, that we still cling to them : and also because the ancient still interprets for us so much that lies within the modern world. But the spirit thus engendered is not hemmed in within the *penetralia* of classic lore. It should be coextensive with knowledge and with intellectual activity. And it is of this spirit, so conceived, that I now proceed to speak.

I. The first note of the Higher Humanism is Universality. This is finely expressed in one of those great sayings of Heraclitus, which slept in the

ear of his own age, but have since been reawakened by the sympathy of kindred minds :—

“The Divine word or wisdom is universal, but most men live as if their own private thought were wisdom.”

“To be awake is to live in the Universal World, or Order, but individuals slumber and sleep and turn aside into a private world of their own.”

The Humanist has escaped from the Lilliputian bonds of party, he has risen aloof from the blind contentions of parochial strife ; while others seem content to struggle in the dark, his prayer is still for light and more light. The picture in Plato may be somewhat overdrawn, but it conveys much of the true spirit of such a life :—The philosopher is wholly unacquainted with his next-door neighbour, for he is searching into the essence of man ” ; and at all events, the contrasted picture well describes that from which he escapes, the picture of one who from being immersed in so-called public life “has become keen and shrewd, has learned to flatter his master (which is ‘public opinion’) in word and indulge him in deed ; but his soul is small and unrighteous. His slavish condition has deprived him of growth and uprightness and independence ; dangers and fears, which were too much for his truth and honesty, came upon him in his early years, and he has been driven into crooked ways ; from the first he has practised

deception, and has become stunted and warped. And so he has passed from youth to manhood, having no soundness in him"—no soundness, that is to say, from the Platonic point of view.

To maintain through life as large a measure as possible of the contemplative and philosophic temper, is the grand security for fairness and candour of view. It assists our own peace of mind and makes us independent of the passions and caprices of others; while the independent attitude thus attained is of the greatest value to us when we are called upon to act in any way. And this independence, this peace, this platform of extended survey, is, or ought to be, the first fruits of the Higher Humanism. Our ideal Humanist—in other words, the truly educated man—is living always in the great world; not indeed amongst the worldly great, for he is independent alike of their favours and of their gifts; but the great of all ages, the great of history and of literature, the great in thought, in whose spirit he is steeped to the core, the quintessence of whose best heritage has passed like iron into his blood.

Not that the imaginary being whom I am describing is by any means passionless or cold. For the note of *Universality* in him is inseparable from the note of *Reality*. His feeling is in one sense impersonal, for it is not self-regarding, but it is not on that account less deep and strong. More conscious

than other men of his true position, whatever may be his special responsibilities, he realizes them completely, and meets them with a free and ready will. The absence of petty bias, of *parti-pris*, of interest in private and parochial intrigues, enables him to concentrate all his energies of heart and mind on that which with clear, unjaundiced eye he sees and feels to be his duty. If the conclusion of Wordsworth's Sonnet to the Skylark may be extended (as I think it fairly may) beyond the literal domestic application, it is not an inapt expression of what I mean,—

“Type of the wise, who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.”

For the highest and most universal principles are those which are most directly applicable to our immediate duties, however humble they may be. And the intermediate world of jarring claims, whether social or political, amorous or ambitious, claims of party, claims of sect, claims of gain, claims of favour or opinion, however they may distract us temporarily, are really destined to the *limbo* of nonentity.

If the work of political decentralization, of which we hear many prophecies, is to be carried out, what a blessing it will be, if there should be found in every neighbourhood men too enlightened for prejudice, too cultured for party bias, men who cannot be suspected of venality, who are at the same time

ready to bring their knowledge to bear on the supply of local wants, and to serve the community to which they happen to belong, as they are called upon to do so, with honest effort and untiring persistency! How fortunate, if their neighbours are willing to call upon them! And this will come from the diffusion of the higher, the more robust, Humanism which I am advocating.

To return to the intellectual aspect of the same Spirit, the Humanist is a lover of first-hand knowledge. He is not contented, as so many are, to be the echo of an echo, as indeed those cannot fail to be, who have never cared for exactness in their education. Nothing can be further from the ideal I am trying to set forth, than the vagueness of aspiration without effort, the fluency of utterance without substance, the facile dogmatism, which may be sincere enough in its first off-going, but is sure, as life goes on, to degenerate into affectation. Very different from this is the lightness of touch which comes of true mastery, the effect of ease which comes of artistic finish, the look of carelessness which is only the concealment of art. No, the Humanist is a hard and close worker; he works with a degree of concentration proportioned to his sense of the profound importance of that on which he works.

And it is just this seriousness and this sense of proportion that distinguish the true Humanism from

that which is its bane and counterfeit, I mean Pedantry.

Pedantry is that false learning which confuses means and ends, and takes the part for the whole ; which lives in the particular, and never rises into the universal ; or again, dwells securely in generalities which it is powerless to apply and render fruitful. The pedant is like the builder would be, who should care more for the scaffolding than for the house ; or the carpenter who should think more of polishing his tools than of acquiring skill to use them. He is a stunted scholar, whose growth has been arrested either from without or from within, and whose fault or whose misfortune it is to profess the instruction of others. If the cause of this checked development has been in external circumstances, then he is a ridiculous, indeed, but also a pathetic figure. The genius of Scott has eternalized this aspect of him in Dominie Sampson, a person whom we all laugh at and all love. But there is another species of the genus that is less amiable ; for it is produced, not by limitation of circumstances, but through poverty of mind. Having no imagination, such persons judge of opinion and character by cast-iron rules. Having no generosity, they are apt to resent a superiority which they cannot understand. It is especially unfortunate, if such a man is placed in a position in which he can assume the airs of a teacher or ruler.

He is sure, unconsciously, in some way to attempt to bind the Spirit, a hopeless and ungracious endeavour. His originality consists in the misapplication of outworn methods. He knows the last thing that has been said in Germany about some monument of literature or art, to whose real beauties he is essentially blind. Or again, he has been educated beyond his powers, and strives after some achievement of which he is incapable. If he writes poetry, his verses are correct, but lifeless; if an historian, he clothes his dry-as-dust acquirements with pomposity of style. He is nothing if not at second or third hand. As a critic he is accomplished in the terms of *technique*, while to natural or essential graces he is "high gravel blind."

But to return to our ideal Humanist. He is free from the opposite yet kindred vices of pedantry and charlatanry; from the first, because he has risen into the upper air of universal thought; from the latter, because he counts nothing as knowledge that is not exact and accurate both in principle and detail, and because he despises no labour. Not to *seem*, but to *be* wise and good is his desire. And thus, like the sublime figure of Contention in Homer, his head is in the sky, but his feet are on the solid ground.

He likewise combines what may seem the opposite qualities of aspiration and sympathy. Unlimited in

his desire of progress, and unremitting in his efforts for self-improvement, he will not close his heart to the righteous claim of any brother man. The feelings retain their freshness while the intellect grows. As he rises higher, like the pyramid, he broadens more and more.

This spirit also reconciles the seeming contrarieties of Order and Freedom, and of Modesty and Self-respect. The Humanist is aware that any infringement of what is due to others is so far a derogation from his own personal dignity. Breaches of order, where they do occur, come mostly from self-forgetfulness or an habitual servility, and are quite incompatible with the experience of rational liberty.

Another union of opposites which I trace in him is the combination of candour or considerateness with severity. It is apt to be thought that one who is practising a lofty ideal must necessarily be hard on the faults and deficiencies of others. It is true that he will see them plainly and that he will not dissemble about them. But it is also true that he will regard them with "larger other eyes" than the pedant or the half-educated man, that he will have infinite consideration for the weak and erring, that his aim will be to edify, not to destroy. In one direction he will be severe indeed, and that is towards himself. Not that he will wilfully exaggerate in the way of self-reproach, or in any other way; but he

will not prevaricate with self, or extenuate his own shortcomings. He will correct his judgment ever and anon by comparison with his ideal. And, similarly, in his contemplation of mankind, he will be equally removed from asceticism and license; appreciating the facts of human nature at their true worth, and thinking tenderly of the inevitableness of human frailty; but seeing also clearly the unalterable conditions of nobleness and of the higher life; and not paltering with excuses, however plausible.

One other note of the higher humanism remains to be considered, and that is *Generosity*. This is so rare a grace,—at least in our day,—that the very notion of it is absent from the minds of many (so-called) educated men. More than once, when I have spoken of a man as generous, I have found myself understood to mean that he was free-handed in respect of money! True generosity is well indicated by Tennyson in the *Idylls of the King*, where Guinevere in answer to the garrulous questions of the little novice of the holy house at Almesbury, says this of Launcelot and of the King:—

“Sir Launcelot, as became a noble Knight,
In open battle or the tilting field
Forebore his own advantage; . . . and the King
In open battle or the tilting field
Forebore his own advantage.”

That is the test. But to how many, amongst those

whom we have personally known, should we feel confidence in applying it?

And the two following lines remind me of another quality, I mean *Gentleness* :—

“ For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind.”

I might extend these remarks indefinitely, but it is time to give this sermon (for such it is) the practical application. I will, therefore, only say further, with reference to the main subject of my discourse, that the qualities which I have endeavoured to describe, and which appear to me to be the legitimate fruit of education in the true sense of the word (the Greek *παιδεία*), attain an infinitely higher value when they are enlisted in the cause of Christian self-devotion. Then only does Humanism attain its roof and crown, and only by describing such a life could I reach the height of this great argument. The man who boasted of having united the career of Aristotle to that of St. Paul came near to the conception, if the boast itself had not been evidence of the almost maniacal conceit of one whom Mr. Matthew Arnold has lately called “a grotesque French pedant.” Our age does not wholly want examples, but they are not to be conveyed by description, or without personal knowledge. Perhaps of those who have passed away within ten years or

so, the names of Maurice or Stanley come nearest to that which I intend.

What, then, is the advice which I would append to this long diatribe? It is as follows. Let every man endeavour to obtain *exact knowledge* of some one portion of human learning. When he has attained it, there may be room, perhaps, for some natural exultation. But let him then look forth upon the extent which he has still to conquer, and on the dim vista of that which he can never hope thoroughly to know. He will find that the knowledge he has attained has given him a new measure of his ignorance, and while it affords the assurance of further progress, it is the source not of pride, but of humility. In this spirit let him go on adding what he can, keeping his mind and heart both open, but remembering also that depth is more important than extent, and then he will be sure to grow. And let him bear this in mind, that any growth which he attains either now or afterwards is not merely for his own credit or his own advancement, but for the service of God and man. Then he will be proceeding on the line which I have endeavoured to set forth as worthy of the most serious aim.

Shall I be thought to carry the sermonizing vein too far, if, in conclusion, I venture to warn my readers against an error, to which the temptations in this

country have always been strong, while throughout the world just now they are daily increasing? The error I refer to is, in general terms, that of specializing too early, of making the preference of one pursuit an excuse for desisting from other lines of culture. Of course, nothing can be done without concentration; and much fine talent has been wasted in consequence. By the time a man has reached fifty-five (perhaps even earlier) he ought certainly (if he is to effect anything) to be specializing more and more. But in the University which produced the admirable Crichton, and where the echoes of J. S. Mill's address are not yet ended (though it has sounded to the farthest corners of the globe), it ought to be superfluous to urge men not prematurely to allow one study to overshadow all.

It may seem strange in a professed Platonist to warn his hearers in particular against the fascination of philosophical abstractions. Yet I could justify this on Platonic grounds if there was time. Plato himself often wails sadly over the youthful phase, which he also no doubt had passed through, that comes often with the first down upon the chin, when the void of experience is replenished with the fulness of thought, and the youth, ere he has seen twenty years out, "becomes, like Coleridge, a metaphysician." Then every man seems to himself his own Parmenides, and two verbs out of many hundreds

are enough for him, no matter in what language,—“to think” and “to be.” He is contented to forget the rest. And since he has learnt that Time is but a mode of thought, the tenses have become indifferent to him, and even the moods (though they have a far-off look of something metaphysical) are apt to be swallowed up in the general category of Relation. He cares not for the moods, but for *modality*. Such an one forgets that Kant had gone the round of all the sciences before he began to formulate his transcendentalism ; that Hegel had sailed far and wide amongst the beauties of Greek literature before he dropped his plummet into the abyss of thought,—that the *Antigone* suggested more to him than the “Organon” did ; and that Coleridge knew Greek even better than he knew German, though not so well as he knew the English of Shakespeare.

And it may seem no less inconsistent in one who has made attempts at translation, to deprecate, as I do, another fallacy that seems to be making headway, and has been industriously promoted by high authorities, amongst others by Mr. Grant Duff in his Lord Rector’s address at Aberdeen. It may be thus expressed :—We do not want to neglect the wisdom of antiquity, but we can get it now without the loss of time which is involved in learning Latin and Greek. Have we not Lang’s *Odyssey* ; have we not Gladstone’s *Homer* ; have we not Müller’s Greek

Literature, Sellar's Roman Poets, etc., etc.? May we not get our Humanism out of these and be Humanized? These views are dangerous from their speciousness. For of course, such knowledge is better than none, and it is well that it should be widely accessible. Again, the pedantry which I have spoken of as the bane of Humanism has brought upon pure scholarship a bad name. Many accurate scholars have contributed little to the diffusion of literature. But it is needless to repeat the condemnation of second-hand knowledge, where knowledge at first hand is available. And the way of talking I refer to is really only the last refuge of indolent mediocrity. This would matter less, were it not apt also to overcloud even genius itself at times. It is, therefore, of some importance to observe that not in this way have our great originating minds allowed themselves to reason. I will cite two extreme instances. Ben Jonson (I am not citing him) had a very high standard of learning. And he said in the famous lines on Shakespeare, "though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek." This has given rise to a long controversy, not yet quite concluded. But after what Professor Baynes has proved, I need not observe to you that Shakespeare (though he left school at fourteen) had assimilated more of Ovid than any here have done of Horace, who is more familiar to us. And there can be little doubt, I

think, that that first taste of the perennial fountains accounts in part for the eagerness with which, by the help of such translations as were then current, he afterwards extended his knowledge of the ancient world. If so, even Julius Caesar may owe something to those school lessons for which the boy, in fear of paternal chastisement, turned reluctantly from the Avonside meadows and the Arden glades, and crept unwillingly to school.

We often hear Keats spoken of (with partial truth) as a Greek born out of due time. He was rather a posthumous birth of the Renaissance. But when Keats, on reading Chapman's Homer, looked forth with the gaze of an astonished voyager "silent upon a peak in Darien," was not his admiration mingled with regret? Did it not occur to him that what charmed him thus afar off must be still grander when viewed from near at hand? Did he not sigh with his own feet to tread the crisp snows of that summit, and to breathe its bracing sky-ward air? What would he have given for opportunities, which (as I grant) are often turned to poor account?

I have cited Shakespeare and Keats, because they are the hackneyed instances of the friends of useful knowledge, though utility was not exactly either's standard. But they are exceptions. And whatever may be our gifts we cannot exactly cope with them. On the other hand, if we run over our other great

names in literature (almost all but Burns, who was also an exception), the evidence of their wish for first-hand knowledge is overwhelming. Shelley translated the *Symposium*, and was drowned with a copy of Sophocles in his pocket,—not Franklin's Sophocles, which had been the delight of Mrs. Montague, but either Brunck's or possibly the Aldine text. The *Dion* and the *Laodamia* are amongst Wordsworth's finest works. And of our living bards, while Lord Tennyson's *Lucretius* and his *Ulysses*, evince learning in the truest sense, Mr. Browning's classicism is almost pedantically displayed. But this is excusable, because Mr. Browning was an enthusiastic Greek scholar. So is Swinburne, so is Matthew Arnold, so is Andrew Lang. Even William Morris has translated Virgil, and his namesake of Penbryn is nothing, if not the singer of two worlds, the ancient and the modern. These persons were not, of course, professional scholars, but their knowledge of ancient literature, their command of it, their assimilation of it, has been a main part of their intellectual furniture.

One more example, and I have done. We have been reading the "Life of George Eliot." She was certainly a rare instance of the spirit which I have been endeavouring to describe. Yet she had no direct advantages of university culture. Yet she mastered all the languages that have an important

literature, Latin, French, Greek, Spanish, Italian, and lastly Hebrew. And in that wonderful year or two of mental growth which preceded the publication of "Adam Bede," amongst an infinity of other reading recorded in her Journal, there are these books particularly noted: the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad*; the *Antigone*, *Oedipus*, *Electra*, *Ajax*, of Sophocles; the *Agamemnon*, *Choëphoroe*, and *Eumenides*, of Aeschylus. She may have been to some extent guided in her choice, but it is very noticeable that, in describing the genesis of her own works, particularly the "Spanish Gipsy," she refers repeatedly to the types of the Greek drama.

To sum up then, I do not deny that philosophical ideas may be in advance of culture and may anticipate experience, or that originality is the very soul of literature. But no philosophy can ripen without a basis of culture, or except in a soil that is rich with the spoils of time, the leaf mould of the forest of Humanity. And neither Literature nor any other art can attain completeness or do a perfect work, without some knowledge and appreciation, at first and not at second or third hand, of the great work that has been done in past ages.

LIMITS OF CHRISTIAN THOUGHT.

THE question now proposed to us, appears to me to stand quite apart from another question that is no doubt related to it, as to the terms of communion. While it is desirable that these should be as open and as elastic as possible, yet if a community is to exist, and to have continuity of life, it can only exist under conditions which have some reference to its historical antecedents. A church cannot break entirely from the past without some loss, and it must be provided with some security against extravagances, either of opinion or conduct, which contradict too violently the traditions which are associated with its origin. The best security in my opinion, and as Henry Bristow Wilson, a man whose services are forgotten, used to maintain, is the existing law. So far, at least as the Church of England is concerned, the ecclesiastical courts may be a cumbrous and uncertain means, but they are the least injurious, the most reasonable resort for the settlement of disputes of this nature, and it is a mode of settlement which leaves the individual conscience unburdened. That was the opinion, as is well known, of Bishop Burnet and of Dean Milman, who, when serving on a commission on this question in 1864, moved a resolution for the entire abolition of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, and it is

well known to have been the opinion of the late Dean Stanley.

Of course the Articles as well as the Formularies would still be of legal obligation. To *impugn* them would still bring a clergyman within the danger of prosecution. But they must be legally interpreted according to precedent and the decisions of the Courts. It is agreed on all hands, however, that some conditions there must be for membership in any outward communion. And it is also felt that any revision of the Articles or of the Liturgy is for the present impracticable. The fetter that is obsolete must be allowed to rust and fall away. See Milman in *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. lxxi. p. 269. It is a weighty deliverance. Also in the same volume, F. Stephen on the law of the Church of England. But it is one thing to ask, Have I a right to claim a place or to take office within a certain communion, and quite another to inquire, Am I justified in calling myself a Christian? Here the only limits which I can see my way to recognize are those implied in the words, "By their fruits ye shall know them," and "There is no man who can do a good work in my name, that will lightly speak evil of me." To which let me add the words of the apostle, "Judge nothing before the time."

I have heard it said that there will always be two classes of religious persons, one to whom doctrines

are all important, the other whose principal reliance is on forms and symbols. But is there not a third? to whom the Christian life is more than any doctrine or than any ritual; who feel that apologies for doctrine often raise more doubts than they can ever solve, and that the forms that have descended from past ages, however pure may be their origin, are almost inevitably tinged with superstition, while on the other hand the image of the Saviour only becomes clearer with the course of time and still draws the heart irresistibly. In his words they find an inexhaustible fountain of suggestive thought.

The life of Christ, as recorded in the Gospels, has many aspects which are variously reflected in different minds, as indeed the Gospels themselves bear witness, and the Christian thinker is not bound to regard it in one way alone. As the type of Communion with the Eternal, of self-devotion for the highest good of man, of brotherly love, of the abhorrence of evil, of simple, unswerving adherence to the spirit of truth. In all these ways and in many others, that life is more significant and more influential at the present hour than it has been at any former time. Its effect is not limited to those who formally acknowledge him. The fragmentariness of the record, evidential discrepancies, the cobwebs which human ingenuity has spun about the earthen vessel, may hinder but cannot obscure the shining forth of that great light.

The limits are not imposed from above, but lie in the defects of human apprehension. The words of Christ are likewise inexhaustible. Like other prophetic utterances, but in a far higher way, their meaning indefinitely transcends the horizon of the time and place in which they were spoken. Renan has observed the wonder of this germinal fertility which springs continually into new applications, the more widely the seeds are scattered, into what might have seemed an alien soil.

Christian thought, *par excellence*, then, is thought which in some way, whether immediately or remotely, is kindled or suggested by consideration either of the life or of the words of Christ. But thought which is not thus suggested is not therefore to be condemned as unchristian. All honest thinking will be found in some way to be in harmony with the spirit of Christ. It is not by laying down limits beforehand that this harmony can be better secured. Wisdom is justified of her children, and the contradictions or apparent contradictions between faith and knowledge arise from some unconscious defect which we may trust that further thought or further experience will reveal to us.

The late Dr. Pusey seems to have genuinely believed, if not exactly that doubt is devil-born, yet that doubt concerning any theological dogma is due in every case to some obscurity or debasement of

the moral nature. This was a large and altogether unproved assumption. I have known persons whom Dr. Pusey would have classed as unbelievers, and minds more pure, consciences more unsullied, affections more sincere it would be impossible to find within the avowedly Christian pale, although they may in some cases have refused the name of Christian, which in their minds had become inseparably associated with the disorders and confusions of historical Christianity. Yet I firmly believe them to have been Christians in the truest sense. I have never known a better Christian than the late Professor Huxley. And far short of such cases as these have we not known instances in our own generation, of persons denounced at one time as unchristian whose thought has since been accepted even by the Christian world? What seemed the fixed and unalterable boundaries of popular orthodoxy have been removed in a brief half century. We have seen it with our eyes.

I spoke just now of the late Dean Milman. I remember meeting, some forty years since, the widow of Charles Kingsley. She told me that when she was a girl she had been strictly forbidden to look at Milman's "History of the Jews," and that she was now reading aloud this very book for the edification of her own daughters. It is a melancholy fact, by the way, that although Milman, himself a Christian poet, had been the intimate friend of Keble, the poet

of the Christian Year, yet, when after Keble's death it was proposed to erect a monument to his memory, the Dean of St. Paul's, to his deep chagrin, was not thought worthy of serving on the committee.

But to return. While Christian thought, par excellence, as I have said, is that which in some way arises out of contemplation of the person and life of Christ, and reflection on His recorded teaching, it does not follow that thought on other lines is to be censured or tabooed as unchristian. To believe in Christianity as the final religion, involves the belief that its essential spirit will ultimately be found to be in harmony with all that is true or honest or nobly imagined in other regions of the mind.

The scientific inquirer, the critical historian, the interpreter of ancient records, the poet and creative artist must be left in entire freedom to pursue each of them his own path. If any of their work is prompted by base motives, if it is the offspring of perversity or conceit, if it is the mere reflex of some personal sensitiveness, it will not stand. The alloy of selfishness or crooked bias is sure to bring it to decay. But no denunciation will long hinder the effect of any *truth* however far removed from Christian tradition, and rational freedom absolutely uncontrolled is indispensable to intellectual progress, and without progress there can be no life. Even the same person whose religious thoughts are profoundly Christian,

may be led by the pure love of truth, into speculations that seem to have a different tendency. Take, for example, my old friend Clerk Maxwell, whose discoveries in natural philosophy have been so fruitful, and have given rise to other discoveries of the utmost value. His was a profoundly religious spirit, and his Christianity never wavered, and has never been questioned. And yet Maxwell's speculations on molecular physics, as he was himself aware, and as Dr. James Ward of Cambridge has lately shown, might easily have led to what is called materialism. But while holding firmly to his working hypothesis on the intellectual and scientific side he never ceased to believe that truth of science will ultimately be found to be in harmony with truth of religion. Other thinkers, not less honest, Maxwell's friend, Professor Clifford, for example, have been less fortunate. But let them not, therefore, be too harshly condemned. The poet Dante, in speaking of, I think, Gregory the Great, from whom he differed on some theological point, does not, therefore, doom him to Purgatory, but merely relates that the Saint, on entering Paradise, smiled to discover how egregiously he had been mistaken. May not this bold imagination serve for others who have been Christian at heart, but intellectually have failed to grasp some aspect of religious truth?

I saw it recently stated by Canon Gore that the

Editor of the "Evangelical Free Church Catechism" had repudiated the idea of an invisible Church as being an invention of the sixteenth century. Well, there are some inventions of the sixteenth century which I should be sorry to repudiate. One is the right of private judgment, the liberty of prophesying, and another (if it be such an invention) is the conception of the Church invisible. I would even affirm that the invisible Church alone is truly Catholic. What else is implied in those familiar lines, which appeal so directly to the hearts of all of us—

"If thou appear untouched by solemn thought
Thy nature is not therefore less divine ;
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worship at the temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not."

I have referred to the opinion of one Dean of St. Paul's and I will conclude by quoting from a letter of another, who like Milman was also a poet, and is one of the worthies who are celebrated by Isaak Walton in his well-known "Lives." You will find the letter in Mr. Edmund Gosse's excellent book. "You know I never fettered or imprisoned, the word 'religion,' not straitening it friarly as *religiones factices* nor immuring it in a Rome or a Wittenberg or a Geneva. They are all virtual beams of one sun, and wheresoever they find clay hearts they harden them and moulder them into dust ; and they entender and mollify waxen. They are not so contrary as the

North and South Poles, that are co-natural pieces of one circle.

“Religion is Christianity which being too spiritual to be seen by us, doth therefore take an apparent body of good life and works, so salvation requires an honest Christian.”

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS.

From REV. HENRY DE BUNSEN.

Lilleshall, 1856.

MY DEAR MR. CAMPBELL,

Many thanks for your very kind letter. We were so sorry to miss you on the evening of my birthday, as well as that afternoon when we had the whole school playing at the Abbey. The rain interrupted our sports most rudely, but still it was (as you say) a very happy birthday.

I enclose a paper full of Modern Greek expressions written down for me by the Headmaster of Newport Grammar School. It may amuse you or Jowett (as Greek professor) over your glass in the Common-room! pleasant, no doubt, occasionally, but there is certainly a deadening influence in them which I hope and trust you will keep yourself free from. I do not see myself how that is to be done thoroughly except by having either, like Jowett, some great work on hand, as well as high thoughts and deep thoughts within, or else stooping down to the miseries of our poorer fellow-creatures, so that the realities of life may keep well-springs of Divine life in the soul continually running. Thank you for the notes on translations. Of course, I should be delighted to hear what Conington thinks on translations, as I have no doubt that he must be a first-rate authority on every subject of philological interest, to which he gives his mind. But I can hardly expect him to take the trouble of writing to me, who am nearly a stranger to him.

Lightfoot's comments on Jowett and Stanley must be very interesting—of course, in the philological line.

How beautiful that essay of Jowett's is on "The Atonement," and how any one who reads it with an unbiased mind can take exception to it I do not understand. I don't mean that I wonder at their disagreeing with his views, but that they should brand as heretic any one who can write in such a spirit. . . .

Yours sincerely,
H. G. BUNSEN.

Letter from MRS. RAMSAY, *wife of* EMERITUS
PROFESSOR WILLIAM RAMSAY, *of Glasgow.*

Milan,
July 7, 1856.

MY DEAR MR. CAMPBELL,

We only had the exulting announcement from George Ramsay yesterday of your success at St. Andrews. Most heartily do we all join in congratulating you on it. Both for your own sake and for *Plato!* we rejoice at it. It is delightful to think we shall now have you and dear Fanny settled as near neighbours to us at Rannagulgion. We are now fairly in Italy, and Mr. Ramsay already benefiting from his residence in the sunny south. . . . I hope you and Fanny will write to us at Rome, and tell us how you like St. Andrews. We shall be dreadfully interested about our three young professors* this winter. . . . Cassy and her husband are with us, and desire their best love to you and Fanny, and with much to you both from my sister, Mr. Ramsay, and myself.

Believe me ever,
Dear Mr. Campbell,
Affectionately yours,
CATHERINE RAMSAY.

* G. G. Ramsay, Lewis Campbell, and another, whose name cannot be found.

*From MRS. FORBES, after the death of PRINCIPAL
J. D. FORBES, of St. Andrews.*

Dysart Cottage, Pitlochry,
1869.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR CAMPBELL,

I have a most kind and touching letter from you. I have never answered it nor any of the many letters I have received. I cannot as yet—everything seems so sad and desolate. But I feel I ought to write one line to ask you what I am to do with the St. Andrews notes my husband made me put up for you. And I wonder if there are any more documents of the kind to send you. Will you tell me?

Will you tell Principal Shairp how grateful I am to him and Mrs. Shairp for their kind letter? . . . If I had the power I would not bring him back for half an hour, if it was to be like the last four months. I don't think he had one moment's comfort, and yet he was so patient. . . . His end was most beautiful—he did not make one change in his life, for he had just always lived a life ready to die. . . .

Yours most sincerely,

ALICIA FORBES.

From C. H. CAY, a Master at Clifton College.

Clifton College,
October 7, 1869.

MY DEAR LEWIS,

Many thanks for your note. I am happy to say I am getting much better and am rapidly picking up the strength I lost during my month's illness. I had rather a bad time of it, having what the doctors call gastro-bilious fever. It left me almost a skeleton, but now I eat like a pike, and shall soon be in good condition. Dr. Symonds had a consultation with Dr.

Fox on me on Saturday, the result of which was that I was forbidden to do anything for a fortnight, *i.e.* till next Monday week, after which I am to be allowed to superintend my work, but not to do it till the end of the third week, when I may begin gradually to work again. To-day I have got leave from Dr. Fox to walk a little, which I think will do much for me. It is very tantalising to be so near my work and not allowed to touch it. Oakeley is very good. He lives in the house and takes all the house work off my shoulders. We have been trying to get a man down from Cambridge to take my work for a month, and, I hope, have now succeeded, though the man has not turned up yet.

One of the most provoking parts of my illness has been that it has obliged us to put off Robert and his wife, who were to have come to us for a day or two on their way back to London. We had both been looking forward very much to their visit, and were very sorry not to have them, but at the time I was in Scotland ill. Maggie had to come back and receive the boys. She was here for a fortnight before I was able to come south.

Now I must have done, for it is contrary to all rules my writing this, so with love to Fanny from us both,

Ever yours affectionately,
CHARLES HOPE CAY.

From MISS ELIZABETH CAY.

Hotel d'Italie,
Mentone, France,
Dec. 23, 1869.

DEAR LEWIS,

If you were here you would say this is indeed a noble end to a noble life. Nurse and doctor say it cannot last long now, and he talks

himself about it so calmly and brightly, just the same Charlie he ever was, always thinking of others, he looked up just now and saw me crying with my head on nurse's shoulder. We are alone in the room. The Percivals have taken Maggie away to the other room for a little. He looked at me and said, "What o'clock is it?" I told him $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2. "Then why aren't you in bed, my darling?" so sweetly. I told him it was day, and then that I was going to write to Lewis Campbell, should I send his love. "O, please do!" and then a terrible fit of sickness came on. I write to you instead of Fanny, because I know it is the same which I write to, and he is so very fond of you and has been from boyhood, and I want you to write to Maggie and me, she, poor thing, struggles so to look composed when he sees her, for he seems to like just to open his eyes and look at her. It is a fearful strain upon her, and this morning I was quite frightened, but a fit of hysterics has relieved her. It seems to me as if he were an angel already, so happy and peaceful. Mr. Percival gave him the sacrament yesterday, in which we all joined. He told Mr. Percival he had wandered far, but his peace was sure. He said the separation would not be long; and at another time to Maggie, that they would meet again. Dear Lewis, how hard it is to part! If we could all go together! His bright spirit is just hovering at the gate of Heaven and looking back lovingly at us. It is not as if he were old and weary of life, but he leaves this life at its fairest with his dearly loved wife and baby, his happy home and every prospect bright. Yet quite contented either to stay or go. Never a complaint from his lips, though he told the doctor to-day that his life now was a torture to himself and all he loved. It has been an immense relief since Mr. Percival told him Maggie knew, for before he came they two had never spoken openly of the coming separation. The way he is wrapped up in

Maggie is beautiful, he will open his eyes, stretch out his hand to her, and say softly, "My own darling," he likes to let his eyes rest upon her, and has such a lovely smile. Mr. Percival has been such a comfort. After kissing us all last night Charlie asked him to pray with him. He has done so often before—they two talk slowly, Mr. Percival kneeling and holding his hand, and sometimes praying so, in a low tone close to Charlie's ear. Oh, if you could have seen his look of content last night when he looked at me, then at Maggie in my arms and back at me. I cannot write more. Long ere this reaches you my own loved brother will be in glory. Pray for dear Maggie.

Yours affectionately,

LIZZIE CAY.

*From REV. J. PERCIVAL, then Headmaster of
Clifton College.*

Mentone,

Dec. 28, 1869.

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,

You've heard the sad news of dear Cay's death. Every day since it happened I've been intending to write to you; but I've had no heart for it; and now I've delayed till nearly post time.

I am very thankful we came, as our being here gave a little added brightness to what was really a very bright deathbed. He was as clear and cheerful and hopeful as ever to the very last. And amongst those to whom he sent his love I need hardly say that you were not forgotten. You'll see his grave some day. It is in a very bright sunny spot overlooking the town here and with the beautiful coast and sea stretching away in front. I can't wish for a more beautiful resting place.

He's the greatest loss that I've suffered yet at Clifton. Where to find his like I know not. We are expecting to start Maggie and Lizzie to-morrow for Paris, and to go on ourselves towards Genoa. Then if all be well we shall rest in Florence from Saturday next till the following Thursday and then homewards. If you like to write to me in Paris my address there from the 8th to the 10th will be Hotel de la Place du Palais Royal, after that Clifton.

Besides Cay's successor, I am looking for some one to take Marshall's work, he having got the second mastership at Dulwich. Bell, I am sorry to say, is fixed at Marlborough for the present. What have you to say of Strong, Ramsay's assistant? Or do you know any other good man? I must now conclude though there are many things I should like to write about.

With our united love to both of you,
Yours affectionately,
J. PERCIVAL.

From EDMUND LEAR,

*On receipt of a cheque for the picture of Argos, bought
by L. C.*

33, Norfolk Square,
Hyde Park, W.,
July 29, 1880.

DEAR SIR, Though many checks prevent
More tours in Isle or Continent,
(Checks once I minded not a pin,—
Advancing years, or want of tin,—)
Yet of all checks the best is found,
A cheque for five and thirty pound.

So for such cheque upon your *Bank*, you
 Sent me just now, I beg to *thank* you ;
 (Besides your letter—and for *this 'tis in*
ἐγὼ προσφέρω εὐχαρίστησιν)
 And so I sign me—your sincere
 Obligated admirer, EDWARD LEAR.

(As for the picture that will *quick and soon*
 Be sent to Messrs. Ford and *Dickenson*.)

From THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON,

*On the receipt of "Alma Mater's Mirror," the little
 book published for the St. Andrews Students'
 Union Bazaar.*

The Pines, Putney Hill,
 Sept. 6/80.

MY DEAR MR. LEWIS CAMPBELL,

I have had many exquisite presents from bookmen—those who write in verse and those who write in prose—but never, I think, such a perfect little work of art as that which reached me yesterday on my return from the country. It will take a place among my choicest treasures. Some of the contributions are charming. Dobson's verses are among his very best, I think. But the most charming thing in the book is, I think, your own brief touching words about your old friend, and in this Swinburne quite agrees with me. Your Greek verses have also met with high appreciation here. Please remember me most kindly to Mrs. Campbell (Swinburne also wishes to be remembered), and believe me to be,

Yours most sincerely,

THEODORE WATTS.

From ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

*On receipt of "Sophocles in English Verse" and
"Primer of Sophocles" in J. R. Green's series of
Classical Writers.*

Wensleydale, Bournemouth,
1884.

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,

The books came duly to hand. My wife has occupied the translation ever since, nor have I yet been able to dislodge her. As for the primer I have read it with a very strange result: that I find no fault. If you knew how dogmatic and pugnacious I stand warden in the literary art, you would the more appreciate your success and my—well, I will own it—disappointment. For I love to put people right (or wrong) about the arts. But what you say of Tragedy and of Sophocles very amply satisfies me; it is well felt and well said: a little less technically than it is my weakness to desire to see it put, but clear and adequate. You are very right to express your admiration for the technical resource displayed in Oedipus Rex; it is a miracle; would it not have been well to mention Voltaire's interesting onslaught: a thing which gives the best lesson of the difference of neighbour arts: since all his criticisms, which had been fatal to a narrative, do not amount among them to exhibit one flaw in this masterpiece of drama. For the drama, it is perfect; though such a fable in a romance might make the reader crack his sides; so imperfect, so aesthetically slight is the verisimilitude required of these conventional, rigid, and egg-dancing arts. I was sorry to see no more of you, but shall conclude by hoping for better luck next time. My wife begs to be remembered to both of you and announce that in about

a week from now we shall occupy that desirable mansion,

Berry Pomeroy,
Boscombe,
Bournemouth.

Yours sincerely,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From B. JOWETT, Master of Balliol.

Balliol College,
Nov. 2, 1884.

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,

I should have liked to have had a talk about many changes if you could have come to Oxford. I hope that you succeeded in making good arrangements for your young nephew. I should be glad to hear that your brother's prospects are settled, for I am afraid that they are a great source of anxiety to you and Mrs. Campbell. He should make himself a career in India.

It is of great importance to both of us that the "Republic" should be edited in the best manner. Will you devote the next year to it? My impression is that the labour of the work will then be fairly divided between us; and I am very desirous that you should have at least half the credit, as well as half the profit of it. In the way of research I am not able to give much more time to it, though in the way of superintendence I will. A good deal remains to be done, and I ought to be busy with theology and philosophy; for the years are beginning to close in upon me, and if I am to do anything on these subjects I must begin. I wanted also to speak to you about your own work. Do you think that you could do anything better than concentrate yourself on two great works for which you are probably better fitted

than anybody living? 1. An edition of Plato; 2. An edition of Shakespeare, both with introductions, as much original matter might be introduced into either of these as you desired, so that they would not be the works of a mere interpreter: you would gain fame by them and probably money, and like the Rhapsodists you would always be "living in the best of company." I think that the Clarendon Press might be induced to undertake one, or at different times both of these works. They would take you, say, six years each: you might begin with the Plato, and while that was going on be also preparing materials for the Shakespeare.

I do not think that a person's interest in two such works could ever fail or be exhausted. Such works seem to me more valuable and likely to be more successful than verse translations of the tragedies; or than an edition of Aeschylus: I doubt whether much more can be done for the latter because of the dearth of materials and the extra uncertainty of the text. If I were going to choose a difficult Greek author for illustration I should prefer Pindar. Only from the aesthetic side does it seem to me that something of interest can be added to our knowledge of Aeschylus.

I shall read your criticism on Jebb with great interest. He is a generous sort of fellow—let us keep him and Butcher as friends if we can.

Will you give my best regards to Mrs. Campbell? From Lady Stanley I gather that Miss Lumsden, who is supported by her, is very likely to be elected at Girton College. Will you consider my suggestions and excuse my making them?

Ever yours affectionately,

B. JOWETT.

From A. C. SWINBURNE,

*On receipt of "Leptophyllum septentrionale," a collection
of Greek verses printed for private circulation.*

The Pines, Putney Hill, S.W.,
Nov. 27, '87.

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,

Many thanks for your beautiful little book, which I opened at the noble translation of Shelley's curse of Prometheus. I hardly know how to acknowledge a couplet addressed to some one bearing my initials, and like me the recipient of a copy of your Sophocles—the compliment addressed to that person being at once too graceful in expression and too magnificent in flattery for any adequate and not immodest form of recognition. I am reading Antony and the Citizens with great admiration—but I see already at a glance that the volume overflows with beauties and felicities.

Ever sincerely yours,
A. C. SWINBURNE.

From T. E. BROWN.

Clifton,
November 4, '88.

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,

I was very glad to get your letter from Sedbergh. What a fine place that is! I once descended upon it from Winder Fell. I also spent a night there in the company of a fox hunt. They had lost their fox and their "dawgs." They smoked and drank all night, I aiding and abetting. The whole night I heard not a laugh and saw not a smile; but there were deep oaths and persistent wagers. You know Liverpool? The University College, of

course, is what you mean. I know the school called by that name. It used to be called "The Collegiate," and a friend of mine, Dyson, is the head of it. Still "agate of yonder Sophocles"? That is good, it must always be good for you. But how about original composition? You once sent me a "copy" of verses written in imitation of my "Doctor." They were wonderfully done. You have an extraordinary facility of reproducing a given style. So there you are, *translation, imitation*; what next? Why, surely your own individual original self—or are you a born mimic? Come, out with the stuff! it is in you, or I am mistaken. But if you won't, well let us have a volume of imitations. It is a very delightful *métier*, I believe you are in it already. Imitations may be serious as well as "ludicrous" (Johnsonian now); but this I need not tell you. Some people, however, need to be reminded that the "Rejected Addresses," Aytoun, and Calverley, have not exhausted this mine by any means. I have now rather a reading fit on me. Great shocks,* like earthquakes, interrupt the springs of production, the soul, dry and fissured, gapes for refreshment from without. Therefore I let many rills trickle into me, but chiefly classical. Ben Jonson, however, I am taking a good deal of pleasure in, and Dr. Samuel I read, as I have read him all my life (him and his Boswell) like a Bible. I have been reading of late Sir Wm. Forbes' "Life of Beattie." Boswell (there now! twice over Boswell) led me to the Pitsligo man many years ago, I then thought him tedious. But I return to him now, and I think Beattie was such a nice, good fellow, not without wits either, and had such a nice set of men around him. How kindly and affectionate those old chaps were! how they loved one another! That Aberdeen lot seem to have been specially good. Your "Tulloch" and "Shairp" and "Baynes," too, were

* He had lost his wife.

very good ; but I fancy the eighteenth century was the era of real *friendship* in Britain. Centralization is decentralizing us. My "Foc's'le Yarns" go on to a 2nd edition. I have just sent a poem to a collection of humorous poets, which a friend is editing for the Canterbury Poets' Collection. I have also offered Macmillan a new volume, but I don't yet know what he thinks of it. It will contain some three stories of Tom Baynes, and then from the rough Anglo-Manx it will proceed through a story in heroic verse (The Curate's) to the "Pazon" story in blank verse.

So we splutter and gutter and the shadowy hand that holds the big extinguisher looms and . . . but what is this? I must not give in,

Ever yours,

T. E. BROWN.

PROFESSOR CAMPBELL.

From T. E. BROWN.

Clifton,

November 30, '88.

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,

I am delighted with your "Kate Kennedy." The song, too, I like very much ; it is sweet and sad, and not too definite, just what that sort of song should be. It would be a good song to set to music. I soon hope to rifle your little book.* Up to the present I have had to be content with sips, I have been so busy getting my younger son off to sea. But the holidays are coming, and then ho ! for a good suck at the hippocrene.

Ever yours,

T. E. BROWN.

* "Alma Mater's Mirror."

From PROFESSOR G. G. RAMSAY *of Glasgow to*
PROFESSOR and MRS. LEWIS CAMPBELL *on the*
death of MRS. RAMSAY of Rannagulzion.

The University, Glasgow,
February 21, 1890.

. . . How you will be feeling and Lewis, about our dear, dear Aunt Kate, I know full well. The brightest poetry the tenderest sweetness is gone from our lives. My own special guardian angel who has sweetened every happiness, taken the bitterness out of every trouble, filled and inspired every one about her with a love which in brightness and depth and *human-ness* had no parallel. When I was a boy of 15 she captured me once and for all, and made my life utterly different from what it would have been without her. The first word of illness came on Wednesday about 8 A.M. The doctor thought not very much of it, pneumonia. Telegraphed to Jim, "You had better come"; but at 4 she became unconscious, pneumonia alarmingly rapid, and at 7.30 a sweet, happy, eternal sleep.

I thought you both would like to know all this.

Yours most sincerely,

G. G. RAMSAY.

From MISS NIGHTINGALE.

10, South Street, Park Lane, W.,
April 14, 1894.

DEAR MR. CAMPBELL,

Yes, indeed, it is very good of you to tell me that you are come back and then to come and look after me. I trust that you and Mrs. Campbell are much better for the beloved Riviera, tho' I have no doubt you have "done" mountains of work.

I hope you will let me see you some time. I am rather driven just now.

How strange it is that two of Mr. Jowett's friends, Sir Robert Morier and Lord Bowen, should have followed him to the grave almost within 6 months. Lord Bowen will be sadly missed, and not least at Balliol. Shall you miss him in this life? God bless you.

Ever yours gratefully,
F. NIGHTINGALE.

I always think of what Mrs. Green told me of the robin who sang all the morning in the garden as *he* lay dying. I wish I could see Mrs. Green again. Do you know how she is?

From SIR LESLIE STEPHEN.

22, Hyde Park Gate, S.W.,
July 7, '94.

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,

Should you be willing to join the Committee of the London Library? We are, I think, specially in want of a classical adviser; but in any case you would be a very valuable addition. We have a meeting on Monday, and I should like to be able to propose your name. It is possible that some one else may be elected this time, but there is sure to be a vacancy soon and I should like to be allowed to propose you. Will you kindly send me a card to say that I may?

Yours very truly,
L. STEPHEN.

From PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

Hodeslea, Staveley Road, Eastbourne,
August, 1894.

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,

I am setting you a good example. You and I are really too old friends to go on wasting ink in honorary prefixes.

I had a very difficult task at Oxford. The old Adam of course prompted the tearing of the address in pieces—which would have been a very easy job, especially the latter half of it. But as that procedure would not have harmonized well with the function of a seconder of a vote of thanks, and as moreover Lord Salisbury was very just and good in his expressions about Darwin, I had to convey criticism in the shape of praise. It was very curious to me to sit there and hear the Chancellor of the University accept, as a matter of course, the doctrine for which the Bishop of Oxford coarsely anathematized us 34 years earlier—*E pur si muove!*

I am not afraid of the priest in the long run—scientific method is the white ant which will slowly but surely destroy their fortifications, and the importance of scientific method in modern practical life, always growing and increasing, is the guarantee for the gradual emancipation of the ignorant upper and lower classes, the former of whom especially are the strength of the priest.

My wife had a very bad attack of her old enemy some weeks ago, and she thought she would not be able to go to Oxford. However, she picked up in the wonderfully elastic way she has—and I believe was less done up than I when we left. I was glad the wife was there, as the meeting gave me a very kind reception, and it was probably the last flare-up in the socket. The Warden of Merton took great care of

us, but it was sad to think of the vacuity at Balliol. Please remember me very kindly to Father Steffens and the Steeles, and will you tell Herr Walther we are only waiting for a balloon to visit the Hotel again.

One of my daughters is at Davos with her husband (Roller) who is very ill. Poor child, it is a great anxiety, and the outlook is not promising though the doctors speak encouragingly.

With our affectionate regards to Mrs. Campbell and yourself,

Ever yours very truly,
T. H. HUXLEY.

From PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

October 10, 1894.

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,

I took a good deal of trouble years ago to satisfy myself about the point you mention, and I came to the conclusion that Mariner* was eminently trustworthy and that Martin was not only an honest but a shrewd and rather critical reporter. The story he tells about testing Mariner's version of King Theebur's orations shows his frame of mind (and is very interesting otherwise in relation to oral tradition).

I have a lot of works about Polynesia, but of all I possess and have read Mariner is to my mind the most trustworthy.

The missionaries are apt to colour everything and they never have the chance of knowing the interior life as Mariner knew it. It was this conviction that led me to make Mariner my *cheval de bataille* in evolution of theology.

I am giving a great deal of trouble. Ill for the

* This refers to Mariner's account of the religion and customs of the Tonga Islanders, amongst whom he lived for many years.

last week and at present with a sharp lumbago—! so nice!

With our love to Mrs. Campbell and yourself,
Ever yours,
T. H. HUXLEY.

From the REV. JAMES MARTINEAU, D.D.

35, Gordon Square, London, W.C.,
April 21, 1895.

MY DEAR PROF. LEWIS CAMPBELL,

Accept my warmest thanks for the benediction which, with Mrs. Campbell, you add to the many which have made this day one of the most memorable of my life. If there were any sadness in a date which so nearly borders on the end, it would be charmed away by the inrush of such a torrent of goodwill as I have received the last two days. Far beyond the personal interest of it is the satisfaction of discovering how superficial, not to say unreal, are the religious alienations which, in the language of public expression, loom so large and sound so terrible. The large concessions which, with the rapidly increasing knowledge of the first two or three centuries, must be made in order to preserve "the Christian ideal" cannot, I am persuaded, be long concealed from the clergy and educated laity; and the fancied alternative of Sacerdotalism or Agnosticism will come to an end. Jowett's biography will be eagerly looked for; but can well afford to wait your time. The intermediate appearance of a volume of his Addresses will keep up the interest in all that concerns his personality.

With kindest regards from our united party,

I am, always,

Yours most sincerely,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

From D. B. MONRO, *Provost of Oriel College, Oxford.*

Oriel College, Oxford,
June 13, 1897.

DEAR CAMPBELL,

As you will have heard, we had a visit from your platonic friend Lutoslawski. He came to a meeting of the Philological Society and gave us a very clear account of his method for finding the Chronology of the Dialogues. In the discussion that followed there was some talk of a new Lexicon Platonicum, and the Committee was asked to take steps in the direction of getting such a work produced. I believe you have a plan of a more or less definite character in which the first step would be to get up a subscription which would enable some platonic scholar, perhaps Constantin Ritter, to give three years' work to it. The Committee met a few days ago and determined to ask you if you could draw up a statement of the project such as might be printed and sent about. It was thought that the Hellenic Society would help, possibly with money, or at least by circulating our appeal among its members. T. L. Myres, who is now the Secretary of the Philological Society, is going to-morrow to the meeting of the Council of the Hellenic Society, and will mention the matter with a view to its ventilation.

I confess it seems to me a larger project than we can expect to carry out, but it can do no harm to try.

Yours very truly,
D. B. MONRO.

From MISS ANNA SWANWICK,

On receipt of "Our Common Christianity."

9 Mostyn Terrace, Eastbourne,
Oct. 10, 1898.

DEAR PROF. LEWIS CAMPBELL,

Since the receipt last week of your admirable paper, read at the Church Congress, Bradford, in September last, I have been wishing daily to write to you, but till this morning I have not been able to do so. If I am indebted to your kindness for sending me the paper, I thank you most warmly for your kind remembrance of me, and, under any circumstances, I feel truly grateful to you for the great pleasure which I have derived from its perusal. That you should have ventured at a Church Congress to bring forward an idea so startling as that embodied in your paper, awakens, not only my warm admiration, but also my heartfelt sympathy. Most earnestly do I wish that those who are held apart in matters of religion would recognize that our common Christianity rests upon the words of Christ, and that in them alone will be found an effectual remedy for the unrest of the age. We have arranged, on Thursday next, to proceed to Brighton, where we shall most probably remain, as usual, till the latter end of Nov. or the beginning of Dec., when I hope to be again established in my winter quarters. I will send a line to Mrs. Campbell telling her of my return to Cumberland Terrace, and I need not say that if you both feel kindly disposed to favour me with a visit, you will receive a most cordial welcome and I shall heartily enjoy the renewal of our intercourse. Pray remember me kindly to Mrs. Campbell and believe me yours sincerely,

ANNA SWANWICK.

From CHARLES ROUNDELL,

*On receipt of the book by L. C. on the Nationalization
of the English Universities.*

Dorfold,
April 8, 1901.

Many thanks for the three packets just received. I am glad the book is off your hands, and hope that it may be appreciated as it ought to be. In this time of reaction and of sacerdotalism, it is well that a connected history of the really great liberal movement at the Universities should be brought before people.

Yesterday was our first spring-like day after bitter East winds.

C. S. ROUNDELL.

From MISS FRANCES HELEN COLLINS,

*after readings of "Ajax," "Trachiniae," "Antigone,"
and "Oedipus Rex," of Sophocles, given in Lady
Collins' Drawing-room.*

July 4, 1903.

Many thanks for your most kind letter. I do not see that you have any reason to be grateful for the benefits you have conferred on me and my friends and the "lump" in general. The gratitude and thanks are all due on our side, and I know that as far as I and my particular *Amis qui pleurent* are concerned, they are sincerely and heartily yours. The Settlement workers have each told me what a pleasure the readings were to them—an oasis in the desert, a rest in the wilderness. The plays were new to some and interesting to all who were able to come from their work. Did you know that you reduced one of the "lump" to tears? On the last day, the first time she was present. On all hands I hear expressions of admiration and gratitude.

From LORD GOSCHEN.

38, Cadogan Square, S.W.,
May 19, 1903.

DEAR MR. CAMPBELL,

In virtue of my privilege as Chancellor of the University of Oxford and the occasion of my installation I am submitting to the Council a list of distinguished men for the bestowal of honorary degrees. In that list I have had much pleasure in including your name for the D.Litt., and I hope it will be agreeable to you to accept it. The ceremonial has been fixed for the 22nd June, and your presence there as the recipient of the degree of a Dr. in letters would, I know, be warmly welcomed at Oxford. I sincerely hope you may be able to attend.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,
GOSCHEN.

From THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON, DR. W. BOYD
CARPENTER.

Genoa,
Dec. 11, 1903.

DEAR AND HONOURED PROFESSOR AND FRIEND,

Our greetings and kind remembrances as we start for Paris! Accept my lines—my heart can say more than my poor pen.

With our love,

Ever your affectionate,
W. B. RIPON.

“ Neath sullen skies on the chill northern coast
Fair learning shivers in St. Andrew's shrine,
She mourns the empty house which once was thine
And still in thy ripe fame she makes her boast.

"While here where skies are blue and mornings shine
 A happy fate thine argosy hath tossed,
 Alassio gains what Northern climes have lost,
 Thy modest gate can claim St. Andrew's sign.

"With thee as guide we climb some pine-crowned height,
 Thou classic scion of poetic clan,
 With affluent heart when closes in the night
 Thy voice can make old bards, old times more dear.

"Who will regret the North when thus we can
 Find friends and sunshine and St. Andrew's here?"

From PROFESSOR D. M. KAY.

Jerusalem,
 May 25, 1907.

DEAR DR. CAMPBELL,

In early spring there was anxiety in St. Andrews about your health, but the last news I had from Mrs. Baynes was reassuring, and gave us good hope that you would soon be quite well again.

I enclose the form of benediction you were good enough to grant me in former days. Though I wish I had been less unworthy of it, I have always been proud to have such words from you. The Hebrew Chair in Glasgow is to be vacant from June 1st, and somewhat reluctantly I conclude that I ought to give the Electors (the University Court) a chance of selecting me. When I first heard of the resignation of Professor Robertson, I chanced to open Mrs. Sellar's reminiscences, and my eye fell on the words used by Principal Shairp—

"And stepping westward seemed to be
 A trial of heavenly destiny."

Of course this sors Virgiliana is not the only reason that constrains me to be a candidate for the Glasgow Chair.

I should value your renewal of the testimonial,

especially as I know no man on the Glasgow Court, and have no commendation from Glasgow men. Your own would be about the only statement from one who could claim a connection with the Western University.

What set me writing at this moment to you is the fact that I have just had a colloquy of forty minutes in Greek—a laborious effort for me. Yesterday I called for His Beatitude, the Patriarch Damianos of the Orthodox Church in Jerusalem. The attendants inquired with anxiety, “Where is your interpreter?” but I said I should try to speak Greek. Our interview came off wonderfully well. *Inter alia*, he asked, while we were discussing Hebrew, Syriac, etc., which was the language spoken by our Lord. My answer had to be diplomatic. “Your Beatitude knows best the true answer, but to me, a stranger from τὸ τέρμα τῆς δύσμεως, it seems that Aramaic was the language in which the Apostles received their instructions in the Gospel.” “Doubtless you have answered well,” said he, “but how came they to preach and write in Greek?” I answered that that took place after Pentecost. “Yes,” said he, “but that is hardly a linguistic explanation.”

At the end of our interview, his chaplain, on saying farewell, said that the Patriarch would return my visit next morning, and here they have been in much state. He inquired about Scotland, its size, population, fertility, its sins and virtues, and type of genius. I cited Watts and Stephenson, and the power of steam in locomotion, etc. “Men run to and fro, and knowledge is increased.” “Yes,” said he, “things are changed in modern times.” “Are they better ὡς θεοφιλεσταιτε?” I inquired. Then he shrugged his shoulders, and gave a very dubious “perhaps.” But this is irrelevant, though to me very fresh. One sentence I contrived at the right moment to my own satisfaction. 50,000 Jews in Jerusalem disdain hand-

labour, but have schools for clerks, etc. I said that if they displaced 25,000 Christians and Moslems, nature would starve the Jews to death, for ἡ γεωργία εἶνε ἡ πηγὴ τῆς ζωῆς.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Campbell,

I am,

Yours faithfully,

D. M. KAY.

ON OUR GOLDEN WEDDING.

MAY 11, 1908.

From DR. JAMES KEY, *of* Colesberg, *S. Africa.*

Naauw-poort,

May 11, 1908.

DEAR MRS. CAMPBELL,

Do not say that you do not know me, and that I may not write to you, for have I not been a guest in your home, and sat next to the charming sister of a charming hostess in the olden time?

Now it has been my wish since I last heard from Professor Campbell to send you a cable on this day, and it disappoints me much that I must seize a moment in the surgery and unconventional paper. All the same I thank you for such long care of a valuable life. May your diamond wedding come off in due time, and if not there to see, like John Gilpin, may I remember the overdue cable.

Did you ever give your husband a diamond ring? It used to flash in the Greek class-room, and I have often thought that his many bright sayings, never forgotten, have shone through greater distances and in much gloomier scenes. I could write a book of them to this day, and I have never failed to find them true.

I am much like a bird on a branch, and the 1st of July will most likely find me again at Colesberg.

Pleased to think from Professor Campbell's stronger handwriting that his health has improved.

I am yours and his sincerely,

JAS. KEY.

From MRS. T. W. DUNN (ELIZABETH CAY).

Milton House, Near Cambridge,
May 11, 1908.

MY DEAREST LEWIS AND FANNY,

How lovely to think that we are alive and well and happy fifty years after! I was not at your wedding, but remember you both so well when you came to Edinburgh just after, and F. was so perfectly lovely and so sweet, and Lewis the typical Oxford Don of whom we were all so proud. And what long, happy, useful lives you have lived since then. Lewis writing books that will live when we are all forgotten—books with that indescribable charm of style that presents noble thoughts in beautiful ways. How well I remember Lewis's sermons in those early days. They were so full of hope, with glimpses of the home that raised and strengthened men's hearts, instead of depressing them with remembrance of sorrow and failure. Then Charlie's loyal admiration for you both, and your exceeding kindness and love for him. Those are happy memories. The world has been the richer and higher for your two happy lives. You have the blessing of all who have ever known you.

* * * * *

Tom joins me in heartfelt congratulations to you both.

Believe me,

Your affectionate friend,

ELIZABETH DUNN.

From the LORD BISHOP OF RIPON *and* MRS. BOYD
CARPENTER.

The Palace, Ripon,
May 9, 1908.

DEAR FRIENDS,

This is our joint greeting. We wish you all that is good on the golden day. Dear memories growing richer with widening experience, sweet companionship made happier through life's changes, glad hopes growing brighter as clouds vanish in the westering heavens—Friends kinder and truer through the testing years—Thoughts expanding as the true proportions of life disclose themselves to your view—God's love the same as it was in childhood's days. We shall think of you. We have sent you a little offering of friendship—It is nothing except for what it conveys, our deep and grateful recognition of one gift which God gave us in you—unchanging friendship and kindness to us since we first met, now more than twenty years ago.

So to use no further words, let us sign ourselves as we feel, your ever affectionate friends,

W. B. RIPON,

A. M. CARPENTER.

Verses by W. B. RIPON *for* May 11, 1908.

Amor et præterea nil.

Who talks of the treasureless cloudy years,
And girds at lead-footed time?
Who murmurs at life as a vale of tears,
Full of sorrow and failure and shine?
Such a man has never mounted high,
And therefore his judgment has gone awry.

Let such a man stand on the sacred hill
Which poet and lover have trod ;
Let him look on life with its good and ill
From the cloudless mount of God.
Then—then he may see through mist of tears
That life is marked out in golden years.

He will see that the years have passed too swift
Alive with alluring schemes ;
He will see them entrancing in work and drift
And all too short for his dreams.
For he who has loved and thought and wrought
Will bless the years for all that they brought.

He will mark the truth sown deep and wide,
And watered with heavenly rain.
He has learned that pity is more than pride
And heart is greater than brain.
Ah ! happy he whose heart has known
Love as her monarch and love alone.

It was worth all the toil and tears and pain
To find out one precious thing,
That life's best triumph and joy and gain
Were safely comprised in love's golden ring.
For if hearts grow young as frames grow old,
Life's years are all of them years of gold.

W. B. RIPON.

LETTER OF L. C. TO COMMITTEE OF STUDENTS.

*Sketch for his answer to the Committee of the
St. Andrews Students who wrote to invite him
to stand for the Lord Rectorship of St. Andrews
University.*

GENTLEMEN,

In replying to your favour of the 20th current, I have first to express my deep gratitude to those students of the University of St. Andrews, yourselves included, who so spontaneously, and in a manner so unexpected, have set the seal of their approval of my life-work, by proposing to nominate me for the high office of Lord Rector. In so doing they have already conferred on me a benefit of the kind which I most value, and it is one which cannot be diminished, unless I myself should discredit it by some unworthy or inconsiderate step. The attractiveness of the proposal is greatly enhanced by your assurance that this desire has been entirely apart from political motives and rests wholly on the students' estimate of my past services.

I have further to thank you for the terms of your letter to me, in which, with a delicacy of consideration which I know how to appreciate, you leave me entire liberty of action with regard to the flattering offer which you convey to me.

And now it becomes my duty, to explain why,

under all the circumstances, I feel compelled to decline the destined honour.

1. I understand that if I am nominated there will be a contest, although not of a political character. I am well aware that even after such a contest, if I were elected, the whole body of the students would receive me well. But I rather shrink from the responsibility of becoming the cause even of temporary dissension. The opposite of this has always been my aim in connection with St. Andrews.

2. I am told that my opponent is to be the Marquis of Bute, a nobleman, whose generosity added to his many accomplishments, makes him respected wherever he is known, and one whose liberality towards the Scottish Universities, and to St. Andrews in particular, has been conspicuous.

3. Lord Bute's position, taken in connection with his known good will, is such as to enable him to do far more for the University, if officially connected with it, than I could ever hope to compass. In consenting to have my name set up in opposition to his, I could not quite shake off the impression that I was acting disloyally to *Alma Mater*.

4. Among Lord Bute's other benefactions was a gift of £500 to the Classical Chairs in St. Andrews by which I have for some years profited as Professor of Greek. It would seem ungracious in his Lordship's beneficiary to stand out in opposition to him.

LEWIS CAMPBELL.

LETTERS TO A FRIEND IN THE LAST TEN YEARS OF HIS LIFE.

Boer War, etc.

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
February 3, 1900.

... In times like these I think that friends should take "counsel together." You are right that in war-time one's religious feelings get little nutriment *directly* from the New Testament. Christianity while leavening the world, cannot change it "at a bound," and counsels of perfection have rarely an immediate application to international politics. The statesman who should lead his countrymen to "turn the other cheek" may secure himself in power and popularity for his lifetime, but also plunge myriads of human beings into irremediable misery. That is not a Christian proceeding. But we must use the Old Testament "with a difference," not to "cut off other nations," but to vindicate our integrity and prove in the end a blessing to the nations, is our true aim. It is not to be endured that the exploiting of British industry, and the oppression of British subjects by a corrupt oligarchy should be the opportunity for arming the oppressors against Great Britain. Because we took the most peaceable course for redressing the grievances of our fellow subjects, we are taunted with having gone to war on account of the franchise being denied. That is surely a pettifogging fallacy. The war was forced on us before we had concluded the negotiations, or had done anything beyond remonstrance, and in taking up the gage we are fighting for liberty and progress, as well as for the

existence of our Empire, with which we believe the cause of progress to be associated.

I wish the electric telegraph did not so encourage the mania for scapegoats. Where should we be now if Wellington had been recalled after the siege of Badajos, or if those who grumbled at Nelson had had their way? Maria Josepha (I hope you know her) wrote in 1801: "Lord Nelson's expeditions do not meet my approbation and hitherto appear calculated to raise the spirits of our enemies and depress those of our own people." . . .

It is not that those who read my translations do not care for them, but that they are so very little known, and they are not assisted by the sneers of "indolent reviewers." The *Athenaeum* from first to last has treated them scurvily. Still, I do not despair of reaching another edition, and it would be a real kindness if some of the few friends who read them would mark the places which they feel to be harsh, prosaic or obscure—the flaws in short. One merit I think I may claim for them. I have studiously avoided *echoes*. The reader of Aesch. or Soph. in English ought not to be reminded of other poets. I see that Morshead in his version of the *Prometheus* renders

χρoίας ἀμείψεις ἄνθος,

"Thy body's flower shall suffer a sky change."

A pretty echo of the *Tempest*, but both the echo and the prettiness appear to me misplaced. I forget how I turned it, perhaps

"Thy body's bloom baked by the sun's pure beam
Shall blacken." . . .

War, etc.

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
March 3, 1900.

... And to a great extent I think, with you, about *Te Deums* for great victories "crowning mercies," the "God of battles," and all that sort of thing. I recognize the generous temper which prompts your view. But let me say (καὶ μή μοι ἄχθον) that, as you have expressed it, it is still rather crude. I have a saying (which I invented *before* my 70th year) "the moroseness of youth." It is not quite original, for Aeschylus, too, said

γῆρας γὰρ ἥβης ἐστὶν εὐθυμώτερον.

The hunter who begged the Almighty not to take sides with the bear had too simple a conception of Divine providence, but hardly deserved to be called "hypocrite." What of Nelson's prayer before 'Trafalgar? What of Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior"? What of F. W. Robertson, the Sir Galahad of nineteenth-century Christians, who longed to be a soldier? If a war is just and necessary, must it not, like other grave facts of human life, have a religious aspect? And might we not pray that as it is undertaken with a clear conscience, so it may be conducted without taint of greed or of vindictiveness? I recognize in Lord Roberts' treatment of the enemy a distinct application of Christian principles to war. "Coals of fire" have been heaped on Cronje's head. We have not said to him, "Remember Potchefstrom." A friend of mine said the other day that the time for "humiliation" would be after the war was over. Then in reviewing the whole experience, we should as a nation take life more seriously, and

steadily set ourselves to reform what we know is amiss. Still, in a great crisis I do think it well that religious feeling should find some public expression. And if some measure of conventionality inevitably clings to such official utterances, you should not be too angry with it, or allow the fire of youth to carry you away. I really think that this time there is less of such unreality than might have been expected. I enclose a paper which was circulated in our Church on Ash Wednesday. It is by Bishop Webb, of Grahamstown.

As for Milton, I have known him since I was eight years old, when my mother made me recite "Satan's address to the Sun" with proper emphasis and intonation. And I have studied him a good deal in connection with blank verse, though in my first attempts I used to have Shakespeare more in mind, as more applicable to drama. I have seldom used a word that is not to be found in one or other of them. I will confess even to *one* "echo"! In my last revision of the *Trachiniae* I found 'Ερμάνθειον Θῆρα too bare and intractable. So I borrowed an epithet from Milton's version of Ps. lxxx., and it became

"The *tuskéd* pest of Erymanthean glades."

But then few readers will recognize the quotation. I wonder if you saw an "Among My Books" article of mine in *Literature* last May or June on the versification of "Samson Agonistes." I have a theory of it which I must talk over with you. . . .

Edinburgh,
July 18, 1900.

I think I shall lecture on Hamlet when we return to Alassio.

People seem to lose simplicity and common sense in refining on Shakespeare. True subtlety works by a different method, getting inside the poet.

I have also read and very much admired Rostand's "La Princesse Lointaine." It is fantastic, yet with a sufficient smatch of human nature. Gilbert Murray's "Andromache," though far better than Carlyon's, and fine in a way, is still perverse and disproportionate. The barbarism and Quixotic humanism (his own attitude) seem alike overdrawn.

Early Plays of Shakespeare.

The Haven Hotel, Droitwich,
August 22, 1900.

. . . In the idleness here I have been looking through the *early* plays of W. S. and find it very hard to say what is *not* his. Could the "heart of Shakespeare" (a phrase I love) have been brought even in his salad days to deal with such a horrid plot as that of *Titus*? Or could he ever have followed the crude fashion of quoting Ovid *en bloc*? Yet was there any poet of the time save Kit Marlowe who could have written some passages? Certainly the style, as in *Henry VI.* and even *Richard III.*, is Marlowesque. And it has a sensuous fulness "loaded with the ore of poetry," an excess of alliteration, sound overbearing sense, that one associates rather with Marlowe than with W. S. even in *3rd Henry VI.* I must look up Marlowe again. . . .

United Service Club, Pall Mall, S.W.,
September 7, 1900.

In returning from Hereford we read the Bishop's article in the *Nineteenth Century*, which they had lent to us. I have told him that I read it with interest, but that I wonder how our "prophets" and moral teachers should fail to see how national "self"-abnegation may mean individual poltroonery and

result in widespread misery, while national "self"-assertion on just grounds may mean individual self-devotion in the highest degree. What is the national "self"?

United Service Club, Pall Mall, S.W.,
September 13, 1903.

I am reading "Annals of the Time"—peeping into Hansard, and studying such books as "Thirlwell's Letters" and "Carlyle's Life of Sterling." This last, with all its charm, seems a mistaken book. Can it be maintained that if that lambent flame could have burned steadily, a life spent in raising the mental tone of a whole neighbourhood and spreading light and culture with religious zeal would not have been as valuable as the *jeux d'esprit* (for they were little more) contributed to Maga, or even the praise of Teufelsdröck in the *London and Westminster Review*? I have a friend, the Rev. J. La Touche, of Stokesay, who in the last 50 years, with mental endowment not inferior to Sterling's, has raised innumerable lives around him to a higher level. And this was worth his doing, although by befriending Colenso at a critical time, he effectually cut himself off from preferment. One sentence of Carlyle's which cuts at the root of much which he goes on to say, seems to me to hit the mark. "If there is gold there go on digging for it, even if buried under heaps of rubbish."

Icklesham Vicarage,
Rye, Sussex,
October 4, 1900.

. . . So you have been reading Pindar, and can breathe in that high air? How good! You are right: his note is *distinction*, that is what he means by ἀρετή:—right about the melancholy, too. But

though aristocratic to the core he is not ashamed of the "mule-wain." St. Andrews was my ἀπὴν. And there between Tay and Forth—ἐν Ἰσθμῷ, I did earn a *Parsley* crown. I admit so much. I have been reminded of it (my mule-driving) through my correspondence with a pupil of 30 years ago (one of my πῶλοι) whom I have not seen for 25 years, and who has called his youngest boy but one after me! I will tell you more about him on Monday. He is not a Grecian.

As for "sacrifice" that is for the heroic kind. I do not mean sacrifice for sacrifice's sake, but for some end that serves mankind. There is some touch of greatness perhaps in knowing, like Sir Bors, that one is not great.

Have you seen a book that is delighting me—the letters of T. E. Brown? I knew him, and can hardly tell how they may seem to others. But to me he is unique, more charming than "old Fitz," and not unlike him. I should like to have been "signed of his tribe." I have some letters from him, and wish that I had sent them in. "Foc'sle Yarns" is not like Pindar, but is first-rate in its way. And the dialect, though some find it troublesome, is a good deal easier than that of the Theban Swan. I am sure it is right to be thankful for having known the great and good. One only sighs for not having appreciated them better. They make one feel small, but that is wholesome, if one does not dwell upon it egotistically.

You are going back to work, as I am. Only you have still the full vigour of your youth and "a heart that inly glows." . . .

Dec. 14, 1900.

As to *Darwinismus*, the *Morphology* that sends us back to *molecules* (as the ultimate) seems to me untrue to itself and incomplete, whatever claims it may have as the best working hypothesis. For

is not *form* as such the expression of *reason* (λόγος incarnate) ?

Nations cannot be reformed by railing accusations. The question is, are there "living springs" available amidst the "Stagnant Fen" ?

Dec. 17th.

I have seen *Mercury* now 6 mornings out of 8 (Dec. 10-17).

Dec. 18th.

Mercury seen the 7th time in 9 days.

For *conceit*, "leese me," as Burns would say "on" the Little Englander.

The author of "The Soul of a People" has been here. He has asked me about Greek Religion and I have told him some home truths, "smiting him friendly."

Dec. 18th, Sunday.

I have read M. Aurelius of course—but the particular aphorisms do not stick much in my mind. That you quote is a good one. His position as the last of the good heathens is what appeals to me as pathetic. That a great persecution should have occurred under the empire of one of the best of men ! It is like the present Tzar being responsible for the massacre on the Amur, and other cruel and perfidious doings of the "Condor of the North," as my cousin Tom styled that Power.* (Fancy accusing Bobs and being silent on this subject !)

"Spinning Wool" reminds me of my meeting with that reckless person Mrs. R——, when she was a girl (or by'r lady a *Miss* of 25). "Anthony Hope" took her in to dinner, and she evidently admired him, but

* I see that *Buddhist* Japan is disgusted with the silence of *Christian* Europe about this.

their hostess had to separate them, for the symmetry of things, and she sat by me. She was sulkily silent for some time and then turned suddenly with "What are you?" I answered gravely, "A Clerk in Holy Orders."—"Why could you not be something *real*?" We got on better after that.

"Nevada" must surely have been of Spanish extraction?

I do not know about "forecasts of evil." They seldom come true, but when they do, it is more tragic than the "irony of fate." Think of Cassandra and Desdemona. "The thing I greatly feared is come upon me. I was not at rest; neither was I quiet—yet trouble came."

Detachment? Well; I think some mutual independence tends to strengthen union. I know what *thick and thin* devotion means. But it may go with candour on the part of the devotee.

Darwin's "Pangenesi^s" is curiously like A.'s *Homoiomereia*?

Dec. 17.

Ainger is more than "a poor player"; he is a wit and humorist, and a graceful and acute literary critic—always charming on C. Lamb. Do you think it a pity he is a clergyman—"not something real"?

S. Andrea,
April 22, 1901.

. . . We have had some small troubles here, in connection with the Church and Hanbury Hall. . . .

Storms in teapots.

τίποτε, pron. "teapotty" in Modern Greek = "niente."

τίποτε, τίποτε! 'tis the Greek word
For "nothing whatever"; at least so I've heard.
And nothing whatever is all the great fuss,
Which tea-potty tea-parties raise amongst us.

To pass to what is more important and more agreeable. A youngish lady here, a niece of Miss Latham (by the way she works C.O.S. in Brighton) has lent me Harnack's "What is Christianity?" We have read it and have ordered a copy. I consider it most important, will you allow me to present you with this in return for Tolstoy? It seems to me to give the last word of modern criticism and at the same time to re-assert what is essential in the Gospel. The point of view is nearly akin to Jowett's. But the statement of it is more distinct and clear, as is natural when so much has come between. I have since been reading Tolstoy's "Thoughts" again. . . .

S. Andrea,
Feb. 2, '01.

2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4, 19. I wish nothing but well to the new king—yet I must own that every time the word is uttered it has a leaden sound. One must get over this for the sake of the great vanished life; but the main lesson is that each one of her people must take up anew their own share of the burden which she bore so bravely to the end.

We had our Memorial Service yesterday. Just then the procession must have been crossing the Park. They are right to make these mourning days emphatic—to press home the sense of loss and general responsibility. But the gloom should not be artificially prolonged. Even Achilles, while inordinately nursing his private grief, acknowledges that mourning rites must have an end—*λαοὶ δ' ἐπὶ ἔργα τράπωνται*.

I have been looking into Crabbe. Do you know his "*Parish Register*"? It throws a graphic light on the County life of England in his day—a counterblast to "Sweet Auburn."

DR. CHALMERS, *The Clergy*.

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,

February 15, 1901.

. . . I have only a vague notion of Chalmers' plans, but it is interesting to have rediscovered them. To combine organization with personal sympathetic effort is, I suppose, the difficulty. That side of his preaching was probably more valuable than what has had more vogue. . . .

What you tell me of Chalmers visiting a Catholic school makes me feel that in some ways, those times were better than these. Neither ultramontaniam nor some other *ism* had laid so firm a hold. One would be glad to see more of such reciprocity.

Chalmers was our neighbour in early days in Edinburgh, and I remember his appearance perfectly. We lived near the Tanfield Hall, and saw the procession of the self-exiled ministers, not understanding very clearly what we saw. My mother was an admirer of his *Astronomical Discourses*: and in other days one used to hear much of him.

The things expected of the clergy nowadays are just those in which they are least useful. A hunting parson who was a human being, was often in a truer relation to his flock. The work of a Levite is not that of a religious teacher. Personal knowledge of individuals is of course essential to real influence, and for spiritual guidance there should at least be the shadow of some *Idea*. But the last thing our young clergy do is to think. . . .

I had not attended closely enough to the Macdonell business. From what we saw of Mr. Wyndham I can imagine that he would be too easily influenced. And I should think he might really sympathize with Irish Nationalism. He has the poetic temperament. There seems to be a pro-Russian party in the Liberal

ranks. That surely is as unnatural as the Franco-Russian Alliance has always seemed to me.

The Bishop told me last night that he met in South Africa with the Extracts from Jowett and was led by them to read again his Commentary on St. Paul, which he found deeper than Lightfoot's. My friend, Miss Hyde, thinks the hour is coming when B. J. will come into his own.

I wish the German Emperor were honest enough to use his great position in the cause of Peace. I fear he is not *Man* enough.

Criticism of TOLSTOY.

1901.

One cannot but envy persons who, like the Hebrew Psalmists, like St. Paul, like Jacob Boehmen or Count Tolstoy in later life, have attained, through whatever experience, this joyous consciousness of communion with the infinite and eternal. At the same time I agree with Tolstoy that it is not to be had perforce, and if you say "I must have it" you had better (in his quaint language) "go to the Devil."

But I do not understand his contention that his position is not a mode of mysticism. Parmenides, the great Stoics, and Spinoza were also mystics in a sense. They had found by inward communion a law of life, that made them independent of the world and outward things.

An analogous position may no doubt be held, as Tolstoy says, by the humblest peasant, who lives through penitence and prayer in immediate dependence upon God.

But the truths of science and philosophy are also gifts of the supreme, and carry with them responsibilities and blessings. The enlightened Christian of to-day is not like a hermit of the Thebaid. He cannot go out of the world, and the Divine call to

him is to go forth and aid the Divine purposes as now revealed.

He is the heir of all the ages, each of which, including the reviled Renaissance, has had its place in the supreme purposes. The world is not God-forsaken, and it is not so simple as the mystic would make it.

No doubt in "times of ignorance" that "God winked at" there was true religion in many a soul, and in the Early Christians it shone brightly; but the religious mind cannot but acknowledge that this other light of knowledge is also from Him. There is no irreconcilable opposition between them as Tolstoy seems to think,—although the ages of faith were the dark ages, and scepticism happens to have grown side by side with science. Tolstoy thinks that modern science only aims at "happiness" (or utility) *à la* "New Atlantis." That is not the spirit of such leading minds as Faraday or Darwin. Read, in proof of this, my life of James Clerk Maxwell (Macmillan, 1883), especially the hymn he wrote at Cambridge. (The lessons are Maxwell's and not mine) yet his electro-magnetic theory of light was undoubtedly the precursor of the Röntgen rays, which are already doing so much to minimize suffering, and wireless telegraphy is an application of ideas on which he used to discourse to me. If I were at home in London, I would send you one of the two copies of Huxley's Romanes Lecture, which were both, as it happens, his gifts to me. You would see that Tolstoy has not understood him. Indeed, the agnostic and the mystic are extremes which meet. The unknown, indeed, is *acknowledged* in one of Tolstoy's sentences as better than a traditional or conventional God.

Huxley's opposition of *ethical* to cosmic evolution was a curious outcome of his controversy with Herbert Spencer. At the time (as I told Mrs. Huxley when we met at Maloja) I felt inclined to quote him—

"Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean."

But if I had been talking to a *gnostic* (such as Tolstoy) I should have said that nature and revelation have one source in the bosom of God. And the same is doubtless true of human history. Dark and God-forsaken as some of the pages appear (a Russian at all events may be forgiven for thinking so) it is not by standing apart and wrapping ourselves in our own virtues or in mystical contemplation that we can hope to bring nearer the time, when "God's will shall be done on earth as it is done in Heaven!" "If any man will *do* His will, he shall *know* of the doctrine."

There are very true remarks in Tolstoy, and the whole is very suggestive. As Charles Kingsley said of Tauler's mysticism (in his preface to S. Winkworth's translation of the "*Theologia Germania*") or as may also be said of the "*Imitatio Christi*," this only wants to be translated, to become a practical guide for us amidst the light of common day.

But why assume that the will of God is opposed to family affection, or true patriotism, or even to self-preservation (without which we cannot do His will)? Is not every true life a harmony of all these—the lower of course subordinated to the higher, and, in extreme cases, to be sacrificed to it? But the extreme cases are mercifully few.

Some time ago B. Kidd's book on "*Social Evolution*" had an extraordinary run. Good people thought that in opposing *self-love* to *reason* he was favouring religion. He had broken out of crude utilitarianism, and did not know where he was. He had not learned Sir Galahad's lesson of the *Siege Perilous*—"If I lose myself, I find myself," nor discovered that "*Self*" is enlarged in serving others.

(7.30 A.M., time to get up—Jupiter and Saturn no longer visible. The sunrise imminent.)

On the Creeds.

July 26, 1901.

How can one go on saying the creeds, etc., in church when one has realized the results of criticism?

To me, I must own, it is a relief to be no longer compelled to officiate in the English Liturgy, beautiful as most of it is, Sunday after Sunday.

I am well contented to assist, as Tennyson claimed to do, without committing himself to every word, yet for those who are still employed in those ministrations the balance of good seems to rest in their remaining as they are.

The difficulty is a real one, and it would be wrong to dissemble it. Stolid acquiescence is only obstructive to possible future change. Yet our attitude to those old documents cannot healthily be one of bare negation. Those who made them were struggling towards the light, and their thought was the parent of what is best in ours. To cut ourselves off from their tradition would be *λίαν ἄφιλον* as Aristotle said. Some day there will be a new reformation, in which much remaining dross will be purged away. But we contribute little towards it by merely standing aloof, while saying what we really think as men are able to receive it, we must be content to be misunderstood by the unintelligent.

I am here in a nest of broad churchmen, whom the Bishop collects about him once a year to lecture to his clergy whom he draws together to live a sort of collegiate life for about a week in the training school, while the "trainband" of young women have their vocation. (It is better than a "retreat" *n'est ce pas*.) I lectured on Hamlet, Professor Gwatkin of Cambridge gave a course of four lectures on church history, and Arthur Galton other four on the errors of Rome.

He was nine years a Catholic priest, then lived in

Australia, and has recently been reordained in the Church of England, where he finds peace. He admires Jowett, and we agree in our point of view, though he starts from history and I from scholarship.

Another man who has been giving religious addresses is a Mr. C——, who has been a high churchman, but has latterly broadened out in a mystical way.

All these men are doing work in their generations for which I envy them—reminding one that there are still 7000 in Israel. And the Bishop himself is delightful, so human, so rational, and in many ways so wise. To stop all this practical work, because some shibboleths are obsolete, would not be a step forward but the reverse. Let the leaven work. Church music has a mediating function. It is the Euthanasia of obsolescent dogma. We can sing happily what we can no longer say with comfort. The prose of one age may become poetry for another . . .

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
Oct. 30, '01.

In the intervals of Republic and Plato Lexicon I am studying the life and works of my cousin Tom. The first auditors of the unpublished MS. of the "Pleasures of Hope" were my grandmother, my father, my uncle, and my Aunt Margaret, the last of whom was much admired by T. C. A sonnet in her praise written about 1796 when he was 18 or 19 remains in his handwriting and in my possession. All this took place in the last decade of the eighteenth century.

T. C. is not in the first rank, but he is "of the centre" and does not deserve to be forgotten. He won his early laurels in an unfortunate field. Brimming over with true poetic emotion, "the love of love, the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn," he was driven by contemporary opinion to produce didactic poetry in the couplet of Pope. This went out of fashion and

then he followed a better line—having learnt directly from the Greeks the art of compression and of combining subtlety with simplicity and directness—public attention had been drawn elsewhere and the future lay with the “lyrical balladists” whom T. C. had been taught by “Scotch Reviewers” to despise.

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
Nov. 10, 1901.

I have now read all through the “Life of Campbell.” The latter part is inexpressibly sad. It appears that my father once introduced to him a gentleman from Wales, who told him of a poor harper who was found wandering alone and when asked the reason “instinctively replied, in a Welsh triad: ‘*My wife is dead, my son is mad, my harp is unstrung.*’ In an instant the words shot through Campbell’s heart. It came home to him like an electric shock. He could not, he said, disguise his weakness—but what I venture to call his pure nature—he cried like a child.”

He outlived his reputation—no great wonder. But it is a loss to wholesome literature that he is so much forgotten. The Poles, I fear, are not a grateful people. They sponged upon his sympathies for years, squandered the sums he raised for them, and care nothing for his memory now.

By the way, “O’Connor’s Child” was a favourite of my mother’s; and T. C. used to speak of her as having an exquisite taste in poetry. There is a great deal here about my parents! In old age we bring the wheel “full circle.”

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
February 9, 1902.

* * * * *

Gilbert Murray’s *Euripides* volume is delightful. I do not mind rhyme and modernity in *Euripides*,

though I cannot fancy them in Sophocles. Murray's Frogs of Aristophanes is also clever.

* * * * *

This was written many years ago, suggested not by Maxwell, but direct from Darwin :

"Will none consider the working bee?
Small gain of his endless toil hath he :
And even in flitting from flower to flower
To win for another is all his power.
He opens the heart of the honied bell,
And the germ is loosed from the mystic cell,
And flower is married to flower sweet ;—
But he only dusties his weary feet."

This was never shown to any one, but relieved a passing mood of bitterness or γλυκύπικρον.

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
February 15, 1902.

. . . What makes you so keen on *Euripides*? He is doubtless a great poet, but the drama in his hands is already in progress of dissolution, breaking asunder between realism and unreal phantasmagoria, as in our own day, or rather as in the Jacobean time of Ford, Webster, and other followers of Shakespeare. G. G. M., whose translation of the *Bacchae*, etc., is a *tour de force*, seems to have latterly become aware of this. The *Medea*, *Bacchae*, *Hippolytus*, *Iph. T.* and *Iph. Aut.* are well worth knowing. But to read him through? . . .

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
February 20, 1902.

* * * * *

We have read *Ulysses*, and we think it fine in parts, but rather disappointing as a whole. Penelope's speech near the beginning and the management of the catastrophe are what we most admire. But the

Olympians have dwindled to a sort of fairies, and talk in nursery rhymes—not with that large utterance of the earliest gods. The slimness of Ulysses detracts from his impressiveness, and the "*départ d'Ulysse*" from Calypso is not well done. What becomes of σχιτλιοί ἴστε θεοί. . . . A good romance often makes an indifferent play. "The Vicar of Wakefield" and the "Bride of Lammermoor" are examples. It seems to me that instead of allowing character and situation to penetrate his soul and to take root there until they fructified in a new and independent creation, Mr. Stephen Phillips has selected portions of the *Odyssey* and given to them a sometimes powerful interpretation. The result is a gorgeous patchwork, not a piece of nobly designed embroidery.

And if he had done as I suggest, would he have reached to the height and depth of the great theme? Has he the ἦθος for it? *Je m'en doute*. Phaeacia would have given opportunities which are here missed. For after all the descent to Hades is not real. There is nothing in the *Odyssey* to justify the repulsive vulgarity of the scenes with the handmaids. Melantho and Doll Tearsheet are wide apart. The impossibility of plain speaking leads to the *banalité* of making stage flirtation the symbol of secret vice. What happens on the stage when Penelope appears? Is there a flutter? In versification there is greater ease than formerly, but an ease that leads to license. Tennyson's "whirled in an arch" is effective, but the frequent repetition of such freedom destroys effect.

The line which made you angry is probably taken from life. I have heard something like it actually said.

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S. Andrea,
February 27, 1902.

. . . I was sure you would find T. E. Brown refreshing. I hope you admire Tom Baynes' view of Sailors' Homes, and the statement which precedes it.

* * * * *

I don't want to be discouraging about the "remnants," though I would reserve that name for the 7000. If a young man at the bar whose cases come in slowly prefers a turn at Toynbee to marriage and a sewing machine I am ready to applaud him—nor do I wish to send help to those who need no physician. But there are weak hands and feeble knees already climbing upward, whom to support and guide is a vocation which at all events appeals more strongly to me. It was part of Jowett's glory to have made such into good and useful persons—even Cabinet Ministers. When he had complained that an undergraduate was not improving, and Nettleship replied, "You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," the Master's rejoinder was, "Are you so sure of that?" and he spoke from the experience of success.

* * * * *

Mrs. B—— is a Russian and a clever old woman. She greatly enjoyed the Shakespeare readings, but came back from the *Antigone* saying that "Shakespeare would have to shut up shop." Nothing like that has happened since Louis Stevenson, when rehearsing the messenger's part in the *Trachiniae*, made a similar observation (in 1877). Mrs. B——'s family exclaimed against her heresy, and she asked me quite simply whether she was wrong. What could I say? It is refreshing to find intelligent persons to whom these things are new. . . . To return to T. E. Brown. I think it wonderful that a man should have written anything so intimate as "*Mater Dolorosa*," and in another way there is a rare

touch of sympathetic identification in "Just the Shy."
He gets bigger as I look more at him. . . .

S. Andrea,

March 16, 1902.

My corrected proofs are gone to press, and I may take time to reply to your last letter. I am an admirer of Johnson, but do not affect his style. "*Ne sutor ultra.*"

If I were to say to those to whom Greek tragedy seems a mere tissue of horrors: "You are in the gall of bitterness," would they understand me? But I may say to you *more Johnsoni*, "While you are vexed with the Socratic quibbling, you are still in the outer court of Platonism." I hardly know whether such remarks encourage me about my little book or the reverse. They show that it is needed, but will it really "catch on"? Jowett's Commentary (revised by me) seems to have fallen between two stools. He provided, as he knew how, for the wants of the Oxford Undergraduate, but indulged his own taste for an expensive *format*, which places the book beyond the reach of said undergraduate (whom the demands of boating, cricket, football, rackets, tennis, etc., make so economical). The second volume is mostly mine, and the text also—though made ultra conservative by regard for the Master.

In Mary's case you should, like Athena in the Eumenides, *στέργειν ὄμματα Πειθοῦς*, which made her master so amenable. Mr. Carlile told us of a Clifton lady who seems to have beaten Victor Hugo's Bishop. She found a burglar working at her drawer, and, though her heart was *ἐν τοῖς δακτύλοις τῶν ποδῶν*, said kindly to him, "What harm have I done you that you should treat me so?" He pled (with Falstaff) "'Tis my vocation," and that he saw his way to no other on this side of the herring-pond. She lent him £3 to go to America and *got it*

back from him—part of the wages of honest employment over there! And yet (*à propos* of the Erinyes) humanitarianism and good nature ought not to weaken the sterner side of morals, as I fear they are apt to do. Some of Mr. Carlyle's compliances with the gaol-bird's little eccentricities seem to me rather doubtful.

I am glad you called my attention again to Dante's Ulysses. I had only cursorily before compared it with Tennyson's rendering which is certainly far inferior to the original, except towards the end. The "aged wife," the "savage race" and "son Tele-machus" have all in Dante their *positive* values, only overborne by the great ruling passion. It is *banal* in Tennyson to make their deficiencies a motive, where none was needed. By the way, if the Trojan Horse had not worked woe to Aeneas, would not Ulysses have been at least in *limbo*?

The rainy days at which we grumbled sometimes have been good for the garden. We have never been without roses, though the spring bloom is yet to come, and promises well. Bulbs of all sorts are flourishing and mimosas are brilliant. But "when riches increase," etc., and *animali* of all kinds abound.

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
April 12, 1902.

In my sermon I spoke also of Rhodes. We had not then seen his Will. The remains of both* were carried home; and the two funerals were on the same day. "Faithful unto death" may well be inscribed on Oliphant's urn: the text for Rhodes is rather: "They in a short time fulfilled a long time." Kidd's catchword, "Projected efficiency" is well illustrated by the beacon-light of his example. I said amongst other things that he had not used his wealth to purchase "a vulgar patent of nobility." I might have been thinking with you of Sir T. L.

* Rhodes and T. T. Oliphant.

I trust that you are right, and that more than "7000 in Israel" are using not money only, but things more precious for good ends. But there is ample need.

Certainly the Ancient Mariner's counsel of perfection is not to be ignored. But when flowers increase and "those are increased that eat them" one feels almost hypocritical in supporting as we do here the society against * cruelty to animals. I said to my wife and "Brownie": "Do you love slugs? Or you? Do you love mosquitoes?" They couldn't answer "Yes."

I must break off—and finish in the morning. Before we meet I hope you may have a copy of my book.

Our letters cross again, but does it matter? Can there be too much of this kind of intercourse between friends who meet so little?

Sunday, 6 a.m. (A nightingale is singing close to our window). The bloom of roses in our garden, and in all the gardens here is wonderful. We fill the vases with them almost daily, but they still increase. I wish I could send you a few. But it is sad to see the havoc made by aphides, caterpillars, slugs and locusts (no less!). Short of loving these (one does love the sulphur butterflies, swallow-tails, etc.) there is one triumph to which age does minister—that of "bearing fools" patiently, if not "gladly," and "striking a harmony" with the boulder † and the bore.

33, Campden House Chambers, W.,

May 25th, /02.

Dickens' shreds and patches, if not human beings, are human effluences, ἀπόρροιαί, and then he believed

* S.P.C.A.? The initial P. unfortunately stands for Promotion as well as Prevention.

† Query: Is this term derived from the resemblance of the phenomenon in question to the cheese-maggot?

in them so much! I do not wonder that you are reminded of him in holes and corners of S. London.

33, Campden House Chambers, W.,
June 16, 1902.

I did not finish the story of my Ancestors.* The cousin to whom the pictures belonged was one Ross Jameson, and they were sent me by a cousin of his of the same name, who told me afterwards that he remembered me and my brother as children in the early forties, when his parents were near neighbours of ours. After we left that part of Edinburgh, another son was born to them—no other than the redoubtable "Dr. Jim"!†

Looking forward to Wednesday,

Paulo leviora canamus!

Pitlochry,
Aug, 24, 1902.

This is to greet your arrival at Braemar. I enclose 3rd and last of the Tom na Monachan cherry-stones, carved this morning on the garden seat between breakfasting and going to church; there we heard a wretched sermon from our pastor's brother-in-law. I know not what is coming over the young Episcopal clergy.

On Friday after my day's darg we went by train to Grantully and after tea with our friends there walked back over the hill. We had a feast of glorious colour, for between the showers the evening sun shone full on many acres of heather in full bloom and the plantations beyond, and also projected a

* Sir Godfrey Kneller was the "Master" I at once thought of.

† Ought I to have visited my cousin's cousin in prison? I did not do so.

rainbow on the receding rain. The sun was low and the arch correspondingly high and wide, so that it framed the picture, with which it vied in brilliancy. We heard the grouse calling and the curlews crying and found a plant of sundew on the way.

You will have pleasant memories, (at least I hope not *dolorous*) of the *Dollar* neighbourhood. But I don't much care to be associated with Castle Gloom. How it gets the name of Campbell I am not aware. Our special cradle is Craignish, in Argyleshire, which belonged to my great-great-grandfather. Other "Campbells of Craignish," *soi-disant*, (two sets of them) are but *novi homines*! Another branch of the family had Kirnan in the same neighbourhood, which T. C. revisited ("Lost home of my fathers!"). My grand-aunt, T. C.'s mother, liked to be called "Mrs. Campbell of Kirnan"—the place of which her husband had been heir. I named my house in St. Andrews, Kirnan, and the name remains.

Times are altered, but human nature remains, and we have now a "Carnegie of Skibo Castle"!

Camperdown, Dundee,
September 9, 1902.

I am reading G. Chapman's tragedies. They have fine bombastic passages and splendid similes—but are not sound at the core. Machiavellianism and Divine right oppressed the art in the Jacobean age, much as realism and pessimism are doing to-day.

Campden House Chambers,
October 9, 1902.

My interest in the *Buried Temple* grew less as I went on with it. "*La Chance*" was all very well, with speculations about the "Great Unconscious"—I would rather speak of "potential consciousness"—but when "*L'Avenir*" proved to be an account of thought-

reading *mediums*, I grew impatient and discarded my prophet.

Frederic Harrison's *Ruskin* is an interesting monograph, though the references to Auguste Comte are quite uncalled for. In my particular line I have been reading critically Faguet's *Drame Ancien et Moderne*.

The opening of Pasteur's Life reminds me vividly of my schoolboy friendship with James Clerk Maxwell. (Did you ever read my life of him?) Even the *Iceland spar crystals* and the *polarized light* remind me of moments of which I was not worthy, when J. C. M. discoursed of these and other phenomena, and showed me experiments. At 16 I competed with him for a mathematical medal and won it from him. But I knew all the while that he was a genius and I was nowhere. *Biot* is beautiful.

33, Campden House Chambers, W.,
October 14, 1902.

I have been thinking a good deal about your question, whether "diversity of operations" is incompatible with the spirit of friendship. I do not think it need be so. Of course, all separation is a trial to love, but if not baffled by it, love may be raised to a higher power.

Love seeks to interpenetrate—to become one; but were this possible, it would not be for the best. To run together like two drops of water would be by merging individuality to miss much opportunity of good. That two should work together with one aim, supplying each the other's deficiencies, and "walking together in the House of God as friends," is indeed a sweet ideal of happy life. But there is a larger scope where two are working separately for the common good in the same spirit of loving service, but at different tasks, each bearing his own burden, but

by intuitive sympathy each also bearing the other's burden. What is friendship for, if not for this?

My best work in scholarship was the edition of Plato's dialogue—the Sophistes—in which he proves that difference is not contrariety—that τὸ ἕτερον is and is not ὄν. You will tell me on *Saturday* whether all this is mere Platonic jargon.

Hotel Cavour, Milan,
October 27, 1902.

Milan is now only twenty-four hours from London : so that with two nights at Lucerne and two nights here, we have an easy journey. Italy received us brightly, though it is cloudy to-day. I am continuing my study of Ford. His likeness and his difference as compared with Shakespeare are both instructive. Like Euripides, he is not contented with one peripeteia, hence a distraction of interest interfering with that harmony and fulness of impression, which is the truth of "Unity of Action."

I have continued pleasure in knowing that you are not only interested in my concerns during these late years, but share to some extent in joint memories that are part of me. That makes us quite old friends.

We travel again to-morrow, *viâ* Genoa to our winter home. Miss Harper's quickness of observation and spriteliness of mood take off much from the tediousness of the journey. It was "bracing" at Lucerne, but *grey*. It appears, however, that above about 4000 feet all was clear. This is often so in autumn, they say. The fact is telephoned from Pilatus' top in words which reminded me of poor Malvolio—"Klar, *hell*, clear." Two young persons, newly married, I suspect, and hence, perhaps, of stronger faith than we were, accordingly took the train one day for Pilatus (from Alpnach), and the next for the Rigi-Culm (from Vitznau) and saw all the peaks both

times. From the Rigi they saw the sunset over a sea-like carpet of cloud spread under them. We were green with jealousy, but reflected that possibly at our age it would not have been right. We found the *Hotel du Lac*, near the station and the old wooden bridge, most comfortable, although it has built out what must have been a splendid view.

No more to-day.

P.S.—You see I am not afraid of “pelting” you!

S. Andrea,

January 11, 1903.

. . . I have sampled several translations of Dante, Plumptre's amongst others. Of these in *tersa rima*, Hazelfoot's is perhaps the best—even closer than P's. But the task is impossible. There are so few double rhymes in English (barring participles), and the effect of rhyme is lost or worse, when you rhyme on the wrong word as P. constantly does. I read the *Inferno* not long since when I had no dictionary, and underlined the words I should have looked out: $\frac{8}{10}$ of them were in the rhyme. This showed (1) how difficult the measure was even for Dante; and (2) that he had turned the difficulty into an opportunity for giving effect to what was musical and *récherché*. Cary's is, after all, as readable as any, though he had not a well-revised text. You know he had the luck of charming Coleridge, who knew no Italian. The most poetical of late has been Shadwell's *Purgatorio*, in a metre that looks unpromising, but is skilfully handled, that of Marvell's Ode. Gray translated also in blank verse the Ugolino passage. Strange to say, he makes slips in the Italian. *Nathan* is not thrilling, but interests me as Lessing always does. The Jews, the Templar, Saladin, Ali Hafis, are each and all the author in a different dress—like the child-hero of a picture-book in which the same face is made to

serve for different phases of a kidnapped boy. They all preach the doctrine of the *Echtmenschliches*. Recha is a pleasing *ingénue*. . . . Stopford Brooke on Browning has set me reading *Sordello*. It is easier than it once was, but still more difficult than Pindar. But then I was never a student of Sismondi.

January 17, 1903.

Macbeth went all right—except that someone coming in late made me leave out the dagger! I had to give it for the benefit of the young ones afterwards. I am nearly at the end of the first volume of Gladstone. I have always felt that he was on the strongest ground when he followed Peel in finance. His coquetting with the Derby Dizzy Ministry is curious—so is Dizzy's clumsy attempt to draw him. How like him to be absorbed in theology when the fate of Gordon hung in the balance.

I have got a new little song of T. C.'s for the lighter lyrics, viz. one which he printed with O'Connor's Child in 1810 and never republished.

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
February 28, 1903.

. . . You ask me about the German Emperor and his rounding upon Delitzsch. It is strangely characteristic of the impressionable temper which he takes for strength. First drawn into rash utterance in favour of the new-found truth, then bandied back again by "Policy, that heretic," to hedge for orthodoxy, and probably to raise the man who showed "him the higher way." The telegram to Kruger and its sequel belonged to the same dangerous moods. For one who believes in his own divine right, and has also a deal of human nature in him, there is no limit to the vagaries of caprice.

As to the question of economy, there is no doubt much to be considered. Matthew Arnold, who himself shocked people afterwards, thought that Colenso ought to have written in Latin as Spinoza did. But the time is past for all that. The Bishop of Ripon and Canon Henson seem to me to be taking the line that is needed at present, unless religion is to be confined to the ignorant and the wilfully blind. *Ψεῦδος συγχωρῆσαι καὶ ἀληθὲς ἀφανίσαι οὐδαμῶς θέμις.* That does not mean that crude negations are to be pitchforked among tender souls, but that feeling and thought, "agreeing well, may make one music as before, but vaster." All teaching should be relative to the condition of the taught—but mystification is not teaching. . . . The discrepancy between new discoveries and traditional forms is an ever-recurring source of difficulty, and I don't see how it can be removed, unless by some volcanic outburst of the human spirit, like that at the Reformation, fusing the old material (for the time) into new shapes. The Emperor is a man of genius, but the "divine right" belonged no less to his father and to his ancestor, Frederick II., though he ignores them in favour of "my grandfather," whose success was due to a kind of stolid persistence, aided by Bismarck and Moltke, and a favouring destiny. . . .

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,

May 22, 1903.

You give me a difficult task though no doubt a wholesome one in putting me to my defence about the sermon. I must not let you draw me into a net of casuistry, but it will do me good to try to explain myself.

(1) I would not dim a single ray that reaches us from the crown of any true saint or martyr. They move along a higher plane above our level of average

humanity; and they beckon us "to follow," with unequal footsteps, in "their train."

But it is undeniable that there have been "martyrs by mistake"; that many lives have been ruined or nullified through misdirected enthusiasm. And I think that much of this sad waste has come through the undue separation or abstraction of the fascinating ideal of Sacrifice from the humbler ideal of service, or the still lowlier conception of duty (for which see Wordsworth's Ode, and think of him whose soul "the lowliest duties on itself could lay").

(2) There have been some martyrs in my time.

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on."

There is one. Another, whom I knew is H. B. Wilson, who strove to enlarge the "liberty of prophesying" in the Church of England, and succeeded in doing so, but was struck down with paralysis. When I last saw him he could only mumble unintelligibly, and a year or two afterwards both he and his heroic wife were dead and buried.

(3) It was a martyr who said, "A man should not die for every cause." This was brave Hugh Latimer, the wholesome, all-round Englishman.

(4) I am neither saint nor martyr, and I feel that it would be presumptuous in me to preach the law of Sacrifice from some lofty pulpit, or re-enact it solemnly at some high altar. I prefer to read my lesson from the Lectern to my even Christian.

But I have a message to deliver, and one which perhaps my hearer is able to receive. If the Gospel food which I administer to him is "peptonized" (to borrow your expression)—or in other words adapted to some special need, so long as it contains the leaven it must work for good. In preaching, as I said in the preface to my volume of sermons (1877) my aim has always been *παράκλησις* in the N.T.

sense, *i.e.*, exhortation mixed with consolation—in one word encouragement or “comfort” in the original meaning of the term.

(5) I will not dogmatize about Gerontius. It is clear that Stanley and Garrett both regard him as an example of the purest religious enthusiasm. But they would have agreed, I think, that if the same spirit could be imagined with other surroundings, an equal devotion with more enlightenment, the results, if less striking to the imagination, might have been more fruitful.

St. Andrews,
June 28, 1903.

The good people are all gone to Church, and I may begin a letter to you. The Girls’ “Antigone” was beautifully done, and made a great impression. The Town Hall was crammed with an audience of 600, largely consisting of Old Girls, who are here for “Senior Week,” and were of course enthusiastic. The proscenium for the “scene indivisible” was a simple palace-front with pillars, two steps and a curtain, from behind which the royal persons entered. Antigone was a girl of sixteen, who is the soul of the attempt, and her performance was remarkable, both for intensity and depth. She had adopted a sort of weird monotone, which threatened at first to injure the effect, but proved by and by to be an apt expression of an exalted state of feeling. She was not at all badly supported, and the chorus (of *maidens*, of course) with Mendelssohn’s music and a girlish orchestra looked very graceful and made a fine setting. When the applause at last subsided, I made a short speech—to the following effect:

“This beautiful production is for me the fulfilment of a long-cherished desire. Just thirty years since, I began my version of Sophocles by translating the Antigone, at first in prose; but when the speech, ‘A

grave, my bridal-chamber,' went spontaneously into rhythm, after consulting my friend, J. A. Symonds, I determined for verse. Even then I had a vision of some *élève* of the Higher Education impersonating Antigone. St. Leonards was not yet, but Girton was in embryo—at Ilitchin. I was convinced that the success of such an attempt turned on the question, 'Can it be *spoken* with effect?' And, as the applause to-night has proved, you have answered that question. The pleasure which this gives me is tempered with the feeling of Goethe's dedication to his completed 'Faust'—

“‘They are not hearers of this later singing,
The souls for whom I sang my earlier song ;
These tones, alas, in other ears are ringing.
And win strange plaudits from a new-found throng.’

“But in the sadness of that feeling there is a core of sweetness ; and all who are friends to Sophocles in English Verse are friends to me.”

That was not quite all—I must have spoken for about three minutes and the whole thing lasted less than two hours.

I must break off. We go to Cambridge to-morrow afternoon.

The contest for St. Katharines is reducing itself to two, one of whom is distinctly better, but the end is uncertain.

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
November 26, 1903.

The best of each civilization survives ; it is the *bad* that is “interred with their bones.” As “heirs of all the ages,” let us inweave that *best* into our own.

I read Home's “Douglas” aloud the other night. His cousin David said to him: “By all means read Shakespeare ; but get Racine and Sophocles by heart.” Not bad for Saec. XVIII. Lander's “Imaginary Conversation” is unfair to Home. Am I a

Philistine, if I care little for Landor? His aloofness and unreality bore me. And he hated Plato. Mme. de Fabeck has lent me a German tragedy by Grillparz, *circa* 1810. Do you know him?

I saw Mrs. Truell the day of their arrival. She seemed quite well.

Yes; Artabanus in Herodotus is very fine—but that “Ionian pessimism,” as I have called it, is improved upon by Aesch. and Sophocles. At least, so I think. I have been looking through Jebb’s “Ajax” to see where we differ. I mean some day to defend some of my views.

The climate here is lovely—with the morning star at daybreak—the beauty of the moon in all her phases—the garden in bloom, and warblers (black-caps, I think) adding to the charm. No rain since October 31. We tried to read Landor’s “Antony and Octavius,” but it was voted *flat* and impossible after Shakespeare. I have read Churton Collins’ Essays—good here and there.

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
December 19, 1903.

Some people seem to think that *le Bon Dieu* is the counterpart of *Jacques Bonhomme* and that the Divine mercy is a sort of *bonhomie*.

That was not Dante’s view nor—with reverence be it spoken—that of J. C.

“Fecemi—il primo Amore.” “Whatsoever shall offend one of these little ones.” Is any denunciation of the Prophets more terrible than that? And it is the more tremendous because of the tenderness which it bespeaks.

P.S.—I saw yesterday, *after* a clear and brilliant sunrise, *Venus* quite distinct in the sky. For several minutes she remained a silver point. I have once

seen her as evening star before sunset—but the sun was then behind a cloud. The morning star this time was high in heaven and less inclined to “hide her diminished head.”

S. Andrea,
Jany. 21, 1904.

. . . I am proceeding steadily though slowly with Gladstone. In his foreign policy so far he contrasts favourably with Bismarck and Napoleon III. And the army reform with Cardwell was also creditable. But retrenchment, however good in itself, became too much a dominant idea. Another dominant idea which hampered him throughout was due to the clerical associations which he formed at Oxford. He saw clearly enough that the Church must make her account with democracy and the “higher criticism.” But his best hope was that by doing so she might hold fast for herself the sacred deposit of “dogma”—for herself and for generations yet unborn, when the “superficial liberalism” which dreams of an un-denominational religion (in other words, of a common Christianity) shall have been finally exploded, and the Church’s oral tradition shall have regained its full authority. He had no conception of a “Church of the Future,” which should have cast the slough of literalism, materialism, and superstition, and should shine forth with the pure light of spiritual truth to “convince the world of sin and of righteousness and of judgment”: of a clergy freed from the trammels of the past, but diffusing to all mankind “morality touched with emotion.” These words are feeble, and the vision is afar off! But I recall a saying of Jowett’s, “If we could get rid of cant, Religion would begin to bud and blossom then.” . . .

Gladstone retired from the leadership because the spending departments would not let him knock off the Income Tax, and when he came back on the

Midlothian "flowing tide" and favour of Providence (though not of the Queen), he added a penny to it in his first budget. Disraeli was not far wrong in speaking of the orator "intoxicated with his own verbosity." I wonder what he would have said to the orthodox Christian atrocities of 1903. But, of course, Disraeli had given the power to the masses, which Gladstone exploited.

S. Andrea,
Feb'y. 13th.

. . . If your clergy are shy of Common Christianity I am afraid that innocent bugbear must turn to the Gentiles. Perhaps it may find a welcome on the Welsh marches or in the West Riding, or on the shores of the Eden. But seriously I do not look for much of an audience for discourses which are neither doctrinal nor controversial, nor speculative, but are simply aimed at Christian edification. But if I can find a publisher I should like to leave some trace of what has been one aspect of my life's work.

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
February 6, 1904.

I have been doubly defrauded by our having to spend three days at Mentone in connexion with our troubles. First I lost the chance of writing to you in time, and then your letter, which I should have received on Wednesday, only came this morning, having followed me to France. I find Morley's third volume fascinating, but, I suspect, hardly fair. He seems to me to do scant justice to Balfour, whose conduct as Irish Secretary earned him so much honour. It is strange to think of the situation. Parnell saying little and hiding himself between whiles, "like a lone dragon whom his fen makes feared," and really lord of the position, driving the coach, while the great orator is careering round like the fly on the wheel, and attempting the impossible.

A wise and beneficent despot would have proclaimed a state of siege in 1849, then introduced a land purchase bill and made tenant-right compulsory at the expense, say, of £10,000,000 to the English taxpayers. But I suppose such proceedings are impossible with Parliamentary Government.

S. Andrea,

February 6, 1904.

You ask me about the Abbé Loisy. He interests me a good deal. Far from demolishing Harnack, he goes far towards "blessing him altogether," though he approaches questions from a different point of view—not very different from Jowett's in the days when he wrote: "He has told us that He is the Son of God; and we cannot imagine perfect goodness separated from perfect truth." Our clergy, including Bishop Gore, have a wide arc to travel before they see as clearly.

I do not think that Gladstone, with all his reading, ever attained to clearness in theology—or in Homer. "Sohrab and Rustum" was a favourite of Huxley's, appealing to his strong paternal instinct. "Urbane insolence" is a good phrase—but there was much more in Matthew Arnold. I suppose the present Government will be maintained in power, and Arnold Forster will have a free hand. But they will not be allowed to start a Catholic University for Ireland. A Catholic College affiliated to a Royal University, I can understand.

I did not see Garibaldi.

S. Andrea,

May 30, 1904.

I go on with W. E. G. Morley has done his best; but I still find it a disastrous career—supplying more than one subject for *tragic drama*! He broke off in

disgust at Beaconsfield's "forward policy"; then, returning on the "flowing tide" of the same reaction (roused by his demoniac force), in which he saw the hand of God, he was forced by circumstances to resume that policy, and doing so *contre cœur* and half-heartedly, was wrecked. Then came the Parnell episode. I wonder if Morley is right in representing both Tory and Whig leaders as puppets of the "uncrowned King"? If so, then Parnell is another tragic hero. For, having the English Parliament in the hollow of his hand, he, too—being morally unsound—was wrecked, and ground to powder between the Upper and Nether Millstones—the Nonconformist conscience and the Invincibles, whom he had inspired. But I was present when Lord Carnarvon made his *apologia, re* Kilmainham, in the House of Lords, and I distinctly remember his saying: "I do not regret the interview with Mr. P., *but I regret having had it without witnesses.*" This was said emphatically with quiet severity. Morley does not mention this. The whole thing was a terrible Nemesis on those who had thoughtlessly yielded to so large an extension of Parliamentary representation in Ireland. Mr. G., too, had suffered between an Upper and Nether Millstone in the failure of his Catholic University Bill through the combined opposition of Irish Ultramontanes and English Radicals. It was when smarting under this disappointment that he vainly tried to persuade the spending departments to enable him to make a financial "*coup*" by knocking off the Income Tax—to which, on his return to power, he clapped on an additional penny! But what marvellous powers—physical, oratorical, histrionic—and what force of impulsive will!

P.S.—I see that G. knew of Gordon's death on February 5th. Was not the evening at the Criterion (with Lady Dalhousie) on February 10th when the news became public property?

Carr-Bridge,
July 28, 1904.

The incidents which are threatening the peace of Europe are not, I am sure, due to the Tzar, but to the incorrigible truculence of Russian officialdom, whether civil, military, or naval. A leading Nihilist, who was introduced to me by my Polish friend (you will say I consort with doubtful company), told me that they (the Nihilists) meant to leave this Emperor alone, because it was good for them that a weak hand should be at the helm. I believe he is amiable in private life, but for public purposes a nonentity.

My chief fear is from the Bismarckian—*i.e.* Machiavellian—policy of Germany. The shade of Bismarck is the Machiavelli of modern politics. But there is some hope that good may come out of evil, though not without convulsions, if the Japs succeed in giving a mortal wound to Russian autocracy. Every Russian official acts as a little Tzar, and seems to do so with impunity.

I am employing this gap of time before the proofs come in to fill up some of the blank places in my English reading. Sir Spencer Walpole's "History of Twenty-five Years" (1856-80) I find very interesting and useful. It is pleasant to learn what was going on behind the scenes that were familiar to our youth.

I am also reading through more carefully Nauck's "Fragmenta Tragicorum Græcorum." I find there many indications of variety and boldness of diction which tend to support my views of Sophoclean criticism.

The text I now propose will be "on my own"—without collaboration and without responsibility to superior authority.

Victoria House, Carr-Bridge, Inverness-shire,
Aug. 1, 1904.

I am afraid I woke up very gradually to public interests. I vaguely remember the influenza of 1837 and the cholera and potato famine of 1847. And we were eye-witnesses of the disruption of 1843, as the procession of Free Church Ministers passed near our door to their new place of assembly, Tanfield Hall. But one realized little of what it all meant. We saw the clever caricatures about it, and heard them called "rebels," of which one doubted.

After my mother's second marriage in 1844, we heard a good deal about public affairs—from Colonel Morrieson, my stepfather, who had been thirty years in India, the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny, etc., were followed with more or less intelligent interest. Oh! and of course we knew of the accession of Queen Victoria—her marriage—and her first visit to Scotland, etc.—and the births of the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales.

You asked me about the "Laws"—a prolix writing but full of mature thought, and solemnly eloquent in parts—very different from the "Republic," and in some ways more satisfying.

I was feeling old, in spite of your "incorrigible youth," till one who is herself no chicken wrote about the "Sunset glories" of Oxford. That sets me on the tack of feeling young again.

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
Dec. 5, 1904.

I am afraid nothing will save Greek in the Universities, and consequently in the schools. I agree most nearly with those speakers who lay the blame on stupid methods of teaching. And these, as I have often said, come partly from beginning the subject too early,

My arm is all but right, and I am getting rid of the remaining stiffness by using a pair of light Indian clubs, which were given me by the Students' Gymnastic Club. I had helped to start it, though very far from being athletic. And in choosing their gift they made allowance for my feebleness!

Do you see that China is supposed to be waking up under Japanese instruction? And did you read Anatole France about the *White Peril* and M. de Chaillu's gorilla? He took it from its mother and carried it about in a cage, but complained of its monster ingratitude. It would eat nothing from his hand and died of starvation. It was so difficult to overcome its native *badness* of disposition. A clever illustration, was it not? It looks as if Sir R. Hart's anticipation in "More from the Land of Sinim" were coming to pass.

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
December 11, 1904.

It takes a good while to read through Euripides, noting parallels, in an hour before breakfast each morning. I have read ten out of eighteen plays, besides the fragments, read in summer—and I shall read to a finish. He interests me much, but I find him very unequal. Here and there one catches a glimpse of "an ampler *ether*, a diviner air," seen through some rift in the persistent pessimism. His religion consists in "honest doubt." But he has a profound feeling for the sadness of the human lot, and when, like Hamlet's 1st Player, he "comes to Hecuba," how he does pile up the agony! Yet there is room for a sophistical interchange of frigid argument between Hecuba and Helen.

I admire Murray's translations much: though the style, with rhyme, etc., would not suit Sophocles. It seems another play of his is to be produced at the Court, probably the *Troades*, which I know that he

has translated. Have the K. Shakespeare S^y. made inquiries about my Sophocles in English verse? I have bought up most of the remainder and sold 150 copies cheap to an Edinburgh bookseller, Mr. John Grant.

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
December 18, 1904.

If Greek were not begun too early, and if it were rationally taught, I do not think that any one need miss learning it, whose case is worth considering. The specialization of to-day is an enemy to culture. We have no such men amongst us as Henry Stephen Smith who won the Ireland and became the first mathematician of his time, or James Clerk Maxwell, who in Latin, Greek, Metaphysics and Chemistry ranked high at school and College, while in Physics he was the most original of discoverers.

Sant Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
January 5, 1905.

I have had a reading to-day—a string of lyrics. It went well, but was too soon over, as I had miscalculated the time required and also dropped, *per incuriam* (Proh pudor!) Keats' *Autumn*! Browning's *How they brought the Good News* was perhaps the most effective. T. C.'s *Camp Hill near Hastings* seemed unknown to all.

What times we live in! I fear there is little hope of peace. Togo's allocution to the dead (= $\mu\alpha\tau\omicron\upsilon\varsigma\ \epsilon\nu\ \text{Μαραθῶνι}$), and Tolstoy's letter to the Tzar are events in their way not less striking than the Capitulation. (It is like T. to dispose of the land question with a stroke of the pen.)

The "pestle" is not a bad name for a general; but the pestle has been pounded this time.

Bacchylides is pleasant reading, but does not leave

much impression. I have read the "Olympians" and "Pyth." I.—IV.

Pindar does not grow on me. I miss the intense reality and wide human sympathies of Aeschylus and Sophocles, not to say of Euripides. And one is haunted by the fact, which he does not try to dissemble—"There is money in it"—*ἀργυρώνητοις χρέος*—I find quite as much interest in the athletes from little states—Opus, Locri Epi-Zephyrii, etc., as in Hiero, or even Theron, though the latter is a pathetic figure. I shall glance through the "Poetae Lyrici" before going back to Euripides.

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
January 12, 1905.

I have been reading Pindar regularly each morning. Do you know the curious parallel to Milton's Sonnet on his 23rd birthday in Nem. IV. 43-45? I called attention to it once in the *Classical Review*, but that was some years before I knew you. Here it is!

Ἐμοὶ δ' ὅποίαν ἀρετὰν ἔδωκε Πότμος ἀναξ, εὖ οἶδ' ὅτι χρόνος
ἔρπων πεπρωμέναν τελέσει.

Is it not close? It would be curious if J. M. had read Pindar before he was 23.

Our gardens have suffered much from two nights of hard frost, and we still long for rain. But we are well, and enjoying the fine weather. Eight days after the frost came a hot *Föhn* wind, and fires broke out in the woods all round us. That too is past, and we are now settled into the usual Riviera sunshine and cool breezes.

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
January 19, 1905.

Does not Beatrice say of Benedick "He is as dull as a great thaw"? That is the matter with us here to-day. We had a *blizzard* all Monday which left

several inches of snow (far more in the drifts, for there was a tremendous wind), and now the "ways are mire," and I shall have a minute audience for *Aias* to-day.

Having read through Pindar, I am back in Euripides. I quite forgot, when I spoke of "sad Electra's Poet," that J.M. was probably thinking not of Euripides' play of that name, but of the opening scene of the *Orestes*, which is really beautiful, although the rest of the drama is dull and naught.

I have been looking into S. Butler's posthumous Essays. They are whimsical and amusing enough, but his love of paradox quite spoils him for serious writing. Yet he had serious thoughts, as appears in "Erewhon" and "The Way of all Flesh."

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
January 22, 1905.

As for Pindar, he at least makes for the *Strenuous life*: his "Aristocracy" was not the *jeunesse dorée* of Modern Europe. I still inherit something of *noblesse oblige*, and my deepest contempt is reserved for mere Plutocracy.

Instead of *cutting* the Ajax I read only to his death. The effect of this impressed me more than ever with the value of the later portion, which softens and balances the impetuous harshness of the earlier part.

Re Thucydides—I wonder if you know, or remember, a letter of Gray to his friend West, in which he says: "I have finished the 'Peloponnesian War' much to my honour, and a tight conflict it was, I promise you." I used to delight in Gray before I went to Oxford, when I was a student at Glasgow, and Mason's "Gray" is one of the few books I have kept. It was a New Year's gift from my mother in 1845, and had been in her possession since 1817.

Tuesday, 27th.

I had a good congregation on Sunday, and the sermon came off well. Last Thursday's lecture was specially good, subtle, luminous and simple, comparing and contrasting the genius of Dante and Petrarca. P. had 4 loves, of Italy, of Classical Literature, of God and of Laura—the last two sometimes alternated, sometimes collided, and sometimes combined. His chosen language of five centuries since is the literary language of to-day.

I have missed a visit from the Genoese Greek Professor, Corradi. He came to see me while I was wasting my time at a tea-party. *Vanitas vanitatum!* W. P. Ker's book has set me reading Chaucer's "Troilus"—a long business, looking out so many words in the Glossary. And I am interested in a life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald by Ida Taylor—sympathetically done. One still hopes that better times may come for Ireland. But how and through whom?

What meaning had you attached to "Hold apart"?

March 14, 1905.

. . . . I rather agree with you in thinking George Eliot in her later phase rather a bore. The realism is forced and is shot through with cynical satire. But the "Mill on the Floss" and "Silas Marner" have much that is good.

What a pity, by the way, that Tolstoi's splendid endowments should be spent on such a "misprized mood," as if railing at all governments were the way to improve one's own!—Bishop Collins, who is here and confirmed three catechumens to-day, told us yesterday of a distinguished Japanese who spoke with reverence of China, "She is asleep, and we hope to wake her. That is all." I wish one saw more

clearly how the nations will group themselves hereafter. Will Germany be made to suffer for Kiao-Chan, or we for forcing opium on the Chinaman?

Will England, Japan and China stand together? The danger is in Germany and Militarism.

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
March 29, 1905.

I am so glad you love Deianira. I have always felt for her since I defended the *Trachiniæ* against F. Schlegel's doubts—or rather, since, in 1848, I got my Blackstone medal at Glasgow by construing the passage about the death of Nessus.

G. Murray's "Trojan Women" is a really poetical rendering of the *Troades*—a very *modern*, certainly, but Euripides *is* modern. I think G. M. sees more in the characters than is there.

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
April 5, 1905.

Our Clergy here are good men, but sadly narrow. I cannot help fearing that the great Church of England is in danger of becoming a sacerdotal clique in competition with the Free Churches. One sighs for *real* Christian Union—not that spurious form of it which means schism at home and superstition imported from abroad.

To fill up some shameful gaps in my knowledge I am reading Trevelyan's "England under the Stuarts." Where are such men as Selden, Sir John Eliot, Falkland, etc.? Is England on the downward grade?

There is really nothing more to tell, so I will repeat a silly "chestnut." A little boy at Marlborough was asked in a general knowledge paper to describe the manners and customs of *civilized* countries. Among

other things he said : a man is only allowed to have one wife, and that is called a life of monotony.

Good-bye ! and tell me something more worth hearing !

S. Andrea, Alassio,
April 20, 1905.

You take perhaps too seriously what I said about preaching *au fond*. I am really discontented with the inevitable silence. It is part of that ἐχθίστη ὀδύνη, πολλὰ φρονέοντα μηδενὸς κρατεῖν. But on the other hand, "the grapes are sour." What good effect can be produced, one thinks on reflection, by a single brief discourse? A series of, say, half a dozen, might at least explain to a few persons what one thinks. But even if an impression is made in one half-hour, it is washed out by the next tide. It is not worth while to give offence for such a transient benefit.

As for education it is difficult to concentrate in a letter the vague thoughts which I should have tried to fix, if I had had to speak.

The deadening effect of examinations—the importance of a happy childhood—the graduation of methods and subjects according to age—would have been some of the topics.

One sentence of J. S. Mill's St. Andrews address has stuck by me :—

"The power of boys to learn is not to be measured by the power of Eton and Winchester to teach."

Ravenscraig, Aviemore,
July 16, 1905.

I am struck by "Creighton's Life," which I have read through. With some limitations which did not impede his usefulness, he was really *great*. The completeness of his career is enviable. I wonder if they would have made him Archbishop? He fully recognized the importance of *position*. And he was right,

for his knowledge of the world and of English life enabled him to use it thoroughly. I rather wonder that he treated "incense," etc., so lightly when he knew so well what the Reformers meant in restoring the Communion of the Lord's Supper and abolishing the Mass. But he clearly saw the futility of prosecutions, and felt keenly that the English mind was impenetrable to ideas. His native power of ruling was happily tempered with his genuine respect for liberty. The remedy for these evils surely lies in a better education for the clergy. That means that a different sort of person should be placed at the head of the Theological Colleges. And that again means that the average Bishops should be different from what they are. It was "Sancta simplicitas" that helped to burn John Huss. His dispute with Lord Acton about the popes who encouraged the inquisition, is curiously significant. It partly explains how his estimate of Pobiedonotschff was not affected by the cruelties for which the Dean of the Holy Synod was responsible. . . .

His saying that the twentieth century would be characterized by the *absence of inspiration* is sadly suggestive.

Ravenscraig, Aviemore, N.B.,
July 24, 1905.

I read Plutarch's "De Iside," etc., in the morning hours of last week. He is really a monotheist, but terribly hampered with mythology and ritual which will not die. When a literal belief in tradition has become impossible the religious mind still clings to ceremonies and takes refuge in symbolism.

Plutarch's place is now taken by Lysias. I have already gone through five orations. Where he is not corrupt, his style is as clear as day. He will help me with the article "Revenge," on which I started after sketching out one on "Erinnys." One difficulty is to

keep apart Revenge and Retribution. In the early fourth century it was still a point of honour to take ample vengeance for a personal wrong, and the old *vendetta* was a potent factor in Athenian law.

You are right in thinking that I ought to prize this golden leisure. I owe it mainly to my wife's good management with the invaluable co-operation of Brownie. Without them I should be stranded.

But I still sometimes cast an eye of envy, from this γήραος οὐδύς, on those who are usefully busy.

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
January 25, 1906.

Our tonsured priest to-day began his discourse on Dante with a rhapsody on "Amor di Donna"! No "woman hating" there! (In his last lecture some of his hearers thought that he passed from "Amore di donna" to "*Amore di vino!*") It was interesting to find that he picked out the sonnets "Tanto gentile" and "Negli occhi porte." I shall read my translations of them at the next lecture.

We heard yesterday a really beautiful discourse from the Conte F. della Languaglia in favour of the "protezione degli animali" especially of small birds!

Italian certainly lends itself to oratory, and this was at once forcible and graceful and true in feeling. It has raised my opinion of the little Count.

26.—I go on dipping into C. Lamb in the evenings. His proposal to Miss Kelly (he 44, she 28)—with her refusal and his way of taking it, is a charming episode only lately fully revealed. I do not wonder that the acting profession fêted her goth birthday.

"Samson Agonistes" succeeded better than most readings. I think it is improved by leaving out several pages of "Delila" (from "to Ages an example" to "I see thou art implacable"). The noise of the falling theatre was *thrilling*, and made them jump.

Mrs. Truell thought there was quite enough of the *γυναικοφοβία*. Do you remember Renan's saying that the vow of celibacy was a compliment to the power of womanhood—whence the feminine weakness for a priest! Is not this French?

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
January 30, 1906.

I have read the "Electra." It is very able—the more so, because in parts it is more of a paraphrase than a translation. I am still unsure, however, whether Eur. is really to be credited with all the fine things attributed to him. That he was "Ibsenish" I am ready to admit.

Have read, too, the Tennysonian notes to "In Memoriam." They certainly throw light on some dark places—especially the "needle's end." But on one point I think I could inform Lord (Hallam) T.

Are not "Forgotten Fields" in XLI. iv. the scenes of torment preceding the plunge in Lethe of "Plato Rep. B." x., pp. 615, 621?

A. M. Hyde, in speaking yesterday of the state of England and our advantages as compared with Russia, etc., said that we could not boast much of our Christianity while the masses in our Northern Counties remained in their present barbarous state—men and women alike little removed from savagery. The only remedy she saw was in some kind of religious Settlements, where people who had leisure for it could devote themselves to civilizing work. I wonder if your influence will ever reach to any of these "submerged"?

S. Andrea, Alassio,
February 4, 1906.

. . . You ask me for a sketch of F. D. Maurice. He was perhaps the most religious thinker of his

day, and had a great influence on thoughtful young men, especially at Cambridge, in the early 'fifties. James Clerk Maxwell, amongst others at Trinity, was much impressed by him. Brought up as a Unitarian, he had convinced himself—independently of the "Oxford Movement"—of the truth of Anglican Trinitarianism. He had been influenced in turn by Erskine, of Linlathen, who with his friend T. Macleod Campbell (of Row) was amongst the first to break the ice of Scottish Calvinism. As Professor of Church History at King's College, London, he published some theological Essays, for which he was deposed by Jelf, the head of King's College, a rigid Evangelical. Gladstone was one of the Council, and rather sympathized with F. D. Maurice, to the amusement of Lord Palmerston, who could not understand why a statesman should be interested in the question whether αἰώνιος meant "Eternal" or Everlasting! Maurice's "heresy" was the denial of the doctrine, then prominent in the popular theology, that the punishment of the wicked was to be everlasting. Maurice was far from extenuating sin, but held that the Love of God must finally prevail over spiritual evil, even in the seemingly reprobate. Sin was "eternally" condemned, but the sinner would not suffer "everlastingly." (See my little book on "The Universities," Chapman and Hall, pp. 59-64, and "Tennyson's Poem.") Lord Westbury had not yet "dismissed Hell with Costs." Maurice's theology was rather speculative and mystical than critical, a sort of 'new Neo-platonism,' as Jowett once called it, and in defending his orthodoxy, to which he clung with passion, his style became provokingly obscure. Yet J. S. Mill had a high opinion of his intellectual power. (For a short time in early days he edited *The Athenaeum*, and he wrote "A History of Moral Philosophy.") Loving truth as he did, he was at first distressed and afterwards puzzled by the critical

movement ; and when Colenso was condemned, could hardly be persuaded not to throw up the incumbency of Vere Street, whither he had moved from the Chaplaincy of Lincoln's Inn. This was at a later time ; and still later he was Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge. When deprived of his post at King's, he threw himself into philanthropy and founded the Working Men's College, which still flourishes, and helped in starting Queen's College for Women. He and Kingsley, his disciple, set going a guild of "Christian Socialism," which gave fresh impetus to the Co-operative movement. All this has been fruitful in effect. Amongst Churchmen Llewelyn Davies was perhaps his most prominent follower.

Bishop Collins, who was with us yesterday, though rather a High Churchman, was influenced by Maurice, and agrees with me that though the Broad Church counts for little as a party, which it never aimed at being, it has diffused a spirit which has been continuously operative, and will be still more so in the future. . . .

S. Andrea, Alassio,
February 7, 1906.

. . . I hope the clergy will not drive things to secular education. That would be a thousand pities. What have young persons to do with dogma or ceremonial until they join the Confirmation Class? Lord Tennyson says of his father in these "Notes on the In Memoriam": "He hoped that the Bible would be more and more studied by all ranks of the people and expounded simply by their teachers, for he maintained that the religion of a people could never be founded on mere moral philosophy, and that it could only come home to them in the simple, noble thoughts and facts of a Scripture like ours." Lord T. quotes several passages from a note-book of Jowett's on

A. T. which Mrs. Campbell wrote at his dictation in those last days—September, 1893—and which was forwarded to Lord T. at Jowett's own request. . . .

February 7, 1906.

This Government has an opportunity such as may never recur for placing the religious education of England on a sound basis. For the Vicar or the Baptist Minister merely to *cut in* and give lessons in religion at stated hours seems to me a most inadequate provision. (I have no objection to a compromise by which "denominational" teaching should be given by the clergy once or twice a week.) The religious influence should come through the school teacher. I send you an excerpt from the *Layman*, a paper lately started by Churchmen, including Rev. W. E. Bowen, where a series of these syllabuses has been appearing weekly. You will see how much truth there is in what you have heard. You may see your way in B——, but in many parishes, instead of the words of Christ, and the more evangelical parts of the O.T. and simple prayers and hymns, the clergy would insist on some ritualist catechism and the Dissenters on that adopted by the Free Churches. The Church Catechism has good points: but how about the sacramentarian clauses and the duty of behaving myself lowly and reverently to all my *bettors*? The Scottish Shorter Catechism, beginning with "The chief end of man," has also had excellent effect. But are these things practical politics in the present day? . . .

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
February 25, 1906.

I trust that the brightness of home-coming may have softened a little the poignancy of the Master's grief in the loss of an only brother. The more

harmoniously a family have lived together, the more painful becomes the inevitable parting. Yet Jowett's favourite line from Wordsworth comes in well :

"The springs of Consolation deeper are
Than Sorrow's deepest."

I suppose that by this time A. will be settled at home. Mr. B. seemed to think the slums of Bloomsbury more important than the many "intellectuals" there. But there is a Gospel to be preached to the educated, which is no less important and more far-reaching than the great work which is being done nowadays—and I freely grant its importance—for the "*residuum*."

I am to read the Lessons again, and to preach this morning, besides reading the Bishop's Lenten Pastoral Letter. My subject is "Self-devotion" as a greater and more comprehensive word than "self-sacrifice." Mr. Hewitt reads the service, and will preach next Sunday.

You must have enjoyed having your poet-inspector with you. There used to be sixty minor poets, not including T. E. Brown—are there only forty now? Lawrence Binyon deserves a place among them, I think.

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
Friday, March 30, 1906.

I sympathize much with your neighbour who is divided between his Bishop and his parish. I do not see why he should not reconcile the claims, provided (1) that his fear of the Bishop is wholly apart from any thought of preferment ; and (2) that he can make it clearly understood that *no* parochial favours depend on the reply to two queries which might be sent to every parent, viz. : (A) Denominational or not ; (B) if the former, Church or Chapel. ("Under which King? Bezonian, speak or die!")

Once at West Malvern, walking with Jowett, we saw a countryman, rather *cheerful*, coming along the road. He hailed a friend with "Come and have a drop of cider"; then, seeing two clergymen, he added, "and a crust of bread—that's all a poor man has to offer yer, *without he goes to Church.*"

Temple found in Devon an association for *Home Union*, which he rather encouraged.

My impression of E. FitzGerald as a translator from the Greek is that he is too *wilful* for real success. He and Omar Khayyám seem to have been in perfect sympathy, and then the originals are inaccessible to most of us. It is long, however, since I read his *Oedipodes*.

April 14, 1906.

. . . . So the E. Bill has been heard a first time. It is a pity Lord Hugh Cecil could not be there to make the initial debate complete. The measure seems a good one, though I do not yet know the precise bearing of the 4-5 clause, nor do I see why, where denominational teaching is to be, the managers should not be allowed to employ the teacher if suitable. Two things strike me as remarkable:—(1) The proposal that Bible teaching with simple prayer and hymns should be universal is treated by churchmen as the tyrannical inculcation of a new religion, *i.e.* in a Christian country the accredited teacher may not expound the Golden Rule, or the parable of the Prodigal Son, without being accused of "intolerance"; and (2) the speeches of the Labour members still more *donnent à penser*. One of them speaks of "a world which some of them were sorry to think was slowly turning its face away from all definite religion," and yet regards the provision for simple Bible teaching in schools as oppressive and unfair. Another says that "a great many people did not believe in those things" (Bible reading, prayer, and simple hymns),

and yet talks with "profound regret," of a movement among the people of "turning away from real spiritual religion," I suppose the inference is that "these things" have been given too mechanically, and we are thrown back on the crucial difficulty of the training of teachers. To insist on catechism, while belittling Bible teaching, is like requiring a knowledge of the Eton Latin Grammar, while neglecting Horace Ovid and Virgil. I once spoke to a meeting of 2000 men in Dundee in favour of Bible teaching in board schools. Edward Caird was another speaker. It was in the early seventies before Lord Young's Education Act for Scotland, Constance Maynard was with us at the time. We failed in our contention, and the question of religious teaching was left to the discretion of the Local School Boards. . . . Sir H. Mather has just been with me and we have been agreeing about the E. Bill, although on other points of the Liberal programme we should probably disagree. He wants me to write to the papers—*Nous verrons*.

S. Andrea,
April 23, 1906.

. . . I think that churches as well as Apostles should be able to say "we preach not ourselves but Christ." To do otherwise is a note of weakness. I am glad that my letter appeared with Lord Hugh Cecil's. These exclusive "ultramontane" clauses will give a shock to many who have been accustomed to think of the Church of England as a National Institution in a Christian country. . . .

The Church of the early centuries "made the Bible" in the sense in which Aristarchus and the Alexandrians made "our Homer"—I have often thought that in the seventeenth or eighteenth century Huxley would have been a bishop and would probably have denounced the enthusiasm of men like Wesley and

Whitfield, as he did that of the Salvation Army (with which Jowett had a lurking sympathy). . . .

Of course there will be amendments to the Education Bill, for one thing, on the days when Church teaching is allowed, it should be lawful to employ the teacher if that is found convenient.

S. Andrea,

May 10, 1906.

. . . Of course I should simply *rejoice* if "Bible teaching," etc., could be made universal. Nor should I object if facilities were made equally so. And I agree with you that the religious lessons (still with conscience clauses) ought to be within the regular school hours. (In my first school at 8-9 years old we Episcopalians used to say part of a hymn instead of Shorter Catechism—or cassitch.) I do not quite grasp the sense of the triumvirate *sans appel*. But it does not seem essential to the bill. *Nous verrons*. The *Times* has come and I have read the summary, but the debate has hardly begun. I am surprised at Wyndham being put up to defend the late government on so serious a theme. If one could take such so-called statesmen seriously one would despair of the country. As for the Roman Catholics, I am struck by the plausibility of Mr. Redmond's proposal. But it seems that our Anglicans will not tolerate it. To yield Mr. Belloc's claims would not be toleration, but abject submission to a state within a state. The "parent" is a hollow mask for the defence. Mr. Macdonald's socialism comes in well there. What I mean by the "dog and shadow" argument is this. It entirely depends on the individual cleric whether the proposed "facilities" are efficient or not. If he has the nature of a teacher he may do *much* with the two hours a week in school. If not he should not be a clergyman. . . .

Ravenscraig, Aviemore, N.B.,
August 24, 1906.

You ask me to what end I have been reading Spenser. My immediate purpose was to improve my ear for English Verse while tinkering at my translations. But I have long felt ashamed of knowing Ed. Sp. so little, and having set myself this task, I read right through the Globe edition, which I bought before leaving London. Perhaps the most technically perfect of the poems is *Daphnaïda*—seven miniature cantos in the beautiful 7-line stanza, having 7 stanzas each, and with an elaborate prelude and conclusion in the same metre. I did not omit the prose "View of the Condition of Ireland," on which his own fate was an eloquent commentary, and as a corrective or supplement I am now reading the "Life of St. Patrick."

United Service Club, Pall Mall, S.W.,
September 13, 1906.

I am reading "Henry Sidgwick's Life." He was less effectual than might have been expected from his splendid intellectual endowment, and his noble character. I attribute this in part to the influence of J. S. Mill, whose love of *open questions* seems to have coloured the minds of several generations of Cambridge men. A. J. Balfour's dialectical fence is one outcome of it.

. . . It is a striking fact that Henry Sidgwick, though he had gone far in scepticism, could not read the lines—

"No, like a child in doubt and fear
But that fluid clamour made me wise ;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But crying, knows his father near"

without tears,

S. Andrea, Alassio,
November 9, 1906.

. . . The Lords seem at last to be on the war-path in earnest. Will they cut their own throats or the sinews of the bill, or both? At all events the state of things is serious for the Church of England. I happen to be reading the memoir of Sydney Smith. His goodness impresses me more than his wit, which palls somewhat in repetition. But in many ways he strikes me as the model of what an English clergyman ought to be, although it probably never occurred to him to have daily service or weekly communion. The Whigs ought to have made him a bishop, but were frightened off it by the brilliance of his reputation as a jester. Lord Melbourne was aware of this when it was too late. . . .

To return to the Church. I don't see how it is to happen without some great convulsion; but things do look like the beginning of the end. And while the spirit of Pusey is animating so many of the clergy, Pusey's books are lying as *dead* stock at the Oxford Press. . . . And yet the Church might hold together and be still the National Church, if we had a few more Bishops like the Bishop of Carlisle. I thought the Archbishop's letter to the *Times* very judicious. If they had only stopped there! Perhaps they were provoked by the unreasonable attitude of Lloyd George, etc. I was glad to see that the Archbishop of York voted with the government on Clause 4.

November 15.

. . . I only hope that the Education Bill will not be wrecked. That would lead to secularism, and we should be a barbarous people, without Greek and without the Bible. . . .

January, 1907.

I sometimes think of publishing my later sermons with a selection from the old volumes—with the title "Our Common Christianity." What do you think of this? The difficulty is to find a publisher. I have no congregation and am not sensational enough.

* * * * *

I have filled some idle hours in a yet idler mood by counting the lines in my translations in comparison with the Greek. It has been a pleasant surprise to find that in Aeschylus, where I had used more freedom, there is less licence of expansion than in Sophocles, although the "Suppliants" shows a larger augmentation, due partly to the prevalence of the short trochaic metre with few words in a line and frequent rhymes. In the "Eumenides" there is a slight increase, but *none at all* in *Pers.* *Seven against Thebes*, *Agam. Choe. Prom.*

In the Sophocles a moderate increase in *El. Trach.* and a small one (about 1 : 100) in *O.T.*, but in *Ant. Aj. Phil. O.C.*, there is no appreciable difference either way.

G. G. M.'s translations.

	<i>Hip.</i>	<i>Bacchae.</i>	<i>Troades.</i>	<i>Electra.</i>
Greek	1466	1392	1332	1359
English	1534	1576	1563	1669

S. Andrea,
April 14, 1907.

. . . A very suggestive paper by Oliver Lodge on Church Reform.

I do feel that, humanly speaking, English Christianity is in danger, unless both worship and teaching can be much simplified, and thus rendered more intense and real—a central fire in whose glow all beneficent action is quickened, exalted and purified. Something of this exists, but hampered and choked by formalism and tradition. You remember

Shakespeare's "Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare," etc.

It is lamentable to think that the higher clergy are concentrating attention on the Ornaments Rubric, while rampant evils are clamouring for spiritual cure. Why cannot our Bishops be content with lawn sleeves (a most becoming vestment) without seeking to overawe us by masquerading in cope and mitre? . . .

S. Andrea, Alassio,
April 16, 1907.

. . . During convalescence I have had an interesting occupation afforded me by several friends who happen to be publishing. Kenyon's "Hyperides," MacCunn's "Six Radical Thinkers," two "Harvard Studies" (on Aristophanes) sent me by John Williams White, Arthur Butler's "Tragedy of Harold," two ingenious but mistaken papers on the "Crux" in O.T. 44, 45; and lastly Arthur Galton on "Church and State in France" (a very useful book). I have read enough of all these to write letters of acknowledgment and appreciation, also of criticism. "The Tragedy" interested me; but the legend of H. seems to me to have some fatal defects for tragic treatment.

"Reaction against Tennyson?" In whose favour? Surely not in that of any living poet? I have observed for some time that Browning's vogue is gaining while Tennyson's is waning. But I doubt whether this is just. Amongst nineteenth-century poets I can understand that Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats and even Byron may seem to different critics to be supreme. "There is one glory of the sun, another of the moon," etc., etc. But Tennyson still lives for me.

I constantly repeat when sleepless—

"Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes—
Music that brings sweet sleep down
From the blissful skies!"

or this—

“Where footless fancies rove
Among the fragments of the golden day.”

. . . You really must read Galton's book. It makes the situation as clear as possible, and also throws a lurid light on the question of a Catholic University for Ireland.

S. Andrea, Alassio,
April 13, 1907.

. . . Do you remember a saying of Sir Thomas Browne, in the “*Religio Medici*,” “Christ promised that we should be all one fold, but when this is to be is as obscure to me as the Day of Judgment!” So you think that the unrighteous leaven of modern thought will first split the Churches, and then the “Church of to-morrow” (in Paul Sabatier's phrase) will coalesce in one? I cannot see so far ahead. But I agree with you that the leaven is working, and if it creeps into the Theological Colleges it will spread amongst the younger clergy. I am glad to hear what you say of the more recent curates. It reminds me of Mr. Barton at Aviemore (or rather Rothiemurchus); I think that the walls of partition will grow thinner, and that individual members of the different Churches will more and more hold out hands of fellowship to each other in spiritual communion and good works. But that is why I deprecate the accentuating of the *externals* of Anglicanism quite apart from any Romeward tendency (I dare say my feeling about this is partly prejudice from early association). I do not think that the exclusion of Nonconformist workers from church philanthropic schemes can possibly last. Were it to do so, and the outside agencies to be more fruitful of good results, the Church will have to take a back seat. On the other hand, if she enlists capable outsiders, she will still be the “predominant partner.” That is

surely the wiser policy. In Manchester the Gaskells and other Unitarians did much for social improvement—and I never heard that they worked exclusively. The Winkworths, too, who did much good, were Church-people, although they were intimate with Dr. Martineau. Of course persons who have a genius for any work are apt to be schismatic—as General Booth broke away from the trammels of Methodism.

As for R. J. Campbell, the term "New Theology" is, of course, most unfortunate, suggesting a *nostrum* (like Christian Science) of some American who is starting the Universe on his own lines :

"Antiquity forgot, custom not known."

But though it was foolish to adopt it, he does not seem to be responsible for the term.

"Every scribe who is instructed, etc., is like a good householder, who brings forth from his treasure house things new and old." I was agreeably surprised at Bishop Gore's attitude of calling it the Higher Unitarianism and a reaction from Materialism, etc. My dear friend, Annie Hyde, who is more theologically minded than I am, says, "To treat the idea as *new* seems strange when the Sanscrit and Hebrew Scriptures are full of it, and the Greek Poems as well, only they say that all is in God, and the present-day thinkers say that God is in everything."

. . . I have just discovered that Mr. Wallace, in the Preface to a late edition of his Hegel, wrote thus of Jowett: "He seemed so idealist and so practical, so realist and yet so full of high ideals, so delicately kind and yet so severely reasonable. You felt he saw life more steadily, and saw it more whole than others, as one reality, in which Religion and Philosophy, art and business, the sciences and theology, are severally but elements and aspects. To the amateurs of novelty, to the slaves of specialization, to the devotees of any narrow way, such largeness might

have seemed indifference. So must appear those who on higher planes hear all the facts in the harmony of humanity, and with the justice of a wise love maintain an intellectual sophrosyne. On his pupils this secret power of another world serenity laid an irresistible spell, and bore in on them the conviction that beyond scholarship and logic there was the fuller truth of life and the all-embracing duty of doing their best to fulfil the amplest requirements of their place." I have read through Wordsworth's *Excursion* in the last few days, and found it very soothing.

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
May 1, '07.

I have read all the books you mention "in a previous state," but have forgotten much of them. Wells was long since rediscovered by Swinburne, and has found his way, doubtless through the same influence, into the world's Classics. Blake's Lyrics are unique, as he was. But I have never made any way in the Book of Thel and such-like. Not that I abjure mysticism when sane, as it can be. I only feel myself unworthy of it. My great friend here, while as sane as possible, is a born mystic.

Of course I have read the *Excursion* formerly, but I had not noticed that M. Arnold's "Stream of Tendency" was borrowed from Wordsworth.

Speaking of Marthas, etc., it is quite a mistake to think of Jowett's life as merely contemplative. How, in that case, could he have had so large a share in University Reform, or have turned out from Balliol so many Viceroys and Cabinet Ministers—not to mention Judges? He was strong in administration.

Renan's "Souvenirs" are certainly in some ways repulsive to an English taste, and his "Vie de Jésus" is not exempt from the same fault. The crowning instance of it, perhaps, is where he explains the influence of the clergy on women by their vow of

celibacy, which is a tribute to the power of female charms. His attachment to his sister, who must have been a remarkable person, is the redeeming feature in his life. I asked Roty, when sitting to him for the medal, whether he had made one of Renan. "*Non, il était laid,*" was the reply.

S. Andrea, Alassio, Italy,
May 13, 1907.

My best wishes go with you to Mary Elizabeth. The Baptismal Service is the most beautiful thing in the Prayer-book. At least, I thought so when I christened Campbell Andrews in St. Mary's.

Accepting the Homeric Age as intermediate between the "Mycenæan bloom" and the Dorian invasion, and believing on the whole in one great poet, I do not see why an Exodus of proud Thessalian (*i.e.* Phthian) aristocrats may not have been compelled in that dark time, and have occupied the Asiatic seaboard, growing rich through commerce, but still maintaining the customs of Homeric Kings, and listening to Court Minstrels, amongst whom the "great poet" may have arisen—though his work has probably been more embroidered in transmission than A. Lang admits. They may have found cremation and a mound convenient, and broken with ancestor-worship in their pride.

I know too little to judge of the Devolution Bill. I suppose it may have an educative effect. But is not the measure of Self-government which the Irish already enjoy notoriously abused? I fear they are not ready for such powers. Look at Sir Horace Plunkett's case.

I am reading a good deal, having nothing else to do, and I think I read with more appreciation and judgment than formerly; partly because I am more at liberty, having no tasks before me, and partly, perhaps, my own efforts have cleared my view.

The Athenæum,
June 1, 1907.

In the words of a retired officer whom we met at Baveno, I feel that "I have done my job," and may give myself up to desultory reading. My friends go on supplying me with the wherewithal. My last treat has been Percy Gardner's "Growth of Christianity"—easy and pleasant reading, and not uninteresting. It seems to me to imply an advance on his former point of view, where the psychological moment dominating a particular age was all in all. He now sees that there is a supreme Divine influence whose "increasing purpose through the ages runs." And this is well brought out. Since leaving Alassio I have read through Bacon's Essays (a continual feast) and several of Massinger's plays—not much worth while, although Antiochus in *Believe as you List* is finely conceived. And I have tried once more to appreciate G. Meredith's poetry, but find it obscure and crabbed and morose. By the same token I have read a good deal of Browning again, with increasing admiration, though I still feel there is a rift within the lute.

Was it you who lately wrote me of Ibsen? I acknowledge his genius, but, frankly, I do not like him. It is strange that what is so perverse should act so well. He is more or less akin to Euripides.

The White House, Grayshott, Haslemere,
September 3, 1907.

I hope you have seen the last of the North Sea. Why does not your man study the noble art of dry-fly fishing and put himself to the *Test*? One four-pound trout is worth a dozen five-pound grilse, and one need not wade. You stand in the middle of a field and let the lure lightly fall on the surface of the

gentle stream where a big fish is quietly feeding.
Then comes the tug of war.

I sometimes think sadly how many religious organizations have crushed the life out of themselves; and ended in a *caput mortuum* leaving the work of real religion to be commenced over again. I am afraid that this liberal movement in Catholicism (see "What we Want") will fare no better than other stirrings of the sap in the old trunk, though it does seem to have exceptional vitality.

Greysthott,
1907.

I have been reading Plutarch lately, and "a Roman thought has struck" me. Why not have a 2/6d volume of *Select Lives* (J. Cæsar, Brutus, Anthony, Coriolanus) with references to the plays, and an introduction showing Shakspeare's manner of using them—his choice and grouping of incidents, condensation of times, etc? Mr. Marindin has shown me a passage in the *Life of Pelopidas* where Alexander of Pheræ, who besides other cruelties has murdered his uncle, rushes out of the theatre at a performance of the *Trojan Women*, because he would not be seen to weep. (Cf. Hamlet, "Come to Hecuba.")

I must ask G. Murray if he knows of this. I have seen him at last, and he is coming again on Thursday. He is much occupied with arrangements for *Medea*. (I suspect the actresses are pulling Caps about the title rôle.) I wonder how it will succeed. I read it aloud to my womenkind; and though they greatly admired the Hippolytus, they cannot away with this. I suppose the pessimism is too glaring. And the realistic acting (at the Savoy this time) will only accentuate this.

I am going to school again, as perhaps I told you, and reading through the *Iliad* with Monro's notes.

How many little points one used to miss in former readings!

I have also read, or rather re-read, Trelawny's reminiscences and Kinglake's *Eothen*. I don't think even Mr. Kennedy would object to the last of these.

This place has suited us. The air is excellent, and though the South Downs do not make up for the Cairngorms, we have more varied society than on Speyside, and yet not too much of it. Lionel Tollemache, Francis Galton, etc. The Vicar is an excellent man, and has done good work in his 12 years here. He is going to Clifton for the education of his children.

P.S. — I am reading the *Hecuba*—poignantly pathetic in parts, but marred with sophistic rhetoric, and brutal (*μιαρόν*) at the close.

In the middle of a frigidly rhetorical tirade come these lines, reminding one of Constance in *K. John*:

ταύτη γέγηθα κάπιλήθομαι κακῶν
ἥ δ' ἀντὶ πολλῶν ἐστὶ μοι παραψυχή,
πόλις, τιθήνη, βάκτρον, ἡγεμῶν ὁδοῦ.

39, Half Moon Street, W.,
September 24, 1907.

Your P.S. exactly tallies with what I had already in mind to say. On looking into a (badly written) life of "Vittoria Colonna" I found a letter of Michael Angelo to her written when both were engaged in important work—she at Ravenna, he in Rome: he in works of art, she in founding a convent. He says, "We are too sure of one another for meetings to be very important," or words to that effect.

I am in the 23rd book of the "*Iliad*." Reading so closely and continuously, I am more than formerly struck with the inequalities. The main scheme—anger overborne by grief—argues a great poet. But

books 2-10 are obviously much expanded, and the splendid scenes in 6, 9, 24, while in no way inferior to the best, are, I think in a somewhat later strain. That the epic took shape in Asia is obvious to me. The N.W. wind, blowing from *Thrace*, rolls a heavy surf on the shore. Nor can I suppose that lions were so familiar in central Greece as in the later books. The Nemean lion was a *monster*. So was the Calydonian boar.

I doubt if sad Andromache's poet was the same who exults in the savagery of Achilles. Is this the same hero who forebore to spoil the corse of Eëtion? (σεβάζσατο γὰρ τό γε θυμῷ).

The frequent suspicion of interpolation is rather annoying.

Here is more "bread upon the waters found after many days."

James Collier, after leaving St. Andrews, went to be Assistant Philosopher to Herbert Spencer, for whom he had formed a romantic admiration.

P.S.—I am glad you like "The Earliest Gospel."* It seemed to me a very sound and honest piece of work. I see that an Aramaic scholar, writing of "The Prophet of Nazareth," throws doubt on Jesus' personal claim to Messiahship. That is a point which has sometimes puzzled me.

39, Half Moon Street,
September 26, 1907.

. . . Yes those Italian priests are "heroes," and their action cannot be without effect, both within the R.C. Communion and without it. But Pisgah is not Jordan. Perhaps the French Liberal Bishops, if they can combine, may make a stroke for autonomy, and something of the kind may happen in America.

* "The Earliest Gospel," by Alan Menzies, M.A., D.D. (Macmillan, 1901).

On the other hand, the Church of England with her reformation settlement—*sua si bona nôrit*—has a better chance of broadening her foundations ; and when we have more leaders like the Bishop of Carlisle, the wave of medievalist reaction may subside, clouds may disperse, and the 7000 who have not bowed the knee may be revealed. But that is not yet.

S. Andrea,

November 7, 1907.

. . . If the Government go for secular education, I shall always think clericalism to blame. I suppose your friends will then have to concentrate attention on their Sunday schools, and the Free Churches will do the like. May it be done in a spirit of honourable emulation, and not of envious contention !

If there is no movement in the Church of England to compare with "Modernism," I suppose it is because we have so little learning, and so little independence of mind. A young pervert who is much disturbed by the Encyclical said to me yesterday that it was hard for R.C.'s to break with the Vatican because they would be denied the sacraments. Surely they will find out some day that priestly magic is an imposture, and return to the simple rite of commemoration which satisfied the primitive Church.

* * * * *

I am re-reading Matthew Arnold's poems and find them edifying, in spite of flaws of technique especially in some of the earlier ones. Jowett once advised me to take his blank verse as a pattern. But really, that in "Merope," though correct enough, seems rather monotonous, and wanting in flow. But the poem on Stanley's death is finer than I used to think it. He has hardly followed the advice he gave himself in "Oberman once more," "Geist's Grave" is better than "Poor Mathias."

January 2, 1908.

. . . I preached on the 29th an old sermon, but with good effect. And I read T. E. Browne to a score of people, chiefly American, in our drawing-room, on the 30th. . . Mrs. Huxley, who is over eighty, has sent me her selection from her husband's essays in the G.T.S. series. Is it not remarkable that she should have done it? The personal note in his style has great charm, at least for those who knew him as I did. And though the Agnostic attitude is sometimes rather repellant, it is perhaps a wholesome tonic. Nothing can be more wholesome than his views on social morality and politics.

January 18, 1908.

. . . With regard to the Education Bill, I still hope for a compromise, to avoid the merely secular solution; and am encouraged by the attitude of Canon Scott. I should not object to meeting the parents' wishes *in so far as they are spontaneous and not factitious*, and so far as is possible without confusion.

The Americans received T. E. Browne with acclamation. "Tommy Big Eyes" (1st half) and "Just the Shy," are most in favour.

I had my few minutes with A. M. H. yesterday. . . Her perfect collectedness and resignation, willing either to stay or to "depart," were very beautiful. Our friendship began, as I think you know, by my finding how she loved Jowett and his works; and her encouragement and help enabled me to republish the theological essays. I know no one in whom such intense faith is combined with such clearness of mental vision. . . There is another "chicken"* from St. Helena, Sydney, Australia. The writer, James Collier, was a St. Andrews student in the 'sixties (he had been a clerk), and left about

* Old saying: "Chickens come home to roost."

forty years ago, to be assistant philosopher to Herbert Spencer, for whom he had formed a passionate admiration. He and Edmund Robertson (of the Admiralty) were contemporaries. I "spotted" an article of his in the *Hibbert Journal*, and wrote to him through the publishers. After a rather strange career, he is now happily married and settled in Australia.

Letter from JAMES COLLIER.

(I heartily thank you for the kind present of your translations of the two old Greek masters. They were brought to me one Sunday morning between six and seven o'clock, and they seemed to brighten the morning, splendid as that was. Many a day since then one or other volume has gone out of doors with me, *more meo*, till I have got almost saturated with Greek ways of looking at things. If I do not mistake, I procured for the Parliamentary Library in New Zealand a copy of the translation of Sophocles, and therefore I am not unfamiliar with it; but the version of Aeschylus was new to me, and it is very beautiful. I think the Greek class at St. Andrews, to the extent of its very short tether, did full justice to the learning of its professor, but we did not realize—and I take blame to myself for my blindness—that he was a true poet as well, and doubtless owed his insight into Greek poetry to that fact. I have derived a rare and high pleasure from the perusal of both volumes.

JAMES COLLIER.)

January 24, 1908.

. . . Through James Collier I have discovered another cousin in Sydney, a daughter of Charles Badham, to whom it will be proper to leave the marble bust (perhaps Canova's) of my father's sister Margaret (who heard the Pleasures of Hope).

S. Andrea,
February 27, 1908.

. . . To have known *good* people does inspire one with a conviction beyond argument, that this life is not all; and when, looking into a transparent soul like A. M. H.'s, one sees it so vividly realized, the conviction is strengthened.—And yet——? Do you remember Socrates in *Phaedo*, p. 91 B? I am beginning the 10th vol. of Grote, having skimmed VII, VIII, IX. The excellence of the work varies with his authorities, Xenophon is a "dropdown" from Thucydides and the perpetual advocacy of *Demos* becomes a little tiresome. But it is a great book. The Italian Parliament are discussing the question of Religious Education. But they cannot get out of the antinomy—Clericalism *v.* Anticlericalism. *They have not the open Bible.* I am told that in America there is a decided reaction against the secular plan.

[L. had been asked to give a list of Poems of Wordsworth which he would choose to make a convert to the Poet.]

July 26, 1908.

"The Solitary Reaper" ("Highland Maid," She was a vision of delight).

She dwelt among the untrodden ways.

Two voices are there (Milton?).

The world is too much with us (?).

Westminster Bridge (Orpheus).

Laodamia.

Ode to Duty.

Michael (Margaret?).

Tintern Abbey.

Intimations of Immortality.

Nutting? Yew trees?

Helmeth, Church Stretton, Salop,
August 14, 1908.

I have read through Nowell Smith's first volume—480 pp. of verse, forbye the Introduction and Notes. Of course I agree with you that "Resolution and Independence" is one of the best, as well as most Wordsworthian, of the poems. But I wonder how your catechumen will take it. Might not he, or some others say, "The description of the Leech gatherers is striking and pathetic and the reflections are natural; but could not much of this have been said in prose?" No one could say this of *Three Years she grew in Sun and Shower*, which seems to me about the acme of Wordsworth's lyric style. How many of the first pieces have an avowedly personal origin! His genius was strangely self-conscious, self-centered, and self-absorbed. The London Poems, *Westminster Bridge* and *An Orpheus*, escape from this.

But later poems on general subjects, such as "The Ode to Enterprise," seem to me to fall below the level of Tom Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope." I am more than ever struck by his carelessness about exactness in rhyme—I suppose he must have said, "doin," "pursuin," "dwellin," and so forth. But a minor poet cannot follow him in this. Else I should have translated "Ἐρως ἀνίκητος" into rhymed verse—I tried it more than once, but could not find a rhyme for "ruin."

The latter sonnets, mostly occasional, maintain a high level, but in none of them does "the thing become a trumpet" as in "Two voices are there."

I thought you might like to hear these impressions.

Helmeth, Church Stretton,
August, 1908.

The outline of Caracoc, etc., is familiar to me from both sides, though not Church Stretton itself, and I

have personal associations with Ludlow. My mother's home of Gunley in Montgomeryshire is some forty miles further west, and her chief dissipation was to ride thither on a pillion behind the groom, to visit friends, of whom the Campbells (my grandmother's family, including T. C.'s favourite cousin Margaret) were ultimately the chief. (This was before Macadam, at least before he had penetrated to Wales.)

My uncle belonged to an angling club at Lantwardine, and once took me and my brother for a week's fishing in the Teme, which like other rivers known to the monks of old abounds (or did then abound) with grayling as well as trout.

I have read the first 16 books of the Iliad with Monro's notes. I am really ashamed to have missed so much in former readings. He seems to me to have a far better perception both of language and poetic motives than Walter Leaf.

Helmeth, Church Stretton,

August 17, 1908.

. . . The Bishop of Hereford mentioned one thing, as a good result of the Pan-Anglican Synod.

The Australians had been contemplating a *concordat* between the Episcopalian and Presbyterian Churches, and the Missionaries in the Far East have been hindered by the difficulty of working with Non-conformists. Hence light had broken in upon our "Parochial" views of Apostolical Succession, etc. This he thinks to be at least a step in advance. . . . Looking at Shakespeare a little more critically than heretofore, I have come to some fresh conclusions. I now think that we were wrong in giving *Measure for Measure* a late place in the Chronology. The "psychological problem" of which the critics make so much, is inherent in the story, and any one who reads *Lucrece* may see that Shakespeare at thirty could moralize endlessly on such a theme. Artistic maturity is a more crucial test, and in this respect

Measure for Measure is surely crude. Can it possibly have come later than *The Merchant, As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*? I now think that the two "problem plays," *Measure for Measure* and *All's Well*, in both of which passages of real depth and beauty are interwoven with slipshod work (and they have much else in common), probably belong to a transition period before *Much Ado*. The fantastical "Duke of dark corners," with his proof of the worthlessness of life, etc., is not worthy of Shakespeare in a serious mood. The Countess in *All's Well* is a charming figure. . . .

Gunley, Chirbury, Shropshire,
August 25, 1908.

We are here in my mother's old home, where I spent many happy hours between my fifth and nineteenth year. My cousin, Mostyn Pryce, is the only son of my mother's youngest brother. He was a delicate child, and, failing him, the estate would have come to me. But, fortunately, my thoughts were never turned that way. And I should have made a poor hand of it. Mostyn fills the position admirably.

Helmeth, Church Stretton, Salop,
September 1, 1908.

I am glad the reference was welcome, and I hope when verified it will prove correct. The *Mangites* is mentioned also in the *Poetics*, but I think I am right about the *Ethics*, though I cannot recall the precise context.

I have always thought the *Prom.* to be the high-water mark of Shelley. And the Lyrics are certainly "glorious." So is the passage about Greek statuary. What leaps and bounds he made with Mary's help—from *Queen Mab* to *Alastor*, and from *Alastor* to the *Prometheus*! But the conclusion about "Man, tribeless, unclassed, uncircumscribed," etc., is strangely unsatisfying. I always think of "Take but degree

away, untune that string," etc. Till I read Nowell Smith on W. Wordsworth, I did not know that the *Lyrical Ballads* also owed something to Godwin! Was there ever such a prosaic inspirer of high poetry? Gilbert Murray, in a passage which I have transcribed, *q.v.*, has well expressed his own views. But he sympathizes more with the Revolution than I do. I have been reading him again. English scholars may regard his book as a mere "*ballon d'essai*," but it is certainly amazingly clever.

Now that my paper is ready, I am lazily reading Shakespeare. *Much Ado* comes nearest to the English notion of Comedy as such. Even Claudia's levity is excused by the pervading spirit of "heart cheering mirth." *The Merchant, As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night* belong to a different *genre*, which is Shakespeare's own *peculiar*.

We have been asked to stay with the Principal of Brasenose for the Congress. He is a man whom I have long wished to know. I *hope* we can manage it.

Church Stretton,
September 5, 1908.

For you and I are alike in thinking lightly of anniversaries. My mother's birthday, January 8, is the only one of which I am quite sure (except my brother's).

Time was when Shelley seemed to me supreme; and I should have scouted the notion of putting Wordsworth above him. I once had a dispute about this with Professor Knight, and I turned "One word is too often profaned" and another lyric (I forget which) into Greek Elegiacs. I wish I could recapture them. But I have somehow lost the little volume of Greek verse (including Gray's "*Elegy*" and Antony's speech in *Julius Caesar*) which I printed for private circulation. Yet I do not understand Tennyson's preferring Shelley's blank verse to Keats's in *Hyperion*.

Your idea of a Shakespeare Reading is seductive. "Oh! that 'twere possible!" I used to like reading Sir Toby in *Twelfth Night*. But W. S. is surely most himself in the Forest of Arden. *Midsummer Night's Dream* I once knew by heart, and nothing is more perfect in its way.* It is hard to choose.

Church Stretton,
September 5, 1908.

. . . We have accepted the invitation to Brasenose. Heberden is a fine scholar and an accomplished musician, well known in Oxford as an amateur pianist. He has studied Greek, music, etc. I like the idea of talking with him, but I fear the Congress will give few opportunities. The last time I was in Brasenose was in Pater's rooms. . . . I have at last got a new old book from the London Library, in the shape of the "Confessions" of Augustine, edited by two Cambridge men. That will last me some time. It is rather a sharp turn from Pericles. His account of his childhood is amusing. The editors do not quite like his being "swished," but we saw at San Geminiano a most realistic representation of the fact in a fresco of Benozzo Gozzoli. . . .

39, Half Moon Street, S.W.,
September 29, 1908.

I am better and hope to get out for a short walk to-day. . . . This *Coup* (the Congress of Religions at Oxford), however, has been worth it all. For I do think that it will serve to clinch the work on Plato which has entered so largely into my life.

As for "Reunion," though I lament the hindrances, I am not for hasty action. A better understanding is what is most required, and for this purpose we must cast off superstitious views. It is surely possible to hold Episcopacy as a principle without unchurching and unchristianizing others. We

* I once saw Phelps in "Bottom" at Sadler's Wells.

have given up the Divine Right of Kings, but we are loyal to our king ; that does not prevent our having an *entente* with France that has abolished monarchy. . . .

Brissago, 4 miles from Locarno, Lago Maggiore,
October 14th, 1908.

This is a new hotel in a most beautiful position, well managed and appointed. . . . I am distinctly better. We all find the pause very restful. And there is a Russian in the hotel who plays on the piano (a good one) for long together most beautifully. . . . I have been reading by snatches in Doughty's "Arabia"; certainly a wonderful record of endurance, courage, and resource, employed for worthy ends, and at continual risk of life. But his Arabs, especially the Bedawy, are not interesting.

It is borne in on me that the savage is not *primitive* but *degenerate*, a fact which takes the shine out of much so-called anthropology.

He has marvellous intuitions and the realism of his descriptions is convincing. I will write again from Alassio next week! . . .

This was the last letter he ever wrote. He died on October 25 at Brissago.

LEWIS CAMPBELL.

Cornhill, December, 1908.

The poet-scholar is the most valuable interpreter of the great classical poems to the public outside the ring of high scholarship. He is, perhaps, depreciated by the other kind of scholar, the man of exact science in words, for the very reason that he is a poet. This, no doubt, is one reason why a scholar with so fine a sense of his subject as Lewis Campbell met with a

smaller measure of scholarly appreciation in this country than he might well have expected.

The poet-scholar is accused of vagueness and rhetorical expression ; whereas his own consciousness tells him that the poet's language is a thing plastic, fluid, Protean, flung out, as it were, to envelope a soaring idea and bring it to earth. In dramatic poetry especially his knowledge of other dramatists will tell him that a word or phrase often plays its part in heightening the general effect, like an additional figure in a stage crowd, hovering, may be, between two meanings, and conveying something of the colour of both, and losing something if tied down solely to either. As against the man who can

Properly base *Oun*,
Give us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,

the poet-scholar lays stress on the spirit and thought of his text. His ideal of translation would transfer the full feeling of his author with a corresponding richness of colour to the inevitably different medium of another language, deliberately paring away linguistic details which are alien to the genius of that new medium. He cannot do without the man of $\sigma\upsilon\nu$ and $\delta\epsilon$ any more than the architect can do without the mason, but his most real interest and his dearest study are in the lines of spiritual and literary architecture.

The dangers of such an ideal are obvious ; the student's difficulties over an obscure passage or a grammatical "crux" may seem to be lightly skated over, and the poetic interpreter who is vividly conscious of this way of the poets is mercilessly condemned as "inexact" by the disciples of verbal accuracy at all costs, the men into whom Jowett declared that the spirit of the old grammarians seemed to have descended.

Nevertheless, he has a way of coming into his own at last. How many thousands in recent years have

had revealed to them the essential spirit of Greek tragedy, and have joined in a special revival of the threatened classics simply from hearing or reading these poets' translations of the poets, while the conscientious prose of the grammarian passes them by, and is only used for textual study!

Seventy-eight years have passed since the day of Lewis Campbell's birth, September 3, 1830. His father was Commander Robert Campbell, R.N., a cousin of Thomas Campbell the poet, whose gifts in some measure Lewis Campbell shared, and whose poetry he recently edited with a fine appreciation. Through his mother, Eliza Constantia Pryce, he added the Welsh to the Highland fervour. His finely-cut features and mobile mouth, his eyes extraordinarily deep-set under widely arching brows, now ready to gleam with a twinkle of literary humour or a tender smile, now to flash with a swift rush of indignation easily roused by any suspicion of offence, but as quick to be appeased; all these gave evidence of a sensitive, delicately emotional nature, responsive to fine friendships, to literary discriminations, to the impressions wafted from that high sphere where philosophy blends with religion, to poetry and the art of the poet, but a nature not in itself fitted to bear unmoved the rude shocks of the jostling world, lancet-wounds of criticism and the disparagement of rivals, which a thicker-skinned persistency would have shouldered aside.

In his schooldays at the Edinburgh Academy he had as comrade Clerk-Maxwell, the enduring friendship with whom was afterwards commemorated by the share he took in writing his *Life*. From the Academy he went to Glasgow University, and thence as a scholar to Trinity College, Oxford. This, however, he quitted the following year for the neighbour college on being elected to a Snell Exhibition, a famous Glasgow foundation which sends a charac-

teristic band of Scotsmen to the southern college founded by John de Balliol. Various distinctions attended his Oxford career. Though in 1852, the first year in which a "Moderations" list appeared, he obtained only a second-class, in the following year he won a first in "Greats" along with George Brodrick, afterwards Warden of Merton, and G. J. Goschen, who long years afterwards, at his first Encaenia as Chancellor of the University, in 1904, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Letters. Then came a period of tutorial work in Oxford; he was a Fellow of Queen's College from 1856 to 1858, after which he held the living of Milford, in Hampshire, for five years—a quiet little village, where there was time to meditate and to work at his special branch of scholarship. From this remote vicarage he issued the first of his important studies in Plato, which bore fruit in editions of three of the Dialogues and the laborious enterprise of the "Plato Lexicon." This early work was not merely a study in one corner of the Platonic field; it touched the most universal aspect of Plato study by basing the order of the Dialogues upon a critical examination of the style and thought of them all.

This work at once gave him high rank among Greek scholars, and, in 1863, he was elected to the Greek chair at St. Andrews, a post which he held for twenty-nine years. Here the main part of his classical work was accomplished, the remainder of his Plato editions, his complete edition of Sophocles, his fine, scholarly, dignified translations in verse of Sophocles and Aeschylus, which have recently won a belated width of popularity by their inclusion in the series of the "World's Classics."

The influence which determined his career was that of Jowett. He had come to Balliol in the last years of Dr. Jenkyns' Mastership, the time when Jowett's influence as tutor was rising to its height. By this

influence his life was shaped, his trend in religious philosophy determined, his line in classical scholarship laid down. He became Jowett's disciple, his intimate friend, his lieutenant in his great classical campaign; a pupil who not only brought his special knowledge privately to the aid of his master, but undertook his first independent work as the conquest of an outlying part of the dominion to be subdued by his leader. Jowett was appointed Regius Professor of Greek in 1855. A year later we find him "making preparations for an edition of the 'Republic,' and enlisting various old pupils and other friends for an edition of the chief Dialogues to be prepared independently, but in a common spirit." One of these was Lewis Campbell, his direct contribution the three Dialogues already referred to.

As the notes on the "Republic" led Jowett to a running analysis of all the Dialogues, a sort of condensed translation, in which nothing essential should be omitted, and this again to a complete translation of Plato, so the collaboration continued and extended. In one of his rare references to his own share in it, Lewis Campbell describes in the "Life of Jowett" (i. 333) the method of the work when he was staying with Jowett at Askrigg, "a village at the head of Wensleydale up in the hills, far out of the world and the atmosphere of Convocation," during the Long Vacation of 1864. The relation of the two men, and Jowett's estimate of his friend's work may be inferred from the letter to Campbell of June 29, 1879,* on receiving his edition of three plays of Sophocles:—

"What can I say to your dedication and preface? A thousand thanks and blessings to you for your attachment to me. Indeed, I know the value of such a friend: I only wish that I could make a better return.

* "Life," ii. 170.

"The new volume of Sophocles will set your name high as a scholar. It will not be appreciated by the schoolmasters, for reasons which we have often discussed ; but students of Greek who have no paedagogic interest will acknowledge it to be the most considerable work of pure scholarship since Porson and Elmsley. I hope that you will finish the remaining four plays in the course of the year, and then leave Sophocles for a while and return to Plato. Then I do not despair of Aeschylus, which is in real need. I hope that you will keep it in view in reading. An edition of Aeschylus is much more important than reflections upon it.

"I cannot help remembering, as I write, how much I was assisted by you in the Plato, especially when we were at Askrigg together in days which seem to be very old now.

"You and I have many things to do in life, both separately and together. And the first condition of doing them is to take care of health, and not get ill again, which is worse than a folly, it is a sin ; and the second condition is to waste no time except what is required for health.

"If you have a play ready when I come to Scotland in the autumn, we will go over it together. . . ."

In interpreting Plato, Jowett's aim was to get behind the interpretations of after-ages such as the Neo-Platonism of the fifth and fifteenth centuries, and to bring out the original meaning of his author. So, too, in his religious philosophy, his interpretation of St. Paul, his essay "On the Interpretation of Scripture," in "Essays and Reviews," he endeavoured to get behind the formulae, often contradictory or antiquated in the light of subsequent knowledge, which have come down from earlier ages and cramp the seeker for truth or distort his vision. He was passionately convinced that Christianity ought to be the religion of all men ; his aim was to reconcile

intellectual persons with Christianity. In the Church of England, "could she but see the things belonging to her peace," lay the best hope for the future of Christianity; his aim was to exhort the clergy of his day to the love of truth where they ignored plain facts or industriously obscured them or explained them away. His criticism, which nearly cost him his position in the University and in the Church, was directed against what he thought to be false or unworthy of the Divine nature, and as he wrote to the author of "Robert Elsmere": "It is not with the very words of Christ, but with the best form of Christianity as the world has made it, or can make it or will receive it, that we are concerned to-day."

In these ideas we may see the antitype of much in Lewis Campbell's religious views. The "breadth" of his theology was in the unrestricted breadth of the fundamental conceptions common to all, and he would have said with Jowett that the next generation must not exactly have a new religion, but must believe more strongly in a few truths which we all acknowledge, and they must apply them more vigorously to practical life. In his volume of sermons entitled "The Christian Ideal" we trace the influence of Jowett's teaching that religion should speak through the idealization of life, and as Jowett was not compelled to leave the Church because he could not give hard-and-fast definition to conceptions really undefinable in the terms of this world, he also remained within its pale, in the same belief that reform of the Church could only come from within the Church, and that it was honest for them to remain there, "so long as they were able," in the words of John Stuart Mill, "to accept its Articles and Confessions in any sense or with any interpretation consistent with common honesty, whether it be the generally received interpretation or not."

The great tutor's unceasing efforts to develop the

pastoral side of his teaching, to get into personal touch with the young men and influence them by the contact of character and the informal stimulus of conversation and social intercourse, were consistently repeated by his friend and disciple, though on ground at first very much more unresponsive. That he succeeded was due not only to himself and to the wise geniality of his colleague, Thomas Spencer Baynes, afterwards editor of the ninth edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," but also to the charm and tact of Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Baynes. Returning north after his long sojourn in Oxford and in a country vicarage, the Greek scholar found himself in a very different atmosphere in the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonard's, and St. Andrews, the smallest of universities. . . .

The "college of the scarlet gown" * was a little college full of Scottish talent from every quarter. Well do I remember meeting there the stalwart lad who, till he was fourteen, had never gone so far from his Western islet as to see a train; the budding mathematician who spent the long summer in a clerk's office to win the wherewithal to pay for his keep during the winter session, over and above his slender bursary: the poetically minded scholar who had shepherded his flocks on the Highland pastures. Many were the roughest sort of diamonds, with little tincture yet of the culture they had doggedly come to pursue for the sake of self-development and self-advancement. Untempered by the amenities of outward refinement, the perfervid genius of the nation displayed itself not only in hard work, but in robustious merriment and horseplay. . . .

But the newer generations of students began to learn lessons of amity with the professors. The efforts of the latter to get into closer personal touch with all of them gradually met with a response,

* See Andrew Lang's "Almae Matres."

awkward and shy perhaps in many cases, but genuine enough ; and at the worst there was generally diffused amongst them the happy condescension of the young in accepting the well-meant efforts of their elders to make them at home in a mental and social atmosphere that must inevitably be different from their own. St. Andrews, when I went there as a student in 1877, was no longer a place

“ Where sights are rude and sounds are wild,
And everything unreconciled.”

In the house on The Scores the small gatherings of an evening had begun, which prepared the way for the Shakespeare Society, with its really excellent and sincere readings, and its still later offshoot the Students' Dramatic Society, which brought the young men into yet closer relations with various highly civilizing elements in the society of the old city. . . .

The University circle contained such men as Principal Tulloch and Principal Shairp and Professor Baynes, not to mention those who still survive or who came later to uphold the best traditions of this little Athens, while a new problem and an enduring interest in educational development was introduced by the famous girls' school, St. Leonard's, with Miss Dove at its head, until she went south to found the larger school at Wycombe Abbey.

St. Andrews was closely connected with Edinburgh. Many of the professors were old college friends, and some, to name W. Y. Sellar, as an example, had exchanged a professorship at little St. Andrews for a more important chair in the capital. A very close friendship existed between Lewis Campbell and Sellar and Fleeming Jenkin, the latter an engineering professor with a keen literary and dramatic taste, while Mrs. Jenkin was an amateur actress of unusual capacity. Of the Sellar entourage I need say nothing : has not Mrs. Sellar given the world a

lively picture of it in her "Reminiscences"? The other house, however, calls up a memory.

Lewis Campbell was a deeply read student of Shakespeare, as may be inferred from his book "Studies in Tragic Drama," where the methods of Shakespeare and the greater Athenians are compared. Would that other subtle and sagacious criticisms of his, such as his little essay on the *Tempest*, had seen the light! It was in May, 1879, and the Fleeming Jenkins, ambitious to act *Antony and Cleopatra* in their own house, persuaded him not merely to give his advice and help, but to take a part in the play, and that part Antony. It was a great success: his fine voice, his fiery intensity of passion and despair, his intimate knowledge of the text and the spirit of Shakespeare, all contributed to the effect. Mrs. Jenkin was a carefully studied Cleopatra: the roll and movement of the play stirred the feeblest of us to great endeavour. I have one great regret: R. L. Stevenson was, I believe, in Edinburgh, but, great friend though he was of the Jenkins, he was not impressed into the troupe.

It was at least a novelty for a grave and reverend professor to take part in private theatricals, and in a character the very antithesis to such a part as, say, Dr. Primrose, which might have been considered more venial to undertake. He got some chaff on the subject from his friends: there was a letter from Jowett, but the *chef d'œuvre* was a Greek epistle on a postcard from Professor Lushington at Glasgow. Happily no postman could interpret it, for it was a most rollicking composition in the metre of an Aristophanic chorus, as broad as it was long, and of the choicest Aristophanic humour. The author got some slashing Greek verse back in turn, for Professor Campbell was an accomplished writer of such, in many styles, from Homeric renderings of the *Lady of the Lake*, to elegiacs, many specimens of which are preserved

in his little book "Leptophyllon Septentrionale." [I believe that the first draft for the rendering therein of "The stag at eve had drunk his fill" was put together by him under my eyes as he began to teach me Greek verse.] Another story of a verse which recalls itself from those dramatic days is quite trivial, but curious as the only authentic fragment of verse in my own experience which was composed in sleep and remembered waking. The dresses for the play had been vigorously discussed, and the next morning the Professor came down to breakfast with the following appropriate stanza inspired in his dreams :

"O yes! O yes! the claims of dress
Must be attended to:
But those that shine in things divine
Must be commended too."

I must needs quote a delightful story from the *Spectator* illustrating the Professor's gentle and courteous use of his learning in a difficult situation when many would have preferred to deal a crushing blow to mere ignorance :

"Some years ago he was in the chair at a meeting of the Hellenic Society, when Dr. Arthur Evans described the results of some of his first excavations in Crete. Among his finds were a number of seals and other relics showing traces of affinity with early Egyptian art. Discussion followed, in the course of which a venerable admiral who had been present at the battle of Navarino, rose and said that he did not know whether he was in order, but he would like to state that in the year 1828, when he was cruising in the Levant, he saw a herd of seals off the coast of Crete—a sight which he had never seen before or since. The situation was delicate, but it was saved by the chairman, who rose immediately to express the thanks of the meeting to the Admiral for his interesting reminiscence. "Here," he said, "we have

another link with Egypt, for all of us must remember the story of the 'Odyssey' of Proteus and his herd of seals on the island near the mouth of the Nile."

A light note, indeed, on which to end. Yet to the friend who survives, the little things of no public significance remain singularly real and vivid to recall "the very form and pressure of the time" when they took place. The world sees him pass away full of years, full of honours, his work gaining in recognition at home as well as abroad, himself followed by the affection of pupils and friends. We remember these dear trifles as we remember the smile that was never caught by the public portrait, the little intimacies that were our own, unshared.

LEONARD HUXLEY.

LEWIS CAMPBELL, M.A., D.LITT. (OXON.),
LL.D. (GLASGOW).

TRULY may it be said of Lewis Campbell, that to know him was "a liberal education." He dwelt among the high places of life, and although no one could better enjoy a witty saying, or laugh more heartily over an amusing story, his mind was occupied with ideals and with ideas for the progress of the world. Often he would sit silent in a company who were exchanging banal remarks, until, as if struck by some new thought, he would suddenly rise and take his leave. He combined the characteristics of his Scottish and Welsh ancestors—abstract thinking and quick emotion. If anything touched his feelings, his refined, mobile features would immediately light up with extraordinary animation.

He was early called from his country parish in Hampshire to the Chair of Greek in the University of St. Andrews, and in that grey city he spent the

prime of his life. It was a life of strenuous labour. Already, before his appointment in 1863, he had begun his studies in Plato. His editions and translations of Sophocles and Aeschylus are well known. He published various books dealing with the Greek Drama and other kindred subjects. Along with Mr. Jowett, Master of Balliol, his life-long friend, he studied and edited Plato's works. His researches into the chronological sequence of Plato's Dialogue are found by the world of scholars to be of increasing value, as his methods are now universally adopted. Besides all this private work, he threw himself heart and soul into his class work. To his cultured, sensitive nature it must have been no small trial to teach the elements of Greek, even its very alphabet, to raw country lads. For he came to St. Andrews before the day of Preliminary Examinations for University entrance existed. Yet whenever he found a spark of genuine interest, he spared no pains. To the remark that he was feared by his students, a well-known Professor, who had been in his class, replied "Feared, yes. I came to College a country lout, with no regard for study. After three weeks in Professor Campbell's class, I was suddenly called up—unprepared. The Professor severely reprimanded me. He never needed to do so again. There is too much softness in the world nowadays."

Mr. Campbell did not want to make disciples. He valued independent thinking. He was an awakener. If a student differed from his own views, he would carefully listen and thoroughly enjoy the discussion. But crass indifference he would not abide. To him such people seemed non-existent. Again and again he would invite young men to his house for reading and for conversation. And what Mr. Campbell did for the individual student, he did for St. Andrews at large. His readings, public and private, of Shakespeare and of the Greek tragedians, whose

works he had translated, the University plays, acted by his students, were main features in the social circle of the seventies and eighties. He brought people into touch with what one lady called "those splendid, horrible Greek stories." He invested Shakespeare with new meaning. To the end it was the same. His last public service was an Address on Greek Religion at the Oxford Conference on Religions held last September. Our present head mistress, Miss Bentinck Smith, has described the ovation which the veteran of seventy-eight years received from the scholars of the next generation.

This is hardly the place to enumerate his labours, as thinker, scholar, poet. St. Leonard's holds Professor Campbell as peculiarly her own. St. Leonard's remembers the work he has done for the school, and its young sister St. Katharines—his friendship for the mistresses, his fresh interest in the successive generations of pupils and all that concerned their work and their play. Without Mr. and Mrs. Campbell's most practical help and wisdom St. Leonard's could hardly have existed. From the winter afternoon when six friends discussed the project down to the last month of his life, he watched over it with unceasing regard. Many evenings in the pretty drawing-room at Kirnan, with the winter sea swishing beneath, the scheme was developed and grew up. Each step was carefully considered, information was sought from all sources, Miss Lumsden's aid was invoked, until in September, 1877, St. Leonard's School was quietly opened with six house and about forty day girls. If it may be permitted to quote one of Mr. Campbell's favourite illustrations, "Its foundations were laid four-square, with Miss Lumsden, Miss Dove, Miss Kinnear, and Miss Constance Maynard. The care which Mr. Campbell bestowed upon the school never slackened. For many years he was Chairman of the school. Even when he resigned

his chair and left St. Andrews, his interest remained. He came to as many Council meetings as possible. It was his joy to return and preside at each annual Speech Day. Many of the girls will always remember his readings, his addresses, his sermons, which always stopped just where one wanted most keenly to hear more. Besides such intangible gifts of service and affection, Mr. Campbell gave many evident gifts, such as books to the library and prizes to the Sixth Form, awarded on the results of the Oxford and Cambridge Joint Board Certificate Examination.

Last October Mr. Campbell set forth for his Riviera home, which with loving remembrance he had called "Sant' Andrea." He never reached it. He lingered for a few days with his wife on the shores of Lago Maggiore, enjoying the sunshine and drinking in the beauty of the hills. Then in a few days he got tired, and, after a brief illness, his spirit "outsoared the shadow of our night."

Prominent among St. Leonard's founders and benefactors is the name of Lewis Campbell. We may grieve that the generations to come will never hear his voice, or personally realize his affectionate intercourse. But what better heritage can any school possess than the remembrance of men and women of whom they may be proud? What better incentive can there be to uphold its best traditions than to know that we carry on the work so worthily begun? While to those who knew and loved him he has bequeathed a memory which the years cannot impoverish and an ideal to which we may constantly aspire.

THE CAMPBELL MEMORIAL MEDAL.

IN April, 1892, the Students' Representative Council appointed a committee to consider in what way the friends and pupils of Professor Campbell could best express their admiration for his character, and their gratitude for his eminent services to the University of St. Andrews. This Committee decided to promote a public testimonial, and appointed Mr. H. N. Patrick and Mr. J. S. Smart hon. secretaries. Soon afterwards they learned that a similar movement was in progress among the pupils of Professor Campbell resident in Edinburgh and Dundee. With the aid of these gentlemen and of Professor Campbell's colleagues and friends a large and influential honorary committee was formed. Mr. Joseph Gordon Stuart, W.S., Mr. C. S. Grace, W.S., and Mr. James Thomson, LL.B., consented to act as hon. treasurers, and the subscription list was formally opened in the month of August. Since that time more than two hundred subscriptions have been received, and the fund now amounts to more than £280. After consulting with Professor Campbell, the Committee decided to spend the money on a portrait medal which could be reproduced and competed for as a prize in Greek, under the title of the Campbell Memorial Medal.

PRESENTATION CEREMONY.

THE first copy of the medal was presented to Mrs. Campbell, in the hall of the United College, on Saturday, October 14, 1893. The Marquess of Bute, Lord Rector of the University, presided, and was accompanied to the platform by Principal Donaldson,

Professor Edward Caird, Professor Campbell, and many of the members of the *Senatus Academicus*.

After a few words from the Marquess of Bute, Professor Edward Caird was called upon to make the presentation. "I feel very much honoured," he said, "in being asked to express the feelings of the subscribers towards my old friend Professor Campbell. Some one more suitable might have been found to speak of Professor Campbell's merits as a scholar, but I do not think you could easily find one who has more admiration for his varied gifts or a warmer affection for him as a man.

"I trust that Professor and Mrs. Campbell will pardon me for expressing myself with less reticence than usual upon the present occasion, for it is one of the hardest things to speak in praise of one's friends to their face. But there are occasions, and this is one of them, when it is right to tell one's friends what one thinks of them.

"It would be presumptuous in me to try to estimate Professor Campbell's position as an exponent of Greek language and literature, but I believe, on very good grounds—the evidence of the best scholars—that if one were to ask who stood in the front rank, who were the few men who stood in the front rank of Greek scholarship in England at the present time, Professor Campbell would undoubtedly be among them. And even one who is not an expert in Greek literature may be able to give an estimate of what he has done, when it is remembered that Professor Campbell has undertaken the very hardest tasks in his department, and has proved himself more than fully adequate to them. The man who can analyse the delicate structure of the language of Sophocles and Plato cannot have anything beyond him in scholarship.

But I have reason to add that Professor Campbell has not been one of those scholars who separate the



THE CAMPBELL MEMORIAL MEDAL

Designed by M.O. Roty, Member of the Institute of France

excellence of expression from the weight of the ideas conveyed. He has always in his works, and no doubt in his teaching, tried to show the close relationship of the one to the other—the way in which they cast light upon each other. Not to mention any of Professor Campbell's minor works of very great excellence that might have made the reputation of other men, I wish to point out that Professor Campbell has brought to the exposition and translation of the works of the great dramatic writers of Greece not only the cultivated intelligence of a great scholar, but also a large measure of the sympathetic insight and delicate perception and purity of utterance of the poet. As to Professor Campbell's work upon Plato, on which he has spent the greatest portion of his labour, I think that every student, either of classics or philosophy, must recognize the great aids which he has given to the study of the king of philosophers. He was one of the first to point out the application of linguistic tests as to the date of the 'Dialogues,' a discovery which has been elaborated by many laborious Germans without a mention of Professor Campbell. After the great man and great scholar at whose grave Professor Campbell and myself stood last week, and who was the object of the reverence of all Oxford men, I believe there is no one who unites in himself more of the many gifts that are needed for the interpretation of the great poet-philosopher. In saying so I cannot but remember that I am simply echoing the judgment of the Master of Balliol himself, who has bequeathed to Professor Campbell the completion of his long promised edition of the Republic.

"Speaking in this place, however, it more naturally becomes me to refer to another part of Professor Campbell's work. He has given not only his works to St. Andrews, but he has given himself. For nearly thirty years he has laboured for the University;

and has come into close contact with many generations of students, who owe to him not only direct teaching, but something that is more valuable. If any one wished to catch the perfection of scholarship and literary grace, he could not have gone to a better place to catch it than the classroom of Professor Campbell. But he has not confined himself entirely to his academic work. He has been the pioneer in educational matters. He has, with Mrs. Campbell, for long been one of the doctrinaires of the higher education of women in days when it was not admitted to be a popular cause. There has been a good deal of hard work to do, and Professor Campbell has taken his full share of it.

"The home of Professor and Mrs. Campbell has ever been one of the centres of the best civilizing influence of University life, and their gracious hospitality and genuine kindness of heart has endeared them to many who have been privileged to know them during the last thirty years. It would be impossible to single any one out of the number of eminent men who have passed through Professor Campbell's classes, but I may mention two whom I know best, Dr. Rutherford and Professor Wallace—a scholar and a philosopher—who gained from him a great deal of the inspiration which led to their subsequent success.

"Further, by his moral qualities Professor Campbell has endeared himself to his pupils, and made the admiration of his friends something warmer than any intellectual approval, and I think that some of those who are present will be able to agree with me that he has been a master of the old Platonic art of turning pupils into friends.

"I have now, Mrs. Campbell, to present you with the token of the regard and affection, as well as admiration which your husband's students and many of his friends always entertain towards him. It is a

gratifying circumstance that the form of this token of admiration is such as will permanently connect his name with the University of St. Andrews, and keep his work present to far generations of students. I hope that Professor Campbell will add to his great services to literature and scholarship, and that you may have many happy years together in which to enjoy the affection of your friends."

Mrs. Campbell said:—"It is very difficult, and Professor Caird's kind words have not made it less difficult, for me to express the pleasure which it gives me to receive this token of the esteem in which my husband is held by his old students and friends. The Committee could not have chosen a form of memorial more gratifying to me than this portrait, which is also a beautiful and permanent work of art. This first proof of the medal will be treasured by me as one of the best ornaments of my home, and will remind me of twenty-nine happy years spent in this place, with all the friendships and kindness I have enjoyed here."

Professor Campbell, in replying said:—"This is a bright occasion in my life, rendered brighter by two circumstances—by the consideration and business faculty and the gracious action of the Committee, and by the kind words which my old friend Professor Caird has spoken with a gravity of utterance which, together with the speaker's native weight and authority, has sent them home. He has said more of me than any man has hitherto said, and I hope that when the effervescence of the moment has passed off, and the hour of reflection has arrived, these words may not seem to be too strong. The brightness of the occasion—otherwise the brightest in my life—is saddened by the loss of two friends, either of whom would have rejoiced in it. One is Professor Lushington, my first real teacher in the higher study of Greek. The other loss is too recent to say much about it, but it was a loss of one who was like a

father to me as to many, though he preferred to be thought of as an elder brother—without whose inspiration and encouragement my work in life would have been nothing at all. If any good were in my work, it was due to him; if there were any deficiency, it was my own. He stood forth as a shining example of the truth that learning may be made fruitful when combined with practical enthusiasm and beneficence, and he has sent forth a cloud of witnesses to prove that education in literature, including history and philosophy, might be made in the highest sense useful, and become the strong and solid basis of a great and influential career. He realized an ideal of education which I am glad to say is not likely soon to become extinct in Great Britain, whatever may be the case elsewhere—the indissoluble association of knowledge with practical life, the love of truth inseparable from endeavours after human good. A generation since men thought him unpractical, a dreamy philosophic student whose thoughts were in the clouds. Latterly some men have regarded him as an enemy to abstract knowledge—as discouraging research. It is needless now to say that the former imputation was untrue. But the latter is no less false. Where he saw a man to be capable of real research, he would not only encourage him, but, if the researcher would submit to it, would give him the benefit of the most unsparing criticism, both of methods and results, than which nothing could be more salutary. He would stimulate him with the wise question which is the half of science, and awaken wholesome doubts of results that had seemed clear. The consequence was that under his fostering care the two great aspects of University culture—the pursuit of knowledge and the acquisition of useful powers—were never sundered, but grew together side by side, and acted and reacted on one another. While latterly much absorbed in the special work of

Balliol—the education of a select class, select only in the sense of intellectual qualification—he held out a hand of friendship on either side—to the researchers and the extenders. He took a keen interest in this University ; and, as Mrs. Campbell counts for something on this occasion, I may add also in St. Leonards School ; they were amongst the topics on which he conversed in his last days on earth.

“Some here may still remember what took place in the Greek classroom six years ago—the kind act of the students towards me in expressing their approval of my work at the commencement of my twenty-fifth year. The memorial so beautifully written by Mr. Craigie is still over the chimney-piece in my study. The Students’ Representative Council was then a recent institution, as Mr. T. P. Milne’s name is there to show ; but the University had been giving clear signs of the increasing corporate life which has been developed further since. I should say a distinct revival dated from about 1880. From that time forth we had not only more harmonious relations, but more of healthful life in every way. Not that I would cast a slur upon the earlier years in which, with smaller means and fewer aids, both students and professors were labouring heartily to prepare the way for what has followed. But I would not conceal from you that there were difficulties in our way, and in endeavouring to surmount them some of us may wish we had shown more patience perhaps, but certainly not less of active energy. The greatest of all difficulties was the want of faith in the future of the University. The work of education can never be without interest, but for those who care for an institution to be told that they are labouring for no future is a heartless thing. Now that we are in smoother waters, so far as this place is concerned, I hope it will be remembered that it is not the *laissez faire* principle that has brought us hitherto. It is

by honestly seeking to mend what seemed amiss, as well as to do strenuously what lay to our hands, that we won through what has been truly called "the burden and heat of the day." I doubt if any here can realize the discouragement of those years of depression, when some were crying out, "Mend us or end us," and the response from outside came back to us in the clause of a University Bill which threatened to extinguish us. For myself I will say that the strength I had was used for the students and for Greek.

"And now I am here to counsel you to patience and hope under new difficulties and circumstances that are still to be developed. I for one never doubted the capabilities of St. Andrews, though it did seem possible that we might be thrown to the wolves before we got out of the wood. But we did get out of it, and, thanks to the Messrs. Berry, Sir Taylour Thomson, and others—amongst them the University Commissioners are not to be forgotten—we must smile upon the hand that chastens us. We see a brilliant light on the horizon. The fifth centenary of St. Andrews may be celebrated with a jubilation which may compare with the festivities that welcomed the first arrival of the Papal Bull in 1411. Whether there will be the same ringing of bells, or as many bells to ring, I will not say. We can look forward with perfect equanimity to that chance. But I will say this: I am glad of my freedom on many grounds, and I am glad I did not claim it until the the prospects of the university had brightened; but if I had the health and vigour which I brought with me thirty years ago, I should rejoice in the work that lies before my successor and his colleagues. I came just when one Commission had completed its labours. Another is now sitting, and many changes are in progress. That is necessarily a time of some uneasiness. But I have no fear of the result. And,

for one thing, the increase of freedom both for teacher and learner will certainly be an unmixed good.

“Amongst other details of the design on the reverse of the medal the artist has represented a strong and flourishing bay-tree, on the topmost bough of which a nightingale is ever singing. That represents the perennial glory of Greek letters and their perennial charm. May that bay-tree never wither; that nightingale never cease to find listeners here.”

He was buried in the beautiful English cemetery at Locarno, and a stone was raised to mark the place, with the following inscription—

To the Memory of
LEWIS CAMPBELL, M.A., LL.D., HON. D.LITT.,
HON. FELLOW OF BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD,
Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrews.

He died at Brissago, Lago Maggiore,
October 25th, 1908, in his 79th year.

“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

The same inscription is on a brass placed in the College Church, St. Andrews, and on a marble slab in St. John's Church, Alassio. Also on a bronze slab opposite the Chapel door of Balliol College, Oxford. To this the following words were added by the College—

“For more than forty years the friend of Benjamin Jowett and of Balliol.”

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- Edition of Plato's "Sophistes and Politicus." Clarendon Press, 1867.
- Edition of Sophocles, vol. i. Clarendon Press, 1871 (2nd edition, 1879).
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- Sophocles, Classical Writers Series, J. R. Green. Macmillan, 1879.
- "Life of James Clerk Maxwell" (with W. Garnett). Macmillan, 1882 (2nd edition, 1884).
- Sophocles in English Verse, completed 1883. Murray (2nd edition, 1896).
- Aeschylus in English Verse. Kegan Paul, 1890.
- "Guide to Greek Tragedy." Rivingtons, 1891.
- Edition of Plato's "Republic" (with late Prof. B. Jowett). Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1894.
- "Life of Benjamin Jowett" (with Evelyn Abbott). Murray, 1897.
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- Letters of B. Jowett (with Evelyn Abbott). Murray, 1899.
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- Articles Plato and Sophocles in "Ency. Brit." (9th edition, 1902).
- Articles Jowett in Supplement to same. 1902.
- Edited Extracts from Jowett's Plato and Theological Writings. Murray, 1902.
- Edited T. Campbell's Poems. Macmillan, 1904.
- "Tragic Drama in Aeschylus, Sophocles and Shakespeare." Smith, Elder, 1904.
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23 Sappho / Chrysis

53 Jebb

0-1 Myra + Melanippe - all in fr,
not in Gyr.

405-6 Sept. Aug. 1878 - 2 Sixta

414 Airpots

415 Penetration in crevice

419 Run 11 km. -

modern chert.

314

420 Chert Gneiss

421 H. S. Igneous (+ chert)

422 S. of (or E. of) - see nos (see PCC)

423 I. of // Gneiss

424 L. of, same chert // layers

